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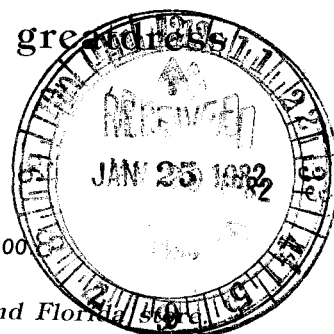


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BESIDE THE SEASIDE—A play by Stephen Temperley. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

CLOUD 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, Veronica Castang, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/81.) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

CONFLUENCE—Three frail, sporadically entertaining one-acters, by three generally robust dramatists: John Bishop's eponymous "Confluence;" "Am I Blue," by Beth Henley; and "Thymus Vulgaris," by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

COTTON PATCH GOSPEL—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. The cast is an ensemble as nearly perfect as one is ever likely to see. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART—Faye Dunaway in a play by William Alfred. Previews through Sunday, Jan. 24. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 25. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DREAMS DEFERRED—A play by Laurence Holder about seven Southern blacks who arrive in Harlem in 1935. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

THE DRESSER—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearean actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwylum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tilling is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1947 musical **STREET SCENE**, with music by Kurt Weill, lyrics by Langston Hughes, and a book by Elmer Rice based on his own play of the same title. The fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31. For information about tickets, for which

contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FRANCIS—A musical based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Joseph Leonardo (book), Stephen Jankowski (music), and Kenny Morris (lyrics). John Dossett has the title role. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

THE GOOD PARTS—A tiresome play by Israel Horowitz which wastes the time of Tony Roberts. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

GROWN UPS—The title is satiric; all the characters in Jules Feiffer's latest play are emotionally under ten, however old they may be in chronological terms. Bob Dishy is sensationally good as an urban Jewish-American male on his way to total breakdown. (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony

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COVER: J. J. Sempè

DRAWINGS: J. B. Handelsman, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, William Steig, Robert Mankoff, James Stevenson, Robert Weber, Joseph Farris, James Mulligan, Ed Fisher, Charles Addams, Thomas B. Allen, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Arnie Levin, Edward Frascino, Donald Reilly, Stan Hunt, Roz Chast, Niculae Asciut

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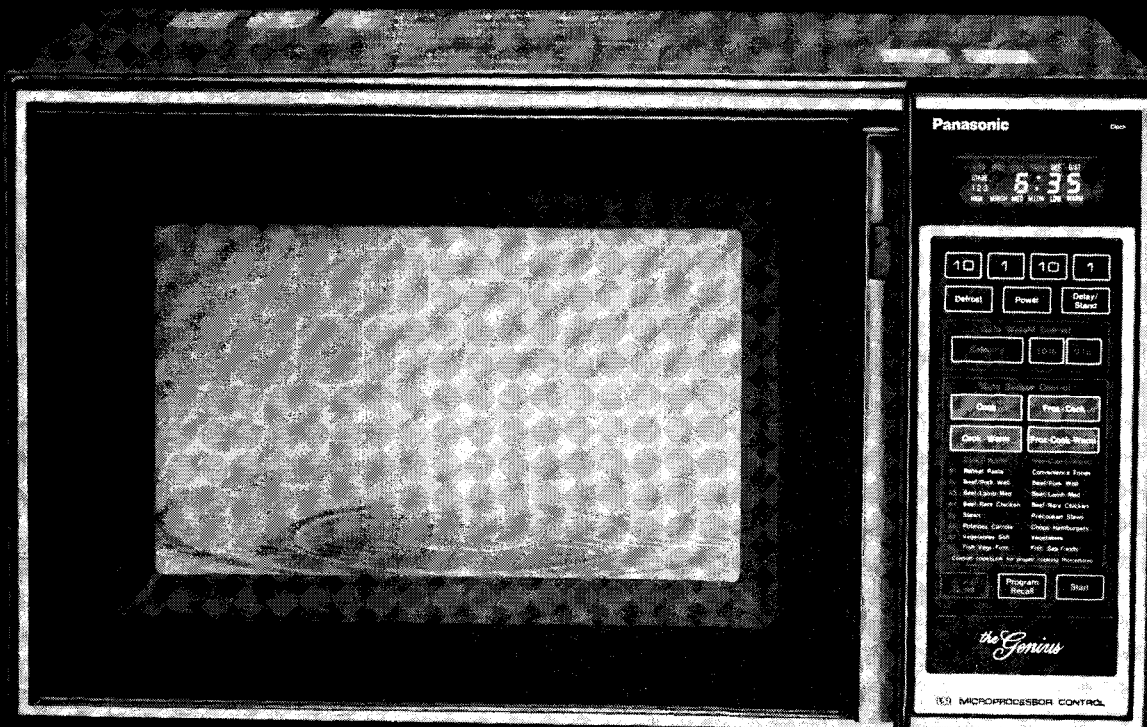
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Moves on Wednesday, Jan. 27, to the Royale, 242 W. 45th St., 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KEYBOARD—A play by Matt Robinson, with Cleavon Little as a rhythm-and-blues singer trying to make a comeback. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

KEY EXCHANGE—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC—A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Jan. 24: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . Starting Wednesday, Jan. 27: **THE MIKADO**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LITTLE ME—A revival of the 1962 musical by Neil Simon. Carolyn Leigh wrote the lyrics and Cy Coleman the music. With James Coco, Victor Garber, and Mary Gordon Murray. Robert Drivas is the director. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 21. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE LITTLE PRINCE AND THE AVIATOR—Michael York in a musical based on the Saint-Exupéry fable. Hugh Wheeler did the book, John Barry the music, and Don Black the lyrics. Directed by Jerry Adler. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 20. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

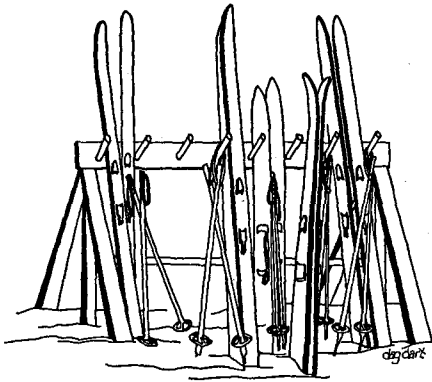
MACBETH—Laurie Kennedy and Nicol Williamson star in Shakespeare's tragedy. Directed by Mr. Williamson. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 28, and will run through Sunday, April 4. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MARCH OF THE FALSETTOS—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MASS APPEAL—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C. Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISS JULIE AND PLAYING WITH FIRE—A Strindberg double bill. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Charles Fuller's grip-



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ping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NO END OF BLAME—Scenes from the frustrating life of a Hungarian political cartoonist who eventually gets a job on a left-wing newspaper in London. The English dramatist is Howard Barker, and much of what he has written is shrewd and humorous and ingenious, but the play as a whole is somewhat curdled by his own bitterness about such matters as truth and freedom. The performance, under Walton Jones' direction, goes very well. With Gene O'Neill, Michael Gross, and Robin Bartlett, among other good actors. (1/11/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU AND THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE STRONGER AND HUGHIE—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TOMFOOLERY—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—A play by Harvey Fier-

stein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Pau Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

TWELVE DREAMS—A fantasy, by James Lapine based on a case history of Jung's, about a little girl's self-destroying nightmares. The Jungian apparitions are trying, but the production, under Mr. L.'s direction, is rich and imaginative. The beautiful score was composed by Allen Shawn. With Jame Olson, Carole Shelley, Marcell Rosenblatt, Stefan Schnabel, Valerie Mahaffey, Thoma Hulce, and Olivia Laurel Mates (as the dreamer). All are good. (1/4/82) (Public, 42 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

WALTZ OF THE STORK—Melvin Van Peebles in a quasi-autobiographical display of ego that bears little resemblance to "The Education of Henry Adams." (1/11/82) (Century, 23 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE WEST SIDE WALTZ—Katharine Hepburn successfully survives a mechanically plotted play about a tough-minded old lady on the West Side. Dorothy Loudon lends strong comic support as a lonely, feckless ditherer. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN—A decent production of Ibsen's final play, which perhaps requires little more than that. With Kim Hunter and Anne Twomey at the head of the cast. (Open Space, 133 Second Ave., at 8th St. 254-863. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ZASTROZZI—A play by George F. Walker, directed by Andrei Serban. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays at 3.)

AMADEUS: We are at the court of Joseph II, Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuous staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Wood, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ANN DADDY: Warbucks is transformed into a benevolent New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is a very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

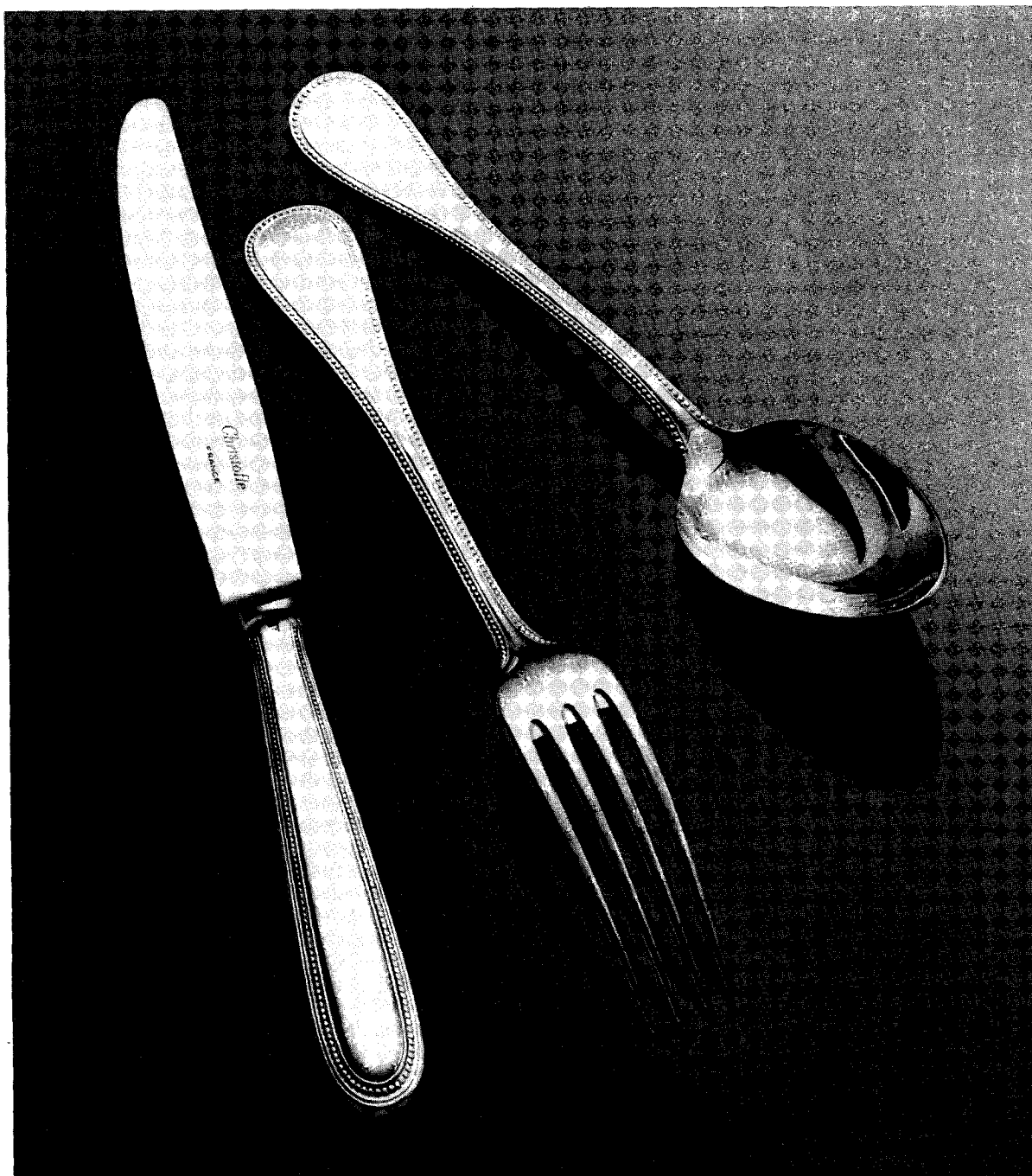
BARNUM: A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BILLY WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a border called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD: An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who fall in love with her. The author, Mark Medel, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and Peter Evans play the leading roles. (Longacre, 2 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, a

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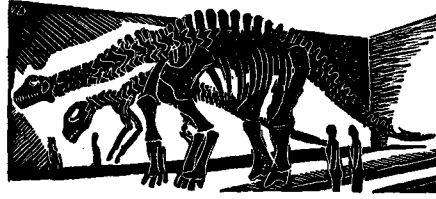
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **EVITA**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,040 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIFTH OF JULY**: Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleeker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**: Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SOPHISTICATED LADIES**: A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines (who has taken over for his brother Gregory), sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SUGAR BABIES**: Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **WOMAN OF THE YEAR**: Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades" with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill and Charlie Tickner. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 27, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 7. (Madison Square



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Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Ballade," "Duo Concertant," and "The Four Seasons." ... Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Ballo della Regina," "Mozartiana," and "The Magic Flute" (première). A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635. ... Friday evening, Jan. 22: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." ... Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Mozartiana," "The Magic Flute," and "La Valse." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." ... Sunday matinée, Jan. 24: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "The Magic Flute," and "The Four Seasons." ... Sunday evening, Jan. 24: "Piano Pieces," "Mozartiana," "Ballade," and "La Valse." ... Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Magic Flute." ... Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Piano Pieces," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." ... Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Agon," "Irish Fantasy," and "Chaconne." ... Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," and "Dances at a Gathering." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Irish Fantasy," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 1, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Wednesday evening, Jan. 20; Saturday evening, Jan. 23; and Sunday matinée, Jan. 24: "Concerto Barocco," "Songs of the Auvergne," "Banda," and "Mirage." ... Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 21-22; Saturday matinée, Jan. 23; and Sunday evening, Jan. 24: "Serenade," "Equus: the Ballet" (company première), and "Dougla." ... Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 26-27, and Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Allegro Brillante," "Doina," "Paquita," and "Frankie and Johnny" (New York première). ... Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 28-29, and Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Fête Noire," "The Four Temperaments," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will head up a trio; on the following Friday and Saturday (Jan. 29-30), pianist Adele Foster's trio will perform. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-

8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. West Coast saxophonist and flutist **BUCK SHANK** is her through Sunday, Jan. 24, with his quartet guitarist **Daniel Licht** will lead a quartet on Monday, Jan. 25; and on Tuesday, Jan. 26 hard-boppers **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **BARRY HARRI** will co-pilot their quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228 6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 20-21, pop-rock singer **Ronni Spector**; Friday, Jan. 22, folk-rock singer **John Stewart** and **Ronee Blakely**; Saturday Jan. 23, a program of black-and-white commercials with **Paul Dooley** as host; Monday Jan. 25, Roomful of Blues and the **LEGENDARY BLUES BAND**, which is led by ex-Muddy Water pianist **PINETOP PERKINS** and which features singer **Etta Jones** and saxophonist **Housto Person**; Tuesday, Jan. 26, drummer **JO MORELLO**'s quintet and the **RED RODNEY-IR SULLIVAN** quintet; Wednesday, Jan. 27, **ARL GUTHRIE**, perhaps the world's most charming folkie; Thursday, Jan. 28, Crystal Ship; an Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, four do-wop bands—the Teenagers, the Paragon, the Charts, and Fourteen Karat Soul. Show at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sunday through Thursdays, at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228 6440)—Some of the most accomplished famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The current pop culture in piano-bass land: **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **BUSTI WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Jan. 23; **LARI WILLIS** and **WALTER BOOKER** on Sunday, Jan. 2; and **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** beginning Monday, Jan. 25. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swingin' **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, very subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets a impressive second wind. He's here from ten thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturday Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba must think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturday from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (74-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in New York. He's aided by his trusty sidekicks—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, Jan. 23. C Tuesday, Jan. 26, trumpeter **JONAH JONES** will arrive with his quartet. Shows Tuesday through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. ... **DICK WELLSTOOD** is at the piano in the Bemelman's Bar through Saturday, Jan. 2 on Monday, Jan. 25, **BARBARA CARROLL**, who sings and plays piano, too, will return. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Hele Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

BGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 20, the Vipers, State of Desire, the Snapshots, and the Statix; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 21-23, benefit performances by Lenny Kaye, the Rudies, the Senders, the Revelons, the Rattlers, Why Things Break, Urban Blight, Velvetene, and many other bands. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

ITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

OOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, blues singer and songwriter **ALBERTA HUNTER** instructs audiences in the art of the blues inuendo. Sundays through Tuesdays, composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL** presents show tunes in medleys, and introduces them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. Mr. Siegel looks very much a product of the fifties—he has carefully combed wavy hair and horn-rimmed glasses and looks a great deal like Robert Q. Lewis. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

IGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind, but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Jan. 20, John Roberts & Tony Barrard and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Jan. 21, a jam session; Saturday, Jan. 23, Metropolitan Opry; Sunday, Jan. 24, guitarists Tucker Smallwood and Phil Marsh; Thursday, Jan. 28, Alan Feldman, with Ken Kosek and Scott Ainslie; and Saturday, Jan. 30, Major Contay & the Canebrake Rattlers. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

IDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Jan. 24, Ray Alexander will lead a quintet from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. The close-knit four-part collaboration of pianist **STEVE KUHN**, singer **SHEILA JORDAN**, bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**, and drummer **BOB MOSES** can be appreciated through Sunday, Jan. 24. On Tuesday, Jan. 26, guitarist **JOE PASS** will begin a six-night visit. Mr. Pass is out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of the non-playing laity. "How does he do it?" his audiences seem to ask at the end of a set, stunned smiles on their faces. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

INGER MAN, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—made up of trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM**, guitarist **AL CASEY**, tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS**, drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursdays and Fridays) and **AL HALL** (on Saturdays), and pianist **GENE RODGERS**—goes at it at nine and ten-thirty on Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays.

REENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the

menu. The live music: Wednesday, Jan. 20, saxophonist **BOB BERG**; Thursday, Jan. 21, singer Brenda Alford; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON**; Monday, Jan. 25, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and their guest, singer Veia Williams; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 26-27, saxophonist **EDDIE DANIELS**; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 28-30, R. & B. singer **RUTH BROWN**. Sundays are the property of the bright young pianist **HILTON RUIZ**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at ten; and Sundays **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to ten. Pianist Don Golson is at the piano from seven to ten nightly except Sundays.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists and bassists. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, the bouncing piano-bass twosome whose home base is the Knickerbocker Saloon, where they hold forth Sundays and Mondays (see below), are working uptown through Saturday, Jan. 23. On Tuesday, Jan. 26, pianist Mike LeDonne will arrive with a trio. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **HAROLD MABERN**, a bluesy jazz soloist, is at the dining-room piano through Saturday, Jan. 23; on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 24-25; and Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 27-30, pianist **DILL JONES** will provide the music. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Tuesday, Jan. 26.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and a trio perform for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Bob Curtis alternates with them after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** leads a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, pianist **HAROLD DANKO** will be on hand with a quintet. Thursdays, an octet, the New York Samba Band, has the floor. Music from eight-thirty, and if you hang around until one in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—

traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons include pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN**, who'll be here through Saturday, Jan. 23, and pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **RON CARTER**, who will take over on Tuesday, Jan. 26. Another couple of good reasons are **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, the Sunday-and-Monday piano-bass men. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 20-21, **NRBQ**, and Thursday, Jan. 28, blues and rock guitarist Roy Buchanan. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A brand-new jazz club. Marion Cowings sings some Sinatra-phrased vocals with support from heavyweights **KENNY BARRON** on piano, **EDDIE GOMEZ** on bass, **DAVE LIEBMAN** on saxophone, and **AL FOSTER** on drums through Saturday, Jan. 23. On Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 25-26, drummer **BOB MOSES** will lead a nonet that will feature trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF** and drummer **BILLY HART**. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 27-30, will belong to pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** and his quartet. Sundays are special: the music is provided by pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY**, drummer **ED BLACKWELL**, and bassist **CHARLIE HADEN**—all one can say is "Where's Ornette?" Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Usually a singer's room with a view of a garden but, right now, a comedian's room with a view of **MORT SAHL**. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, still doles out a generous portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per set. He's aided by his able, enthusiastic bass player, **BRIAN TORFF**, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Jan. 20, Sherry Winston; Thursday, Jan. 21, the Harp Band; Sunday, Jan. 24, Full Hand, a reggae outfit; Monday, Jan. 25, Miles Jaye; Tuesday, Jan. 26, Freeflight; Wednesday, Jan. 27, Dave Tofani; and Thursday, Jan. 28, Doc Powell. Fridays and Saturdays are the current property of trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his African-funk sextet. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Wednesday, Jan. 20, the Rousers; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 22-24, soul singer **LESTER CHAMBERS**; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 26-27, folkie **MARY TRAVERS**. Thursdays belong to bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, singer **ESTHER MARROW**, and their band, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL**. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday, Jan. 20, Band of Outsiders; Thursday, Jan. 21, the Action Combo and the Necessaries; Friday, Jan. 22, the dB's; Saturday, Jan. 23, Syl Sylvain & the Teardrops; and Sunday, Jan. 24, False Prophets. Music from about midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **PANAMA FRANCIS**, the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to dance. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The live-music schedule: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, Depeche Mode; Sunday, Jan. 24, **S. B. KING** and **CISSY HOUSTON** (at eight and eleven); and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, the Rock-ats. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "Can't Help Singing... a salute to... Jerome Kern," is under way, with a cast that comprises Chris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Jan. 20, singer **JANET LAWSON** and her quartet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN**; Monday, Jan. 25, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, Jan. 26, Chuck Loeb and friends; Wednesday, Jan. 27, Bob Mintzer; and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29, Ronnie Burrage and his quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, **CHARLI PERSIP**, a vivacious drummer, will drop by with his quartet, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will guide a trio. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Electric jazz-rock violinist **MICHAEL URBANIAK** and his vocalist wife, **URSULA BUDZIAK**, perform with their quintet through Saturday, Jan. 23; on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 24-25, the Harry Sheppard trio will be present; and starting Tuesday, Jan. 26, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will bring in his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues-rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). Wednesdays through Saturdays, **COUSIN JOE**, a New Orleans entertainer whose real name is Pleasant Joseph, is at the piano playing and singing blues songs—funny ones, sneaky ones, low-down ones, bone-chilling ones. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS**, which plays some of the bluest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 20, Shady; Thursday, Jan. 21, Phil Garland; Friday, Jan. 22, Jitterz; Saturday, Jan. 23, Neil Getz and Daddy Licks; Monday, Jan. 25, No Guitars

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and Learn to Drive; and Tuesday, Jan. 26, Spaces. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. On Monday, Jan. 25, two bands—percussionist **RAY BARETTO'S** and **CONJUNTO CREMA**—will perform with one guest soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN**, sometime after nine. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Bebopping trombonists **KAI WINDING** and **CURTIS FULLER** co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 24, and on Tuesday, Jan. 26, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will descend the stairs with his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** is here through Sunday, Jan. 24; on Monday, Jan. 25, guitarist Bill Wurzel's trio will be onstage; and Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 26-31, **JO JONES**—master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum bombs—will perform with his quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ALL-STAR JAZZ & TAPS—Shirley Scott, Major Holiday, Herman Wright, and Bob Durham, with dancers Jimmy Slyde and Lon Chaney. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 21-23, at 10.)

TODD RUNDGREN—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Friday, Jan. 22, at 9, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

AKIRA ARITA—Realist drawings and paintings of still-lives; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

THOMAS HART BENTON (1889-1975)—A group of his Synchronist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

TONY DELAP—Recent freestanding sculptures (of

wood, metal, and glass) and related drawings. Through Feb. 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave. at 80th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Nearly fifty abstract work on paper, most of them gouache-and-crayon. Through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

FRANK FAULKNER—New pattern paintings. Through Feb. 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

IGOR GALANIN—Recent paintings, surreal in nature and somewhat naïve in style. Through Feb. 27. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GREGORY GILLESPIE—Recent portraits, landscapes, and interiors by a realist. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GEORGE HERRIMAN (1878-1944) / **JOHN HELD**, Jr. (1889-1958)—Twenty-five original pen-and-ink drawings (dated 1916-30) for his comic strip "Krazy Kat." Through Feb. 6. / Water colors (of skyscrapers, landscapes, flowers from a half century or more ago, in no way reminiscent of his better-known cartoons of flappers and sheiks. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—New paintings, a number of them self-portraits. Through Wednesday, Jan. 27. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave. at 69th St.)

ALICE PHILLIPS—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave. at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

ZELIG SEGAL—Sculptures of unfinished wood among other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

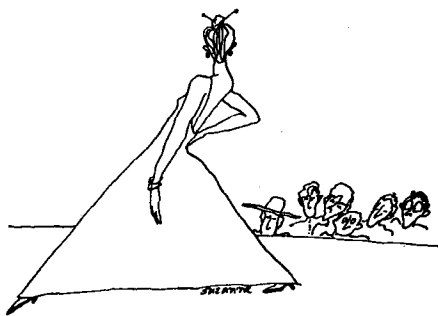
SANDI SLONE—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

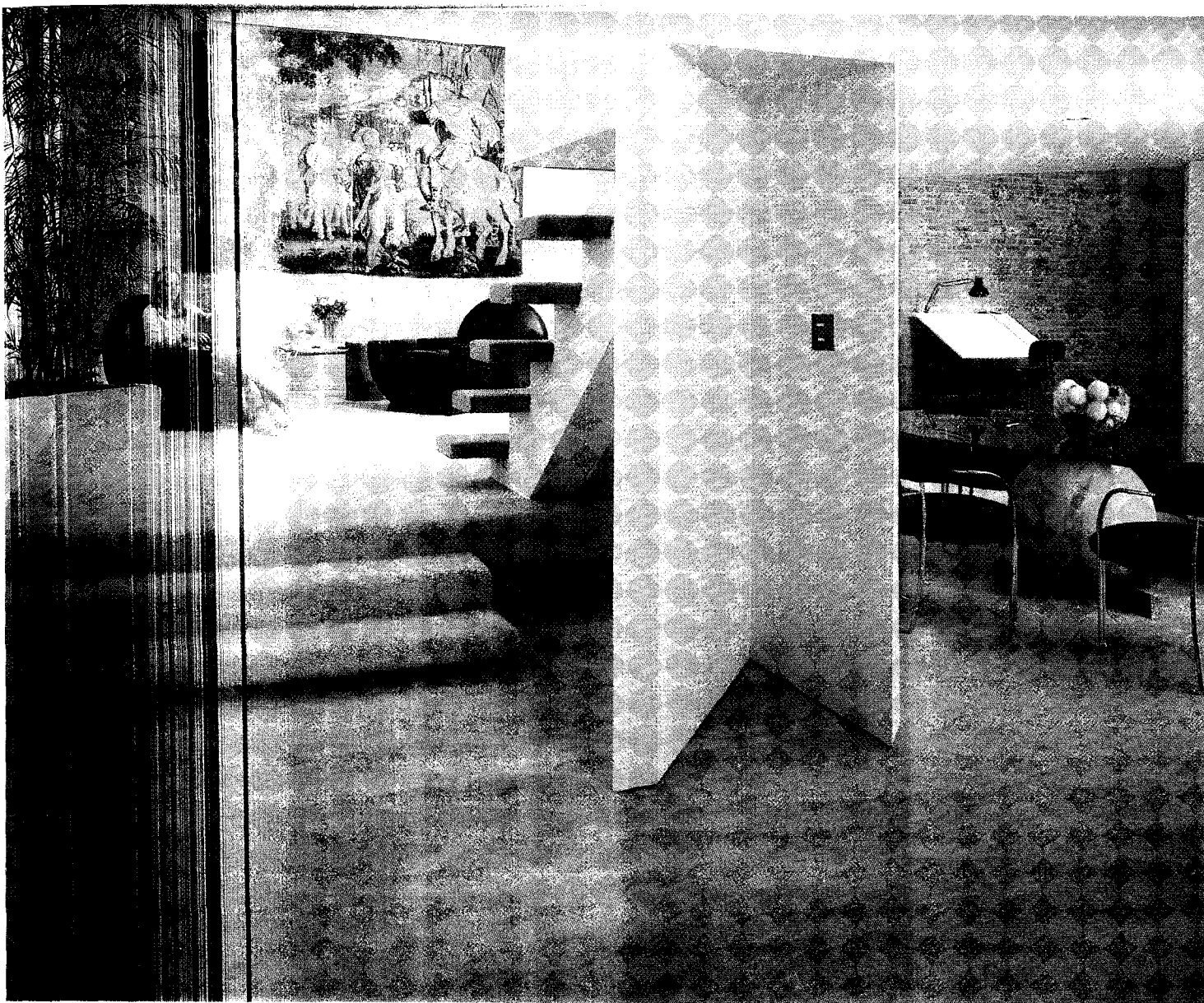
WALASSE TING—Figurative paintings in acrylic washes on rice paper; some of them are nudes. Through Feb. 5. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JAMES WEEKS—Small-scale oils and drawing figure studies (nudes, mostly) and still-life all from the sixties. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

FRITZ WINTER (1905-76)—A small retrospective of oils, drawings, and monotypes, from 1920 to 1956. Through Feb. 18. (Weintraub, 99 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 21 E. 67th St. Paintings by nineteenth-century, early-twentieth-century, and contemporary artists, including Robert Henri, Georgia O'Keeffe, Edvard Munch, and Jeffrey Kronsoble. Through Feb. 27. ... **BROWNE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Prints, often witty, of people making prints, and of other people looking at prints. Included are one work apiece by Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec and three by John Sloan. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. ... **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Pastels by Joa Mitchell and watercolors by Malcolm Morle and Dorothea Rockburne, plus a number of new prints by all three. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. ... **GIBSON**, 205 E. 78th St.: Five contemporary French artists, Jean Le Gac an Arman among them. Through March 6. ... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: About hundred and thirty American paintings and drawings from the Colonial and Federal periods: Portraits (by, among others, John Singleton Copley, Gilbert Stuart, and anonymous limners), landscapes, and seascapes (John Smibert, Thomas Cole) are included. Through Feb. 10. ... **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St. Robert Cottingham's Photo-Realist city facades are shown alongside the naturalism of Andrew and James Wyeth in a display of about thirty paintings by a score of twentieth-century American realists. Through Feb. 26. (Open Mondays.) ... **LERNER-HELLE**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A single conceptual piece each by Vito Acconci, Rudi Baranik, Joseph Beuys, and Ana Mendieta. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. ... **SAIDENBER**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings) and others. Through Feb. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) ... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St. A diptych by Lois Lane, drawings by Ralph Humphrey, and a ceramic sculpture by Kenneth Price are some of the work





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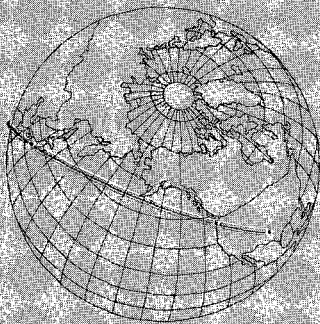
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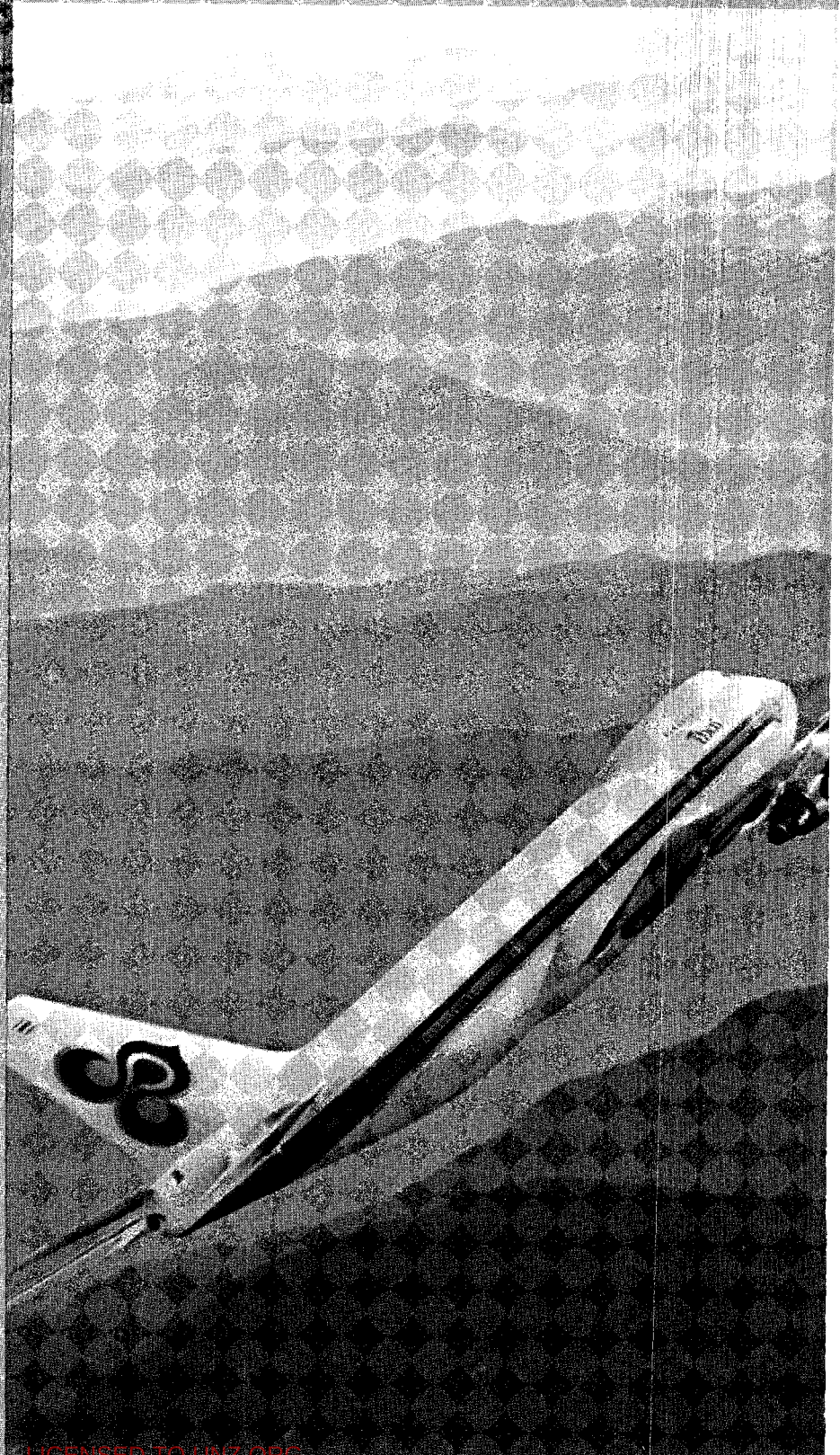
The richness of Thai tradition has permeated each plane. The physical is obvious: murals of authentic Temple art; a greeting of fresh orchids; the bowing, graciousness of the Thai "hello" (that exotic "wai" gesture). The essence of the experience becomes Royal Orchid Service. However, Thai imaginativeness stretches even to devising a route that cuts more than a thousand miles from travel to the Orient.



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A Flight of Graciousness.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on view; twelve artists in all. Through Feb. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

HERBERT BAYER / ALTOON SULTAN—Recent paintings (plus photographs from 1925 to 1977) by the Bauhaus elder. / Recent oils, gouaches, and lithographs of Hudson River Valley turn-of-the-century houses. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

STANLEY BOXER / ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstract paintings from the early seventies. / Abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties. Through Feb. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

DIANE BURKO / MARIANN MILLER—Panoramic landscapes done with colored pencil on rough paper, producing an almost Pointillist effect. / Romantic, brooding landscapes done in oil and oil crayon on canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

YDNEY BUTCHKES—Color-field paintings inspired by seascapes on Long Island, plus drawings. Through Feb. 13. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—A lively, colorful sampler of his works—stabiles, mobiles, and gouaches. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY CARO / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Large abstract bronzes, plus smaller, table-size works, also in bronze. / Twenty small-scale late-period paintings that once hung in the artist's home. First public viewing for a number of them. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ACK CHEVALIER—Wall pieces with a pronounced American Indian feeling, constructed of wood, paper, paint, and beading by a Seattle artist. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

JEANETTE CHUPACK—Acrylic paintings—still-lives of vegetables and napery and fruits inside the artist's studio, and clear views of the Vermont landscape outside. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

AMES COIGNARD—Etchings and acrylics incorporating elements of collage. Through Feb. 13. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AURICE FREEDMAN—A half-century of Expressionist landscapes and still-lives. Through Feb. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ONIA GECHTOFF—This artist, whose works have a mellow, antique surface derived from endless shading with colored pencils on an acrylic base, has taken a slight turn in direction—from total abstraction to dimly perceptible interiors and architectural forms. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. ... On Tuesday, Jan. 26, a new show of Gechoff's works will be mounted. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

DNEY GORDIN—Recent geometric paintings, plus collages and reliefs. Through Feb. 6. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

S. GORDON—Outside still-lives in watercolors depicting odd bits of bric-a-brac and rich, sometimes quilted, fabric. First one-man show in New York by this Tulsa artist. Through Wednesday, Jan. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOBERT GRAHAM—Four female nudes (two in bronze, one in porcelain, and one in stoneware), in the stiff-standing poses this artist prefers, plus a standing mare in bronze, about one-third life-size. Through Feb. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HILIP GUSTON (1913-80)—A series of colored acrylics on paper, done in the six months before the artist's death, and not seen here before. Through Feb. 9. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

JESAN HALL / JOHN WILLENBECHER—Paintings, among them a twelve-foot canvas showing a huge, brightly lit ocean liner being herded along at night by a company of tugs. / Constructions: a large Masonite panel and several classical-looking niches framed in wreaths of laurel, all painted to look like marble. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

RAIG KAUFFMAN—Large abstractions of interiors in mixed mediums, painted on silk and on

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silk-and-paper. Through Feb. 13. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

ED KERNS / FRANTIŠEK KUPKA (1871-1957)—Collage paintings, dating back to his richly painted, thinly layered works of the mid-seventies and moving up to the denser, muted-toned panels of the present. / Early gouaches and woodcuts. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—Paintings from 1937 to the year before his death. Through Friday, Jan. 29. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

REE MORTON (1936-77)—Drawings in this artist's highly personal style, including studies of weeds of the Northeast. ... In the back room is a sizable group of avant-garde Russian posters made when Russia had an avant-garde, which is to say in the twenties and thirties. Through Feb. 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

PEDRO PEREZ—Boisterous acrylic paintings, decked with papier-mâché insets, glitter, chiffon, feathers, and sometimes fourteen-karat gold leaf, by a Cuban-born artist whose works have the spontaneity and vigor of graffiti. First one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 4. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

IRVING PETLIN—Large surreal paintings and pastels depicting a microscopic world. All are from the mid-seventies. Through Feb. 20. (Odyssey, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JIM REED—Paintings, often depicting scenes of the South, with photographs incorporated into—or substituting for—canvas. Through Feb. 6. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROLPH SCARLETT—A series of small nonobjective gouaches painted in 1940 by an artist, now ninety-two, who was deeply influenced by the Russian Constructivist movement. Through Feb. 6. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

DEE SHAPIRO—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

HOLLIS SIGLER—A narrative series of drawings and paintings. Through Feb. 4. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

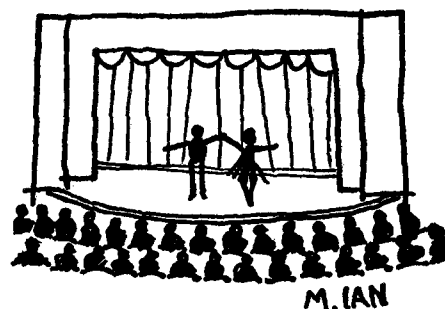
GERI TAPER—A two-gallery, one-woman show: multicolored calligraphic figures in a grid format at Haber Theodore, and vaguely hourglass figures at Sachs. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Both galleries at 29 W. 57th St.)

ALAN TURNER—"The Marked Woods," and other paintings by an artist who is attracted to wooded landscapes and finds many different ways of seeing the same stand of trees. Through Feb. 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

BARBARA VALENTA—Wall pieces that the artist intends as metaphors for escape. Some of them are kite-like constructions of wood and bright-yellow canvas, meant to suggest flight, and others take the shape of doorways, meant to suggest a refuge. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—New paintings and drawings. Through Friday, Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JEROME WITKIN—About two dozen oils (including a large narrative triptych entitled "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933") by a realist.



Through Feb. 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

TWENTY GALLERIES / TWENTY YEARS—Twenty dealers showing, in two galleries, two paintings each (one early, one late) by artists whom they have represented for two decades or longer—Pierre Matisse (Loren MacIver), Allan Stone (Wayne Thiebaud), Betty Parsons (Kenzo Okada), to name a few. Through Feb. 4. (The early works are at Terry Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.; the later ones at Grace Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American folk artists, including Edward Hicks, Henri Rousseau, and Grandma Moses. Through March 6. ... **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works on view. Through Feb. 5. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) ... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Painting and sculptures by seven artists who received their training at the Art Institute of Chicago: Roger Brown, Philip Hanson, Jim Nutt, Ed Paschke, Suelen Rocca, H. C. Westermann, and Karl Wirssum. Through Feb. 13. ... **THE URBAN CENTER**, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: McKim, Mead & White's New York, in photographic reproductions (of architectural drawings, of other photographs): the Washington Square Arch, Madison Square Garden, and so forth. Through Feb. 12. (Open Mondays.) ... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Wall sculptures (by Alexander Archipenko, John Storrs, Mary Frank, and others) which have the human figure as their common theme. Through Feb. 6. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

DENNIS ASHBAUGH—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP / FRED MITCHELL—Large oils of mythical landscapes populated by fantastic figures and animals. / Abstract watercolors. Through Feb. 3. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—Souvenirs from performances by this German art-world celebrity—basins he washed people's feet in, photographs, documents, scribbled drawings. Through Feb. 13. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

WILLIAM N. COPLEY—Recent comic, bawdy paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

TOM DOYLE—A massive sculpture of pine beams, ten feet high and twenty-six feet long, plus maquettes for this and other works. Also monoprints that reproduce the grain of the wood in some of the maquettes. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

LESLEY DUMBRELL AND JOHN FIRTH-SMITH—Abstract paintings by two leading contemporary Australian artists: geometric works by the former, and more loosely based, monochromatic canvases by the latter. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Cunningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN—Figurative paintings. Through Feb. 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

LEON GOLUB—A series of paintings entitled "Mercenaries and Interrogations," and portraits of political figures (Kissinger, Franco). Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

NANCY HOLT—An installation of electrical devices, assembled like a large erector set, representing the wires and conduits in household electrical systems. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

BRUCE McLEAN—Raw paintings involving figures, done in bright acrylic colors. Through Feb. 3. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway.)

CAROLYN PARKER / JACKIE CARSON—Photo-Realist paintings of buildings. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Starkman, 465 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT ROHM / RIKURO OKAMOTO—Large, sanded-wood sculptures of what look like sensible, useful machines but aren't. / Sculptures of two huge boulders, both very lifelike. ... On

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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one of the back rooms, Don Celender presents the findings of another of his deadpan surveys, this time concerning the safeguards taken by custodians of various works of art. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—Drawings in black, black, charcoal lines, mostly abstract but some related to the figure; the artist is best known as a sculptor. . . . ¶ Single works by some of the gallery regulars in the front room—Alan Shields, Donald Judd, and Lynda Benglis, for example. Through Feb. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Nine black-and-white circular paintings from the year 1976. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

ANDY SPENCE—Clean-cut geometric forms painted on sharply contrasting solid-color grounds, plus preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

JOYCE STILLMAN-MYERS / MURRAY ALCOSSE—Super-realist pastels of candy. / Recent photographs: still-lives of flowers. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

BOAZ VAADIA—A trestle just under twenty-six feet long and made of raw cedar posts supports a roadway of bluestone slabs, and there are smaller pieces in the same materials. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

ANDY WARHOL / BRUCE NAUMAN—New work. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Castelli, at 420 West Broadway and at 142 Greene St.) / Sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Castelli and Sperone Westwater Fischer, both at 142 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: The first of two installations of a fifth-anniversary show consisting of a hundred and seventy-four of the artists whose work has been featured at the center. Through Feb. 27. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Erté, Jean Cocteau, William Crovello, Clayton Pond, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 392 West Broadway: New work by some of the gallery artists, including a wall-relief-and-mosaic by Ned Smyth; large Polaroid photographs by William Wegman; and a rendering in ceramics (a new medium for this artist) of Moorish designs by Valerie Jaudon. Through Wednesday, Jan. 27. . . . **STEWART NEILL**, 136 Greene St.: Clouds as seen in still-lives, landscapes, and abstractions by more than forty artists, among them Helen Miranda Wilson, Yvonne Jacquette, John MacWhinnie, and (quite appropriately) Ivy Sky Rutzky. Through Feb. 3.

OTHER GALLERIES

ALAN KIKUCHI-YNGOJO / ROSEANNE GENERALI—Collaged color photographs. / Charcoal drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **the BOUCKAERT**, 100 Hudson St.: Paintings and sculptures by relative unknowns; Edward Albee was the curator. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. . . . **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: A show dedicated to the late Ilya Bolotowsky, one of the founders of the American Abstract Artists. In it are paintings and sculptures by Mr. Bolotowsky and other members, including Robert Conover and Charmion von Wiegand. Through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JOHN ALBOK (1894-1982)—A hundred and twenty pictures of New York and its inhabitants, from 1921 to the present, by a Madison Avenue tailor who died last week. Many of the photographs were taken from the window of his shop (above which he lived for sixty years), near Ninety-seventh Street. Through May 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Twenty-two prints by Mr. Albok of New York during the thirties and forties are at the Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Through Feb. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

MARILYN BRIDGES—Sixty aerial photographs of

the "ground drawings" attributed to the Nazca Indians of Peru—the titanic (one is over ten miles wide) renderings of plants, animals, and geometric forms which range across thirty miles of a desert plain southeast of Lima and which are thought to date back to 400 B.C. Also included are twenty pieces of Nazca pottery, bearing these same forms and figures—on a more diminutive scale, to be sure. Through Feb. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ROBERT D'ALESSANDRO—Photographs of landscape and sky (New Mexico) and architecture and sky (New York and other cities). Through Feb. 5. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HAROLD EDGERTON—High-speed studies of bullets being shot through apples and bananas, and of athletes in motion. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JILL FREEDMAN—Prints from 1968 to the present of policemen and firemen at work by a photo-journalist, plus scenic shots of England and Ireland. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HANS NAMUTH—Color portraits of Edward Hopper, Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Louise Nevelson, and other twentieth-century artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Photographic studies of Manhattan. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

EVE SONNEMAN—Eight large prints: "N. Y. Cops on Suicide Pillow" and "Roller Coaster Fire" are the titles of two. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

RALPH STEINER—Photographs recently printed from old negatives, a number of them dating from the twenties. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

ARTHUR TAUSSIG / NIKI LOGIS—Photographs. / A large-scale painted-wood sculpture, plus related models. Through Feb. 13. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

GEORGE A. TICE—A retrospective of photographs from the past three decades. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Photographers and the National Parks" documents (in close to two hundred photographs by thirty-five artists) the parallel histories of landscape photography and the national parks. There are historical and contemporary views by Watkins, O'Sullivan, Adams, Cunningham, Weston, and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Ninety-six early prints (by Beato, Frith, Curtis, Hine, and others) owned by the library. Through March 3. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHY—More than two hundred photographs on loan from the Agfa-Gevaert museum in Leverkusen, West Germany. Portraits from the eighteen-forties (daguerreotypes, tintypes, calotypes)

and from the eighteen-sixties; landscapes from the eighteen-fifties; and motion studies from the eighteen-eighties. Through Feb. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another room at the center: Hugo Erfurth's portraits of Paul Klee (1920), Oskar Kokoschka (1923), Mies van der Rohe (1936), and other members of the German avant-garde. Through Feb. 14.

GROUP SHOW—A tenth-anniversary exhibit of recent work by twenty-four photographers associated with the Light gallery; among them are Harry Callahan, Frank Gohlke, Emmet Gowin, Robert Heinecken, and Linda Connor. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The museum will be closed for a few months for construction work.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914," the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramics designs, art-related books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age of thirty, to begin the formal study of art. Starts Friday, Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly and Richard Shaw. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Sunday, Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons, made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Sunday, Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesday



through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yuan (1279-1368) dynasties. All the works are from the John M. Crawford, Jr., Collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-1792), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth-anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by Jenny Holzer and Peter Nadin (together), Jim Iserman, Jim Sanborn, and Hudson (a.k.a. Buzz Tone Outlet). Through Feb. 13.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Nearly a hundred and fifty books by Russian avant-garde writers and artists, from 1910-30. Through Feb. 20. . . . An exhibition of photocopy art. Through Feb. 6.

JUST ABOVE MIDTOWN / DOWNTOWN, 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Randy Williams' sculptural installations of wood, metal, and accompanying audio; and Janet Henry's, which consist of dolls, toys, candy, and other objects placed in plastic containers. Through Saturday, Jan. 30.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ton Simons & Dancers (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 28-31, at 8:30. . . . An installation (lights, video, sound, and drawings) by Joseph Nechvatal. Through Saturday, Jan. 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Gerd Brenneis, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 22: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Julia Migenes-Johnson, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Bianca

Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . Monday evening, Jan. 25: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Julia Migenes-Johnson, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 29: A new production of Mozart's "Così fan tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Mario Sereni; Nello Santi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 1.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Henry Shek conducting the first two of four performances of Puccini's "La Rondine," staged by Cynthia Edwards. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Mozart-Bartók-Mendelssohn program Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8; Friday, Jan. 22, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8 (all with Daniel Barenboim, piano). . . . Zubin Mehta conducting an all-Beethoven nonsubscription concert on Monday, Jan. 25, at 8, with Mr. Barenboim. . . . Zubin Mehta conducting a different all-Beethoven nonsubscription concert on Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8, with Mr. Barenboim. . . . Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Webern-Mozart-Brahms/Schoenberg program Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 7:30 (all with Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano).

ENGLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—With Gidon Kremer, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Dylana Jensen, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

SOFIA PHILHARMONIC—Konstantin Iliev conducting a Paganini-Vladigerov-Dvořák program, with Mincho Minchev, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Haydn-Kodály-Beethoven program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Piston-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gunter Schuller conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg conducting Schütz's "German Requiem," Stravinsky's "Mass," and Ives' "Psalm 90." With June Anderson and Catherine Aks, sopranos; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; William Parker, baritone; and Kenneth Bell, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducting a program that will include the recently found Brahms orchestrations for two Schubert songs. With Michael Blum, piano, and Lee Schwartz, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting, with Yehudi Menuhin and Edna Mitchell, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS—David Randolph directing a Vivaldi-Haydn program, with Mary Burgess and Martha Rafferty Page, sopranos; Con-

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stance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and John Challenger, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

HARMONIC CHOIR—David Hykes directing an eight-member ensemble, which combines ancient and medieval chanting techniques with contemporary musical forms. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

RECITALS

MUSIC FROM RAVINIA—The first in a series of three programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one performed by Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and Jeffrey Tate and James Levine, piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

TARACK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—With Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

CHARLES ROSEN—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

JANOS STARKER—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET AND THE FINE ARTS QUARTET—A joint concert, presenting Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

NEW YORK CAMERATA—Diane Bruce, violin; Eleanor Clark, soprano; Glenn Jacobson, piano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; and Mark Shuman, cello. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ANDRÉ WATTS AND CHARLES TREGER—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

JAMES TOCCO—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available forty-five minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis.)

MAX VAN EGMOND AND PAUL O'DETTE—Baritone and lutenist. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

CHARLES FISK—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

GALIMIR STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . Same program; New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2.)

DOWNTOWN CHAMBER PLAYERS—Chamber music. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

ELISABETH SÖDERSTRÖM—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

MUSIC PROJECT—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

JAN PEECE—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 7:30.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—The first in a series of three recitals, this one a baroque program. With John Steele Ritter, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

BETH ORSON—Oboe and English horn, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

DORIAN WOODWIND QUINTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

STAFFAN SCHEJA—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

VAN ZANDT ELLIS—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

ANDREA NEMECZ—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program of music by Roger Reynolds, Ursula Mamlok, Gunther Schuller, and others, performed by Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Maureen

Gallagher, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; Aleck Karis, piano; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IDIL BIRET—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

PHILIP SETZER AND ANTONIA ADEZIO—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

MORDECAI SHEHORI—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

ELIZABETH WOLFF—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

ANDRAS SCHIFF—Piano, in a performance of Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

VERONICA JOCHUM—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

MONICA ST. LEGER—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

MUSICAL ELEMENTS—Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Luciano Berio, Martin Bresnick, Chevalier de Saint Georges, and others. With Gabriel Banat, violin, and Peter Takacs, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of vocal and instrumental Italian music of the late Renaissance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Friday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—The first in a series of five programs, this one devoted to the works of Pauline Oliveros. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NED ROREM—A concert of music by Mr. Rorem performed by Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, and Kristine Ciesinski and Susan Davenny Wyner, sopranos. Mr. Rorem will act as piano accompanist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program entitled "The Renaissance Band Exposed," with Andrew Schultze, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

THE BACH WINTERFEST—The third in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Louise Schulman, violin and viola; Daniel Waitzman, flute; and Myron Lutzke, cello. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—Frank Sinatra, Luciano Pavarotti, and George Shearing will be the participants in a benefit for the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Jan. 21, at 7:35: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:05: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:35: Knicks vs. Seattle.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs.

Islanders, Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Jan. 24, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 21. . . . Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Jan. 26. . . . Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, Jan. 30. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . **BOWIE, Md.**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, March 12.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8 through Saturday, April 3. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

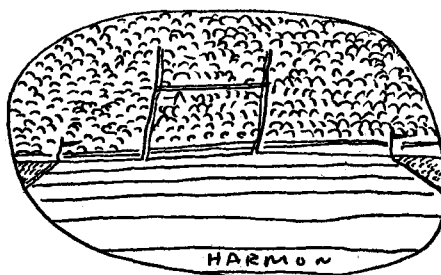
POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Mark Helprin reading from his own fiction. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Jan. 25 at 5:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . Danie Hoffman reading from his own works and Katha Pollit reading from her own poetry (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.) . . . David Ignatow and Robert Phillips reading from their own poetry. (Books & Co., 930 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450 Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—This year's event will feature an exhibit of American furniture and objects of art from the Winterthur Museum in Wilmington. In addition, seventy-two dealers will display English, French, Italian Oriental, and American pieces. A benefit to the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, through Sunday, Jan. 31. Week days, 11 to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

RUCKUS MANHATTAN—Red Grooms' three-dimensional walk-through model of Manhattan i back, with a taxi that can be climbed into (complete with passenger and talking driver and a tableau depicting the purchase of this island from the Indians. (Burlington House lobby, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6; entrance fee of \$2 or less, depending.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—Cruisers, sailboats, in boards, outboards, dinghies, and canoes, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trap pings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 20-22, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 23, from 10 to 10; an Sunday, Jan. 24, from 11 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEY'S**, 980 Madison Ave., a 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master drawings. . . . Thursday, Jan. 21, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . Friday, Jan. 22, at 2: Nineteenth century European paintings. . . . Thursday Jan. 28, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth-century paintings and folk painting; together with drawings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . **SOOTHEY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Jan. 24, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: African and Oceanic art. . . . Thursday, Jan. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . Friday, Jan. 22, at 10:15: Japanese ceramics and other works of art, as well as Korean works of art. . . . Friday, Jan. 22, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Later Chinese and Japanese works of art. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 28, at 10:15; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture, folk art, silver, pewter, Chinese Export porcelains, metalwork, and decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . Thursday, Jan. 28, at 2: Lustreware, from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. Warren Baker. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, Jan. 23, at 1 and 2: American furniture and decorative works of art. . . . **PHILLIPS**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 28, at 6: Oriental works of art. Exhibition starts Sunday, Jan. 24.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Jan. 24: "American Success" (directed by William Richert), with Jeff Bridges and Bianca Jagger.

From Jan. 26: "Careless" (1962; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Claudia Cardinale and Tony Franciosa.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 21: "Body Heat" (†) and "All That Jazz" (†).

Jan. 22-28: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol; and another feature, to be announced.

From Jan. 29: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Jan. 21: "Cutter's Way" (†).

From Jan. 22: "Atlantic City" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Jan. 21: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

From Jan. 22: "Zoot Suit" (Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 2: "Absence of Malice" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 21: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Jan. 21: "Pixote" (†).

From Jan. 22: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Jan. 21: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

From Jan. 22: "The Last Waltz" (†).

GOHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Atlantic City" (†).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War. From Jan. 22: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).

Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "On Golden Pond" (†). From Jan. 22: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Ticket to Heaven" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

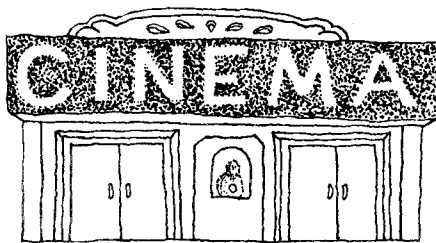
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 28: "The Boogens" (James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding. From Jan. 29: "The Border" (Tony Richardson), with Jack Nicholson and Harvey Keitel.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Jan. 22: "A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunningham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Jan. 21: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

From Jan. 22: "Zoot Suit" (Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.

LOEWS NEW YORK 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd. From Jan. 22: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Absence of Malice" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 21: "Cutter's Way" (†).

Jan. 22-28: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

From Jan. 29: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Jan. 28: "The Boogens" (James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding.

From Jan. 29: "The Border" (Tony Richardson), with Jack Nicholson and Harvey Keitel.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd. From Jan. 22: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. 1 AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Saturday the 14th" (Howard R. Cohen), with Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Revenge of the Shogun Women" (Tsang Mei-Chun), with Shūsien Leong and Shirley Han. In 3-D. From Jan. 22: "Zoot Suit" (Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Alien's Place" (1979; directed by Rudolf van den Berg; in Dutch).

Theatre 2: "Gates of Heaven" (1978) and "Vernon, Florida," both documentary films, directed by Errol Morris.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Absence of Malice" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "The French

Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From Jan. 22: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas. From Jan. 22: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Time Bandits" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: "Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 28: "Prince of the City" (†). From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 21: "Pixote" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Pennies from Heaven" (†). No evening performances on Monday, Jan. 25.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Jan. 28: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

From Jan. 29: To be announced.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

Through Jan. 28: "Four Friends" (†).

From Jan. 29: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Absence of Malice" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "David" (Peter Lilienthal; in German).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Pixote" (†).

Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 28: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase. From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 22: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 28: "Saturday the 14th" (Howard R. Cohen), with Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 28: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Jan. 29: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 28: "Ticket to Heaven" (†). Jan. 29-30: "Yojimbo" (†) and "Throne of Blood" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Jan. 22: "Zoot Suit" (Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 28: "The Boogens" (James L. Conway), with Rebecca

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ca Balding. From Jan. 29: "Pixote" (†).
Theatre 4: "Atlantic City" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Taps" (directed by Harold
Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy
Hutton.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Rollover" (Alan
J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kris-
tofferson. Jan. 22-28: "Zoot Suit" (Luis
Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and
Charles Aidman. From Jan. 29: "Modern
Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy
Chase.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 21: "Body and Soul"
(George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy
and Jayne Kennedy. From Jan. 22: "Monte-
negro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan An-
spach and Erland Josephson.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 21: "The French
Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From Jan. 22:
"Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Bad-
ham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 5: Through Jan. 21: "Body Heat"
(†). From Jan. 22: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pa-
kula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristoffe-
rson.

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Atlantic City"
(†). From Jan. 22: "Neighbors" (John G.
Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan
Aykroyd.

Theatre 3: "Revenge of the Shogun Women"
(Tsang Mei-Chun), with Shiuen Leong and
Shirley Han. In 3-D.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 21: "Revenge of the
Shogun Women" (Tsang Mei-Chun), with
Shiuen Leong and Shirley Han. In 3-D.
From Jan. 22: "Atlantic City" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Neighbors"
(John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and
Dan Aykroyd. From Jan. 22: "Vice Squad"
(Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley
and Gary Swanson.

Theatre 2: "Ragtime" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 28: "Modern Problems" (Ken
Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.
From Jan. 29: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 28: "The Boogens"
(James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding.
From Jan. 29: "The Border" (Tony Rich-
ardson), with Jack Nicholson and Harvey
Keitel.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Ghost Story"
(John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn
Douglas. From Jan. 22: "On Golden Pond"
(†).

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th.
(975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Saturday the
14th" (Howard R. Cohen), with Richard
Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. From Jan. 22:
"A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunning-
ham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn.

Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reyn-
olds), with Reynolds.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Jan. 20: "Blonde Venus" (1932; directed by
Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Die-
trich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and
Dickie Moore; and "Ecstasy" (1933; Gus-
tav Machaty; in German), with Hedy
Lamarr.

Jan. 21: "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with
Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and
"Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Jan. 22-23: "The Arabian Nights" (1973;
Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Beau-
ty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in
French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day,
Michel Auclair, and Marcel André.

Jan. 24: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar
Bergman; in Swedish).

Jan. 25: "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Rug-
gles) and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933;
Lowell Sherman), both films with Mae
West and Cary Grant.

Jan. 26: "The Yakuza" (†); and "The Silent
Avenger" (1968; in Japanese), with Ken
Takakura.

Jan. 27: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin;
in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain
Cuny; and "Wifemistress" (1979; Marco
Vicario; in Italian), with Marcello Mas-
troianni.

Jan. 28: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner
Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa
Férrel; and "The Man in the Glass Booth"
(1975; Arthur Hiller), with Maximilian
Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman,
and Luther Adler.

Jan. 29-30: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin
Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey
Keitel; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969;
John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman
and Jon Voight.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-
2131)

Through Jan. 21: "Blow-Up" (1966; Mi-
chelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Red-
grave and David Hemmings; and "Acci-
dent" (1967; Harold Pinter), with Dirk
Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Mer-
chant.

Jan. 22-23: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin
Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy
Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Taxi Driver"
(1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De
Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and
Jodie Foster.

Jan. 24: "Tess" (†).

Jan. 25 at 8:30: "The Mating Game" (1959;
George Marshall), with Debbie Reynolds,
Tony Randall, and Paul Douglas. Mr. Ran-
dall will be present.

Jan. 26: "The Lion in Winter" (†); and "The
Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor),
with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart,
Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

Jan. 27-28: "Café Express" (1981; Nanni
Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi; and
"Down and Dirty" (†).

Jan. 29-30: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken
Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates,
and Oliver Reed; and "The Boy Friend"
(†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 21: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just
Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel
and Alain Cuny; and "Emmanuelle: The
Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis
Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.
Both films X-rated.

Jan. 22-23: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos
Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese),
with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and
"Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in
Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

Jan. 24-26: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde"
(1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch,
James Mason, Yvonne Mitchell, and Nigel
Patrick; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken
Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates,
and Oliver Reed.

Jan. 27-28: "S.O.B." (1981; Blake Edwards),
with Julie Andrews, William Holden,
Robert Preston, and Richard Mulligan; and
"Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder),
with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and
Erich von Stroheim.

Jan. 29-30: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fel-
lini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and
"The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in
Italian).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon-
days through Fridays, theatre opens in the
late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 21: "The Last Picture Show"
(1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy
Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben
Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Splen-
dor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with
Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat
Hingle.

Jan. 22-23: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin
Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy
Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Five Easy
Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack
Nicholson.

Jan. 24-25: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Vic-
tor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert
Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack
Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952;
Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kel-
ly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor,
and Jean Hagen.

Jan. 26: "The Godfather" (†).

Jan. 27-28: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Maltese Falcon" (†).

Jan. 29-30: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976; Peter Clifton and Joe Massot), with the Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)

Jan. 20: "The Barefoot Contessa" (1954; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien, and Rossano Brazzi; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.

Jan. 21-22: "Ivanhoe" (1952; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders; and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.

Jan. 23-24: "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon; and "The Man in the White Suit" (1951; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger.

Jan. 25-27: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

Jan. 28-29: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "Mister Roberts" (1955; Mervyn LeRoy and John Ford), with Henry Fonda, James Cagney, William Powell, and Jack Lemmon.

From Jan. 30: "Lust for Life" (†); and "Mogambo" (1953; John Ford), with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Grace Kelly.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)

Jan. 20: "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods; and "One, Two, Three" (1961; Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.

Jan. 21-22: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Jan. 23-24: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980; Michael Apted), with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones; and "A Touch of Class" (1973; Melvin Frank), with George Segal and Glenda Jackson.

Jan. 25-27: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

Jan. 28-29: "Revenge of the Pink Panther" (†); and "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.

From Jan. 30: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Jan. 20: "Rachel, Rachel" (1968; Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward and Estelle Parsons; and "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.

Jan. 21-23: "The Country Girl" (1954; George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Jan. 24-25: "Butterfield 8" (1960; Daniel Mann), with Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill; and "Darling" (†).

Jan. 26-27: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "My Life to Live" (†).

From Jan. 28: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Nun's Story" (1959; Fred Zinnemann), with Audrey Hepburn, Peter Finch, Dean Jagger, and Mildred Dunnock.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 20: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.

Jan. 21: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, and Madge Kennedy.

Jan. 22-23: "Belle Starr Story" (1977; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Elsa Martinelli; and "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

Jan. 24: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Children of Rage" (1975; Arthur Allan Seidelman), with Helmut Griem.

Jan. 25: "Lumière" (1976), directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

Jan. 26: "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (†).

Jan. 27: "A Woman of Affairs" (1928; Clarence Brown; a silent film), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Lewis Stone, and Johnny Mack Brown; and "Flesh and the Devil" (†).

Jan. 28: "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Chimes at Midnight" (†).

Jan. 29-30: "The Pacifist" (1971; Miklós Jancsó; in Italian), with Monica Vitti; and "Winter Wind" (1970; Miklós Jancsó; in French), with Jacques Charrier.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 20: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.

Jan. 21: "The Visit" (1964; Bernhard Wicki), with Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn, and Irina Demick; and "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

Jan. 22: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

Jan. 23: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

Jan. 24: "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rosanno Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (†).

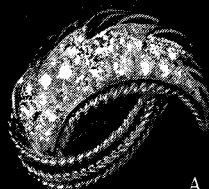
Jan. 25: "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Jan. 26: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Michel Auclair, and Marcel André; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

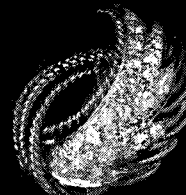
Jan. 27: "Nicholas Nickleby" (1947; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, and Bernard Miles; and "Great Expectations" (†).

Jan. 28: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Jan. 29-30: "Murder" (†); and "Young and



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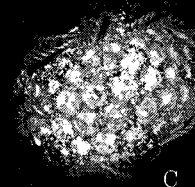


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Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young," 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Discord" (1981; directed by Bill Lundberg), a film installation. Mr. Lundberg will be present on Thursday, Jan. 21, at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-

0010)—Jan. 20 at 8: "Neighbors" (1920; Buster Keaton; a silent film), "The Great Blondino" (1967; Robert Nelson), and "Bleu Shut" (1970; Robert Nelson). . . . Jan. 21 at 8: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1971; Jonas Mekas). . . . Jan. 22 at 8: "Chichi Ariki" ("There Was a Father," 1942; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese, no English subtitles). . . . Jan. 23 at 2: "More Men," a video work by Charles Atlas. . . . Jan. 23 at 8: "Umarete Wa Mita Keredo" ("I Was Born . . . But," 1932; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese, no English subtitles). . . . Jan. 24 at 8: A program of four films by Sidney Peterson.

. . . Jan. 27 at 8: "La Règle du Jeu" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French, no English subtitles). . . . Jan. 28 at 8: "Francesco, Giullare di Dio" (1950; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, no English subtitles). . . . Jan. 29 at 8: Films by the Lumière brothers; and "Carriage Trade" (1972; Warren Sonbert). . . . Jan. 30 at 2: A video program by Ernie Gusella. . . . Jan. 30 at 8: "Rapt" (1934; Dimitri Kirsanoff; in French, no English subtitles).

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABSENCE OF MALICE—A trim, well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the basically insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force investigating the disappearance of a union leader. The story is false—the federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim, and the movie is about how he turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. It's doubtful that people who are out to get even are as calm and well-balanced as this character; Newman gives revenge class, so we can all enjoy it. The script, by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, is crisply plotted, but he doesn't write scenes to reveal anything more in the characters than the plot requires. Sydney Pollack's directing is efficient, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance (especially in the one scene when he blows up at the reporter and hisses his rage right into her ear), and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. As the head of the strike force, Bob Balaban must think that he's doing Captain Queeg. He has devised an attention-getting nervous shtick—he spins his hands around while playing with rubber bands—and he never gives it a rest. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Waverly, and Loews Paramount.)

ALL THAT JAZZ (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he

makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

ATLANTIC CITY—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Plaza, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . Gramercy; starting Jan. 22.)

A BILL OF DIVorcEMENT (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film debut, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen before. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is dreadfully subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in an insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Elizabeth Patterson, Paul Cavanaugh, and Henry Stephenson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 24.)

BOY HEAT—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a torrid number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through Jan. 21.)

THE BOY FRIEND (1971)—It might have been a lovely little musical, with the bittersweet Jazz Age gaiety that is foolish and yet heartbreakingly winning. But Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show (first produced in London in 1953) into an anti-musical and

destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. Russell's greatest deficiency is that he doesn't understand the beauty of simplicity. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from his supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. With Christopher Gable, Max Adrian, Georgina Hale, Vladek Sheybal, Tommy Tune, Barbara Windsor, Antonia Ellis, and Glenda Jackson in a wonderful cameo as the injured star who is replaced by Twiggy. Cinematography by David Watkin; sets by Tony Walton; costumes by Shirley Russell. Made in England. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29-30.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his debut film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Art, Manhattan, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . Movieland; starting Jan. 29.)

CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT (1967; also known as "Falstaff")—One of Orson Welles' best and least seen movies. It is damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds, and during the first twenty minutes one may want to walk out, because although Shakespeare's words on the soundtrack are intelligible, the sound doesn't match the images, and often we can't be sure who is supposed to be talking. But then, despite everything—the use of doubles in long shots, the editing that distracts us when we need to concentrate on the dialogue—the movie begins to be great. Welles brought together the pieces of Falstaff that Shakespeare had strewn over the two parts of "Henry IV" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with cuttings from "Henry V" and "Richard II," and fastened them into place with narration from Holinshed's "Chronicles" (read by Ralph Richardson). Those of us who resisted our teachers' best efforts to make us appreciate the comic genius of Shakespeare's fools and buffoons will not be surprised that Welles wasn't able to make Falstaff very funny; he's a great conception of a character, but the charades and practical jokes and the carousing and roistering seem meant to be funnier than they are. The movie does have a great Shakespearean comic moment, though: garrulous Falstaff sitting with Shallow (Alan Webb) and Silence (Walter Chiari), rolling his eyes in irritation and impatience at Silence's stammer. Though

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Welles' performance as Falstaff is short on comedy, it's very rich, very full. Oddly, we never really see the friendship of Falstaff and Prince Hal—played extraordinarily well by Keith Baxter—but John Gielgud's refined, monkish Henry IV gives the film the austerity it needs for the conflict within Hal to be dramatized. The film is a near-masterpiece. Welles' direction of the battle of Shrewsbury is unlike anything he has ever done—indeed, unlike any battle ever done on the screen before. It ranks with the finest of Griffith, John Ford, Eisenstein, Kurosawa. The compositions suggest Uccello, and the chilling, ironic music is a death knell for all men in battle. The soldiers, plastered by the mud they fall in, are already monuments. It's the most brutally sombre battle ever filmed, and it does justice to Hotspur's great "O, Harry, thou has robbed me of my youth." With Margaret Rutherford, Jeanne Moreau, Marina Vlady, Norman Rodway, Fernando Rey, Tony Beckley, and Beatrice Welles as the page boy. Shot on Spanish locations, which are photographically stylized, to suggest a slightly unrealistic world. (Thalia; Jan. 28.)

CUTTER'S WAY—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his untanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronen-weth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through Jan. 21.)

DARLING (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's trendy and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Regency; Jan. 24-25.)

DOWN AND DIRTY (1976)—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27-28.)

FLESH AND THE DEVIL (1927)—Greta Garbo, with pencil-line eyebrows above sex-drugged lids, plays a bored, sensual, wicked woman in a story about sacred and profane love, derived from a novel by Hermann Sudermann. It's far from a work of art, but Garbo was a blissfully beautiful twenty-one at the time, and no other actress went at the bodies of her leading men the way she did. This time, John Gilbert and Lars Hanson each go a round with her. Clarence Brown directed; with Barbara Kent as the good girl. (Thalia; Jan. 27.)

FOUR FRIENDS—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian working-class youth, Danilo, who comes with a big, heavy, symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, particularly in his sense of humor, and Penn, trying for a large-scale social vision, brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the big immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America," and in order to accommodate a whole catalogue of symbolic events of the sixties—everything from a race riot to the landing on the moon—the plot bounces along exhaustingly. The characters are always learning life's important lessons. In a key sequence, we get crosscutting between Danilo

folk-dancing in the sunshine with his immigrant worker friends and the girl with her soul-sick druggie-hippie pals at a strobe-lighted psychedelic revel. It's health vs. sickness, life vs. death. And the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, and Jim Metzler and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy as a rotten-rich swine, and Lois Smith as his wife—she gets to let out a yelping sound that's like a grandmommy of a scream. So may you. (1/4/82) (Little Carnegie; through Jan. 28.)

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown sparseness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Loews New York. . . Waverly, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres; through Jan. 21.)

THE GODFATHER (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed. Marlon Brando is Don Vito Corleone; Al Pacino, John Cazale, James Caan, and Talia Shire play his children. The film runs just under three hours; the period is 1945 to the mid-fifties. The cast includes Robert Duvall, Richard Castellano as Clemenza, Diane Keaton, John Marley, Lenny Montana, Richard Conte, Sterling Hayden, Abe Vigoda, Al Lettieri, Alex Rocco, Richard Bright, Simonetta Stefanelli as Apollonia, Gianni Russo, and Al Martino. The script, credited to Mario Puzo and Coppola, is based on Puzo's best-seller. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; production design by Dean Tavoularis; music by Nino Rota. (8th St. Playhouse; Jan. 26.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production from

the J. Arthur Rank studio; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens' style, but the film has a strong style of its own, which is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost, despite Hobson's dignity and beauty. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Bernard Miles is Joe Gargery; Freda Jackson is Mrs. Gargery; Ivor Barnard is Wemmick; Torin Thatcher is Bentley Drummie; Eileen Erskine is Biddy; O. B. Clarence is the Aged Parent; and Francis L. Sullivan (who had played the same role in the 1934 Hollywood version) is that most alarming upholder of the law Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. Guy Green took the Academy Award for best black-and-white cinematography; John Bryan and Wilfred Shingleton also won for black-and-white art direction and set decoration. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 27.)

THE LAST WALTZ (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Sutton; starting Jan. 22.)

THE LION IN WINTER (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

LUST FOR LIFE (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just



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because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps), but it's far from a disgrace, and the performers are never an embarrassment. The cast includes James Donald as Theo, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, Everett Sloane, Niall MacGinnis, Isobel Elsom, Laurence Naismith, Madge Kennedy, and Noel Purcell. A team of art directors worked out locations (in France and Holland) and interiors that relate to the paintings, many of which are shown. Vincente Minnelli directed for M-G-M, in CinemaScope and color; John Houseman produced; Norman Corwin adapted Irving Stone's best-selling biography; Freddy Young and Russell Harlan were the cinematographers; Miklos Rozsa did the music. Quinn took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; starting Jan. 30.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimensions to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economical dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness—and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. Huston was a good enough screenwriter to see that Hammett had already written the scenario, and he didn't soften Sam Spade's character. Bogart played him as written by Hammett, and Hammett was not sentimental about detectives: they were cops who were going it alone—i.e., who had smartened up and become more openly mercenary and crooked. Bogart's Spade is a loner who uses nice, simple people. He's a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual: he enjoys hitting Joel Cairo and humiliating Wilmer. A flaw: the appalling music (by Adolph Deutsch), rising and swelling to call our attention to the big "I won't, because all of me wants to" speech at the end, almost kills the scene. And a regret: that Huston didn't (or couldn't) retain Hammett's final scene—when Effie realizes what a bastard Spade is. But perhaps the absence of that final scene is part of what made the movie a hit: Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), which was a box-office failure—perhaps because the audience was forced to see what was inside the hero. Warners had already got its money's worth out of "The Maltese Falcon"—in 1931, with Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels, and again in 1936, as "Satan Met a Lady," with Warren William and Bette Davis. (8th St. Playhouse; Jan. 27-28.)

MURDER (1930)—A carefully designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people. It's more languidly paced than his mid-thirties work, and the dialogue is spoken in stage rhythms, but there are inventive moments. Herbert Marshall, dryly amiable in his first talking picture, plays an eminent actor—a knight serving on a jury. Convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There's an experiment with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, there's an odd, perhaps partly im-



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provided comedy scene involving some children invading Marshall's bedroom, and there's also a tricky sequence in which he listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time. It's a very class-conscious film, but in a somewhat snobbish way; we seem to be expected to identify with Marshall's stylish courtliness and to see the "lower orders" through his eyes. With Miles Mander, Esmé Percy, Donald Calthrop, Edward Chapman and Phyllis Konstam as the couple in the breakfast scene, and a glimpse of Hitchcock on a street. The screenplay, by Alma Reville, is taken from the stage version of Clemence Dane's novel "Enter Sir John." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 29-30.)

MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it flows smoothly, creating the illusion that we are simply listening in on a nighttime conversation of the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. The premise of the movie is that they haven't seen each other since 1975, when Gregory dropped out—took off on a spiritual quest for "reality," which led him around the world. (Actually, they taped their conversations two or three times a week for three months, and then Shawn worked for a year shaping the material into a script, in which they play comic distillations of aspects of themselves.) Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, who's like a sum of all the crackpot glittery-eyed charmers in the world, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences. He keeps going in wave after impassioned wave, describing astonishing, preposterous adventures in the Polish forests, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, and in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart, when the men and women of the theatre became dissatisfied with the limits of stage performance and began to delve into para-theatrical cults. Shawn, the pragmatist and sensualist, throws in an occasional skeptical dart, and then, when he begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism and offers the grubbiest of small comforts as proof of the fullness of his life. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (14/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

MY LIFE TO LIVE (1962)—Anna Karina as a shop-girl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable though erratic. In French. (Regency; Jan. 26-27.)

ON GOLDEN POND—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sun-

set of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema I; through Jan. 21. ... Loews 34th Street Showplace, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Rivoli; starting Jan. 22.)

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and out of them come the voices on hit records of the thirties. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (Ziegfeld. No evening performances on Monday, Jan. 25.)

PIXOTE—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Juliao), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrific and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Cinema Studio. ... Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21. ... Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 29.)

PRINCE OF THE CITY—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired in order to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

RAGTIME—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong

book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Loews State.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 1. . . .) Olympia Quad; through Jan. 21.)

REDS—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

REVENGE OF THE PINK PANTHER (1978)—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in gaffes, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 28-29.)

SHOOT THE MOON—As Faith and George Dunlap, whose marriage has become poisoned because she knows all his weaknesses and failures, and because her knowledge eats away at his confidence, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. It goes way past coolness. Diane Keaton has no vanity: Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And both as a character and as an actor, Finney seems startled and appalled by what has been let loose in him. He's an actor possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers.

Filmed on locations in northern California. (1/18/82) (Cinema I; starting Jan. 22.)

TESS (1980)—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The soundtrack pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Olympia Quad; Jan. 29-30.)

TICKET TO HEAVEN—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St. . . .) Cinema II; through Jan. 21. . . . Olympia Quad; through Jan. 28.)

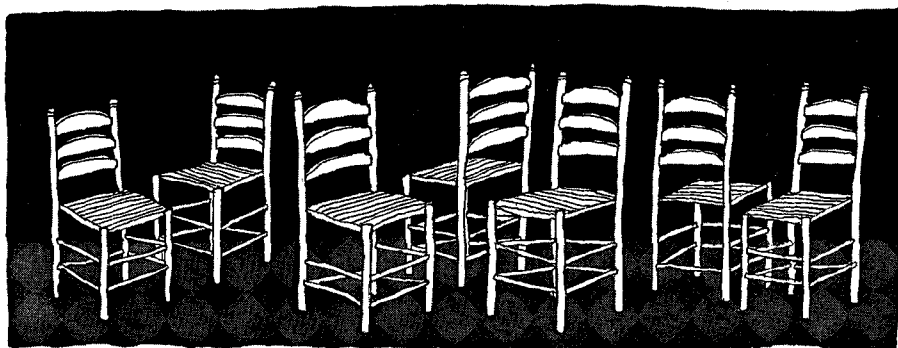
TIME BANDITS—Written by two members of the Monty Python group (Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed), this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled, from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as

Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, and David Warner, who's a great-looking Evil Genius. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. Gilliam doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffer from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING (1935)—John Ford directed this likable comedy about a gentle clerk, his gangster double (Edward G. Robinson in a dual role), and the hardboiled girl, Bill, whom the clerk adores. Bill is Jean Arthur, the comedienne with the wistful-husky voice; her distinctive voice was one of the best sounds in the romantic comedies of the thirties and forties. (Talkies made her a star, but in the silent period she was already a popular leading lady; Ford had directed her in 1923 in a John Gilbert vehicle, "Cameo Kirby.") Adapted by Jo Swerling and Robert Riskin from a W. R. Burnett story. With Wallace Ford, Etienne Girardot, Donald Meek, Arthur Byron, and Edward Brophy. (Thalia; Jan. 26.)

THE YAKUZA (1975)—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their code is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penance. A swaggeringly meretricious fairy tale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Oriental inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. The script, by Paul Schrader, from Leonard Schrader's story, was given a rewrite by Robert Towne. With Brian Keith and Okada Eiji. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 26.)

YOJIMBO (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. When our Westerner came into town, although his own past was often shady, he would pick the right side—the farmers against the gamblers and the cattle thieves. This samurai walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesthetically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. In Japanese. (Olympia Quad; Jan. 29-30.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE conclusion, within a matter of hours, of the two largest anti-trust suits ever brought by the Department of Justice—those against the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the International Business Machines Corporation—surely makes Friday, January 8th, one of the landmark days in American business history. The withdrawal of the case against I.B.M. was straightforward: if, as Justice alleged, I.B.M. was indeed monopolizing the general-purpose computer market in 1969, when the suit was brought, it assuredly isn't monopolizing it now; the brainy and nervy Davids of the computer industry that have sprung up in the interim to harass the I.B.M. Goliath have made a mockery of the government case. The agreement between Justice and A.T.&T. is another matter. Under it, A.T.&T. keeps the Bell Laboratories, its research arm; the Western Electric Company, its manufacturing arm; and its long-distance telephone operations. Meanwhile, it agrees to divest itself within eighteen months of its twenty-two local operating companies, which account for about two-thirds of its mind-boggling assets of almost one hundred and forty billion dollars, and which among them provide more than four-fifths of the nation's telephone service.

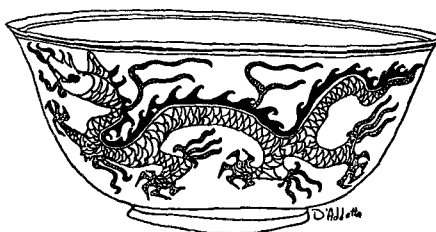
On its face, the A.T.&T. agreement is a triumph for Justice: the dismantlement—or, at least, the bifurcation—of an economic behemoth; the division of a company of unthinkable size into two or more companies of barely thinkable size. But is it a triumph for justice? Perhaps, rather, it is the partial disassembling of a sound piece of corporate machinery, or even the defacing of something approximating a corporate work of art. In its early years, the Bell System was a legal monopoly

based on Alexander Graham Bell's patents, and a greedy and surly monopoly it often was. Beginning in 1894, when the second of the two original Bell patents expired, competition ran rampant, and for a while after the turn of the century there were many cities with two telephone systems not only competing but unconnected to each other. A user needed to grab one phone to call the butcher and another to call the doctor. The butcher, of course, couldn't call the doctor at all unless one of them had both phones. The confusion and inconvenience attendant on this arrangement were so great that eventually it came to be widely accepted that the provision of telephone service was a natural monopoly if there ever was one; and in the first two decades of this century a series of deals was struck between Theodore N. Vail, A.T.&T.'s tough but statesmanlike boss, and the federal and state governments, under which A.T.&T. was allowed to operate as a monopoly serving most of the country in exchange for agreeing to submit to federal and state regulation of many of its activities, including the rates it charged.

The peculiarly American hybrid of capitalism and socialism that emerged from these accommodations has racked up a pretty good record over the years. Frequently in touch with practically everybody in the country—unlike any other American company—and mostly in touch at moments when people had complaints, A.T.&T. has never been popular, and often for good reason. It

long had the reputation of being arbitrary with customers living in poor neighborhoods; sometimes when it was refused the rate increases that it wanted it retaliated by deliberately degrading the quality of its service; on rare occasions some of its executives were caught using illegal funds to influence regulation or legislation. Its stock, despite being the all-time champion favorite of widows and orphans or their trustees, does not have a particularly good performance record over the years; but the stockholders' loss has been the public's gain, because the regulation of consumer rates was precisely what brought about the indifferent performance. Above all, over the years A.T.&T. has provided generally better service at generally lower rates than the government-operated telephone systems in other countries.

And now—assuming that the agreement is not overthrown by the courts or by Congress—A.T.&T. is broken up, in the worthy name of anti-trust. Of course, the government case, originally brought by Attorney General William Saxbe in November, 1974, during the Ford Administration, was based not on traditional wire-circuit telephone service but on entirely new technology, thought to be better adapted to competition, that has come along in the past twenty-five years. Probably technological change, rather than government insensitivity, should be blamed for whatever public losses result from the breakup. Nor was A.T.&T. forced by a court judgment to split up. It agreed to do so, and presumably with a minimum of chagrin: it keeps its most profitable and most promising parts, gives up its less profitable ones, and will now be free to enter new competitive fields. (A.T.&T.'s common stock reacted initially to news of the settlement by jumping almost two points on huge volume.) Considering that the anti-



trust laws were and are intended to protect the little man or woman or small business against brute corporate power, there is irony in what the probable short-term effects of the break-up will be. Holders of the company's stock are expected to profit, and the more they hold, the more they will profit. Users of local service, which will be deprived of past subsidies from A.T.&T.'s more profitable operations, are expected to pay higher rates. Frequent users of long-distance service—presumably a more affluent group—may look forward to steady rates, or even to lower ones. And, finally, if Vail and his successors were right in their contention that a fully integrated nationwide system makes for the most efficient service, telephone users of all kinds in all parts of the country have reason to fear a deterioration in the quality of service.

Goodbye, Ma Bell, you formidable, irascible, sometimes rash old centenarian! You will be missed.

W. A.

WILLIAM ALFRED, the playwright and Abbott Lawrence Lowell Professor of the Humanities at Har-

vard, is in town preparing for the opening of his new play, "The Curse of an Aching Heart," starring Faye Dunaway, who appeared in Mr. Alfred's first play, "Hogan's Goat," sixteen years ago. At that time, we spent an exhilarating afternoon with Mr. Alfred, walking around with him in the South Brooklyn area in which he had spent most of his pre-Harvard life, and which he loved. He had made the area the locale for "Hogan's Goat," which tells about an Irish Catholic couple in 1890—they had married outside the Church and felt guilty about it—and he has made the same area the locale for "The Curse of an Aching Heart," which is about a Brooklyn woman of thirty-five (the daughter of Josie Finn, the character who caused trouble for the Miss Dunaway character in "Hogan's Goat") looking back over her life between the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-forties, the decade in which the play is set. This woman, as Mr. Alfred puts it, "comes to decide that her life has to it a daily glory."

Now we have had the pleasure of spending another afternoon with Mr. Alfred, this time in Manhattan, in the Lenox Hill area, where he lived between the ages of four and a half

and nine. For the first year and a half, he boarded, and later he was a day student, at St. Ann's Academy, which used to be on East Seventy-sixth Street near Lexington. He attended Mass at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, which is still at Lexington and East Seventy-sixth Street, and he moseyed around the Third Avenue shops with his father, a bricklayer, and his mother, a telephone operator, when they weren't working and had the time. Mr. Alfred keeps a second home—a tiny apartment—in this area, in addition to a house in Cambridge. The apartment is a very short walk away from the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, where Mr. Alfred now attends Mass every morning on his way to the theatre for rehearsals of his play.

This is what Mr. Alfred gave the press agent for "The Curse of an Aching Heart" to say about his new play: "Santayana once wrote that everything in nature is lyrical in its ideal essence, tragic in its fate, and comic in its existence. Being, then, is the dazzle each of us makes as we thread the dance of those three rhythms of our lives. My hope is that 'The Curse of an Aching Heart' occasionally captures that dazzle as water captures light."

I. THE APARTMENT

A THIRD-FLOOR walkup, over Orwasher's Bakery ("Fresh Bread Daily") on the ground floor. Inside the building entrance, fading brown stencillike representations of flowers on mustard-colored walls. Rickety tile stairs. Rickety brown-painted door to the apartment. Mr. Alfred opening the door to us, looking only a hint affected by the passage of sixteen years: the same dark, ascetic face, the same large brown eyes, the same strong impression of innocence, deep humor, compassion, and good will. He was wearing a gray flannel suit, a dark-blue shirt with a button-down collar, a gray-and-blue striped poplin necktie. We stepped directly into a comforting little kitchen with a window.

"I'm making you a cup of tenement-house coffee, freshly perked," he said. "I love the smell. Especially with its being so cold outside."

The kitchen was shining clean. A rectangular wooden table with oilcloth on the top. Under a board cover, a bathtub, old-fashioned, with legs like a puppy's. Refrigerator and stove dollhouse size, but a full-sized percolator



"Nothing for me. I'm just hanging out."

on the stove. To the left of the kitchen, a diminutive bedroom. To the right, a living room only slightly larger, with sofa, floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, an armchair, an old black-and-white television set, a sewing table used as a desk. The room's two windows, with a fire escape outside, looked out on other windows, other fire escapes.

"It's compact, like a ship, in here," Alfred said. "It's only a hole in the wall, but I love it. I love the neighborhood. I got the place right after my father died, eight years ago, for a hundred and seventy-five dollars, and today it's only up to two hundred and ninety-five dollars and eighty cents. The landlord, Mr. Braun, is a very nice man. When I had my heart attack, in Cambridge, two years ago, my lease was up, and I told Mr. Braun I didn't know whether I'd be coming back, but he held the place for me without a lease, and he didn't raise the rent."

We had the coffee, out of delicate blue-and-white china cups, in the living room, at the sewing table. On the walls: a crucifix; a Picasso print, in a brown wooden frame, of peasants in a field, resting; a "Hogan's Goat" poster featuring the name of Ed Begley; a small eighteenth-century wash drawing of country musicians by Jean Baptiste Le Prince.

"I think he did some of the murals for the Hermitage," Mr. Alfred told us. "I found the painting in a thrift shop. I got it for twenty bucks. I got a genuine 1790 Coalport-china teapot in another thrift shop for only eighteen bucks. My mother loved china; she collected it. In a way, I'm still buying presents for somebody who isn't here anymore. I love the thrift shops. My mother loved them. They used to be all up and down Third Avenue. The best one was the one called Stuyvesant Square—it's now moved over to Second. They can't pay the Third Avenue rents. We dressed out of the



"She's here! The Erma Bombeck of East Washtenough Avenue."

thrift shops. Beautiful things. We always had the most beautiful clothes. I bought this tie I'm wearing in a thrift shop yesterday. Fifty cents." Mr. Alfred laughed an openly joyful laugh. We picked up from the sewing table a small nineteenth-century clock in a gilded brass case, its works visible through glass, its face, with Roman numerals, enamelled in pale green.

"Faye gave it to me for Christmas," Mr. Alfred said. "It winds up with a key. It's a travelling clock. Faye knows I used to collect clocks."

Mr. Alfred started packing some items into a dark-green Harvard book bag. "I've been helping get the props for the play," he said, identifying each item before he packed it away. "The *Staats-Zeitung und Herold*, because there's a man on the streetcar in the play who carries one. The paper still looks the same as it did fifty years ago. A bottle of toilet water—Florida Water. I got them this brass shovel with a black handle—brought it from Cambridge. My mother used this Louis Sherry candy box as a sewing box. I like to

have things that are mine on the set."

Time to go. Mr. Alfred put on a black topcoat with a velvet collar and a worn-looking dark-gray fedora, and opened the door of his apartment. A heavy aroma strongly suggesting well-seasoned pot roast.

"It's from the apartment across the hall—my neighbor, a Hungarian lady," Mr. Alfred said. "She's always cooking. The smells drive you crazy. And in the kitchen you can see from my windows there's a French couple. In the worst heat of summer, she cooks him eight-passenger meals. It's a wonderful mixture of old and young in this building. Young people just making their way. Everybody friendly with everybody else. My laundry is William's Chinese Laundry, on East Seventy-eighth, and I get my hair cut at Alfred's Barber Shop, around the corner. Maybe I'm getting loopy, but it helps make me feel I was meant to be here." He laughed.

Mr. Alfred left most of his lights on in the tiny apartment as he closed the door. "My mother would say, 'You're making Edison rich,'" he said. "But I

like the lights on when I come home. It's less lonesome."

II. THE CHURCH

AS we emerged from Mr. Alfred's building, the cold hit us like a sharp wallop. Mr. Alfred hunched his shoulders and led us a block west and a couple of blocks south, directing our attention to various points of dazzle on the way: the thrift shop where he got the Coalport teapot; the top floor of the little four-story building where his parents had an apartment in the early nineteen-thirties, and where a young German called Willy did odd jobs for them and slept on a Cogswell chair and an ottoman in their living room, because it was during the Depression and "you took people into your home off the streets in those days;" the bookshop with a fancy red drapery in the window which framed a fake ice-cream soda and a real begonia plant, and with books that included a "Special, \$11: 'Chandor's Portraits' by Malcolm Vaughan, Foreword by Deems Taylor;" the Save on Income Tax Preparation shop; the newspaper-delivery shop; Ellen O'Neill's Supply Store, with a window completely occupied by a mannequin wearing a long, Victorian white lace dress.

"I haven't stopped teaching at Harvard during this rehearsal time," Mr. Alfred told us. "Luckily, this is Reading Period—the time for the kids to consolidate what they have studied and to write their term papers. I've read twenty-five papers and have another twenty-five to go, by the kids in my course in Old English Literature from the Beginnings to the Norman Conquest. I also teach a playwriting course and have five honors' tutorial students, along with four more I couldn't say no to, in independent studies. I get presents for all my girl students in this Supply Store, and for the boys, too. They have wonderful old things. Buttons. Picture postcards. You can get the weirdest things in there. I found a postcard that reminded me of 'Krazy Kat' humor. It showed a boy and a dog. The boy is saying, 'If you laugh and smile all the while, How will the streetcar fare,' and the dog is saying, 'Bite him, Fido. He's got no suspenders.' I like it especially because a streetcar figures in the new play. Wait till you see our set. Our set designer made us a real streetcar that goes on a real track all around the stage. Be careful!" Mr. Alfred held us back, out of the path of an aggressive, speeding

taxi. "My mother used to say, 'They'll kill you; it's on their way,'" he said, giving his all-out laugh.

At Third and Seventy-sixth, Mr. Alfred said, "And here's where the Third Avenue 'L' station was. Where this pizza parlor is, there used to be a cigar store, where my parents got cigar coupons for me. I never knew how to save money, so I collected cigar coupons instead. I got a dime allowance. I tried to save it, because they told me you were supposed to save. Not much success. I've never been good with money." Mr. Alfred stopped suddenly and looked north on Third Avenue. "I was going to say, 'Let's go to Rappaport's Toy Bazaar,' but I just remembered it folded last year, after being in business for ninety years. I always think of their celluloid saxophone. It smelled of celluloid and nail polish. You turned the crank, and it played 'Pop Goes the Weasel.'"

Inside the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. "There's been a white dove trapped in this church for several days," Mr. Alfred said, looking around as we sat down in a pew at the rear. No dove to be seen. On the dome in the center of the transept: "CHRISTUM REGEM ADOREMUS DOMINANTEM GENTIBUS." On the clerestory of the Baroque church, stained-glass windows illustrating the Old Testament: the sacrifice of Isaac; Abraham offering tithes to Melchizedek; Cain and Abel; God talking to Adam and Eve after the Fall. Within the dome: the Twelve Apostles. More stained-glass windows below: scenes of the Eucharist, including the feeding of the multitude (the miracle of the loaves and fishes). Around the church: the fourteen Stations of the Cross. Several confessionals. Up front: the altar. To both sides of it: the devotional candles.

"My father used to light candles to the Infant Jesus of Prague when he wanted to win the lottery," Mr. Alfred whispered to us. "He never won." He laughed.

There were half a dozen other people in the church. Two of them were men, sound asleep. A third man had a loud, body-shattering cough. The others were elderly women.

"Every Friday, all of us from St. Ann's Academy would have Benediction," Mr. Alfred said. "A priest would give the sermon. The following Friday, he'd come back and you'd be asked how much you remembered of the sermon. If you remembered

enough, you'd win a holy picture. I'd win maybe once every three weeks. I was a great woolgatherer. Instead of listening to the sermon, I'd be thinking of what we were going to have for supper. Look! There's the white dove! Isn't that amazing?"

Nobody else in the church seemed to notice the dove, which was sitting on the altar.

"When I reached seven—the age of reason—I made my First Communion here," Mr. Alfred said. "You wore an Eton collar, a white Byron tie, and a bow of white silk on your sleeve. You wore short black pants, high black shoes, and black lisle stockings held up with a rubber band, which would always break, and then your stockings would get sucked down into your shoes in a lump. Two days after the First Communion, I was confirmed—that was done here at that age. Cardinal Hayes came. I'd never seen anything that magnificent. His embroidered white-and-gold gloves! His white-and-gold cope, and his gold mitre! An enormous ermine cloak covered the pillars. It was so opulent, like something out of old history books. And Cardinal Hayes gave you a light slap on the face—to show that you must suffer for your faith."

On our way out, we looked at an empty glass case.

"It used to hold a relic of St. Ann," Mr. Alfred said. "It was supposed to be her thumb bone. It was wrapped in linen, with Latin writing all over it. It was kept downstairs in my day. You kissed the glass—you wiped it before and after you kissed it. Before, in case the person ahead of you had a cold and forgot to wipe it."

In the vestibule, we stopped to read a brass plaque: "IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN, DONOR OF THIS CHURCH. TO HIS PRINCELY GENEROSITY, PROMPTED BY A LIVING FAITH, THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE ARE DEEPLY INDEBTED. OF YOUR CHARITY PRAY THAT HIS SOUL MAY ENJOY FOR EVER, REFRESHMENT, LIGHT AND PEACE. DIED NOVEMBER 23, 1928. R.I.P."

"I was probably around here on the day of the funeral," Mr. Alfred said.

A small elderly woman wearing about three coats against the cold came over to us in the vestibule and asked Mr. Alfred for the time. He said it was a quarter to three. She told him that she had to wait for a friend who was coming from her job at the Lenox Hill Hospital, and she started away.

"Oh, you dropped your Kleenex,"



"I'll tell you another thing about that suit. You'll get a lot of wear out of it."

Mr. Alfred said, picking it up and going after her.

"Bless you. You're very kind," the woman said.

"It's warmer if you go inside the church," Mr. Alfred said.

III. THE THEATRE

OUTSIDE, on the steps of the church, Mr. Alfred pulled his hat down closer to his ears and stood for a moment, blinking at D'Agostino's, on the other side of Lexington Avenue. We walked over with him to 170 East Seventy-seventh Street.

"This is where the school's soccer yard was," he told us. "I was pretty good at soccer, because I had big feet. I was always fouling people with my feet. And here, next to it, was the dormitory where I slept. It was just like the one in the movie 'Zéro de Conduite.' Rows of beds up and down. I was in such a state of blues. I had one friend—Maurice, who was three months older than I was. He was very sweet to me. He had a pen—you looked through it and you saw the Tour Eiffel. And Brother John was a lovely man. He knew instinctively about children. He knew when you were blue. But he didn't condescend to you. A very grave, very sweet man. A

year in that place, though, seemed like a century. I hated it. About thirty years ago, when the school was still here, I came to see it. All the Brothers I knew were gone. I had been having nightmares that I was still at St. Ann's. I felt I might lay the dreams to rest. I don't know when they tore the place down. Well, I'd better be bringing the props to the theatre," he said, pulling his hat down farther, against a sharp wind. "I don't like to miss the rehearsals. Those actors! They are so good! Oh, my, they break your heart. They make me cry. Every time. They're afraid for me on opening night. They want to put a paper bag over my head."

We got into a taxi and headed down to West Forty-fourth Street. "Wait till you see our theatre," he said. "It's the Little Theatre. Built in 1912 by Winthrop Ames, one of Guthrie McClintic's first employers. It held two hundred and ninety-nine people in those days. Now it's got a balcony and holds four hundred and ninety-nine. It has a beautiful Georgian front. And it's right next door to Sardi's. Four stories high. Winthrop Ames used to have his offices over the theatre. A very dignified-looking man. McClintic used to say that Ames looked like a

Velázquez cardinal. Ames went to Harvard. Class of 1895. I looked him up, because his initials, W.A., interested me, if you don't mind my getting loopy again."

Inside the Little Theatre, it was cozy and warm. A spectacular-looking multilevel set—a revolving sculpture of a latticework of pipes suggesting a fire-escape landscape—had a realistic streetcar on a track. The set designer was conferring with the director. The lighting man was testing his set of color cards against the stage. The actors were walking around the stage, across the stage, onto the stage, off the stage. Mr. Alfred told us that the production cost three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and that five main producers and fifty independent investors had put up the money. "Nothing from me," Mr. Alfred said. "Not since my ten-cents-a-week allowance have I held on to money. Watch, now. What you're looking at up there is Bond Street and Third in South Brooklyn, in back of a disused brewery. The audience is the Gowanus Canal. Watch."

The streetcar onstage began to move on its track. Mr. Alfred looked as though he needed to have a paper bag put over his head.

THE WINDOWS OF THE MINT

WHILE sifting through the litter in my desk drawer a number of years ago, I came across two brittle pieces of a picture postcard. I taped them together and then taped the card onto the glass of my study window, where it remains. It depicts an urban scene from which only a portion of sky and the end of a boulevard in the foreground are missing. The major building is intact: a three-story, block-long structure in an austere classical style which hardly needs the flag on the roof to denote its governmental nature. A man with a stovepipe hat, swallow-tailed coat, cane, and protruding stomach is leisurely crossing the wide street at the intersection, the focal point of the picture. Walking the opposite way and about to pass him is a wasp-waisted woman in a long dress and feathered hat—she is as obviously a lady as he is a gentleman—who is holding the hand of a fat child in a red coat. At the center of the intersection a man somewhat lower in the social hierarchy (for he is in shirtsleeves and his hands are in his pockets) trudges forward. Behind him a bicyclist is about to enter the boulevard. A woman in red—she is outsize, like a statue of a queen—has just crossed the side street. Her hands rest on her wide hips; the hem of her gown still drapes over the curb. Other figures, more nondescript, stand or pace nearby. An open touring car with three passengers has already passed the intersection, leaving behind a jaunty trail of white smoke. Approaching from the other direction—apparently at so moderate a speed that the pedestrians needn't bother themselves with a glance that way—are a three-wheeled motorcycle van and a streetcar. If the piece of sky missing from the upper left corner were to be found, it would contain these words printed on the clouds: "U.S. MINT, PHILADELPHIA, PA."

I have kept this card for more than half a century. It was already old—the date on the postmark is August 31, 1912—when my mother removed it from an album so that I could look at it during an illness in my fourth or fifth year. A slight fever can cause a child's mind to concentrate so fully on a specific picture, or on a single detail in it, that his actual surroundings—a bedroom, say,

with its familiar bureau and wallpaper, its closet door partly ajar—become the less substantial reality. This picture held a particular appeal for me, because it was capable of transformations.

For the card has been cunningly fashioned—with two plies of cardboard, apertures in the heavier ply, transparent paper in several colors between the plies—to permit changes in the time of day. Looked at in ordinary light, the scene represents morning or late afternoon; the figures have shadows, and a pale crescent moon floats above the flag. But if the card is held against a sunny pane or lampshade, the moon brightens and the corner street light glows. The windows of the Mint possess a splendid yellow-gold incandescence, those of the streetcar and more distant buildings a fainter yellow. The headlights of streetcar and motorcycle shine, and the area immediately before the touring car (its headlights being hidden from view) turns a gauzy white. Objects—buildings, the larger trees—take on greater mass, as they do in the real world at dusk, just before solidity begins to melt. It becomes difficult to separate the rich and the regal from the poor and the nondescript. All the pedestrians simply seem caught in the act of hurrying along, to the security of their own homes.

As a child, I would hold a flashlight



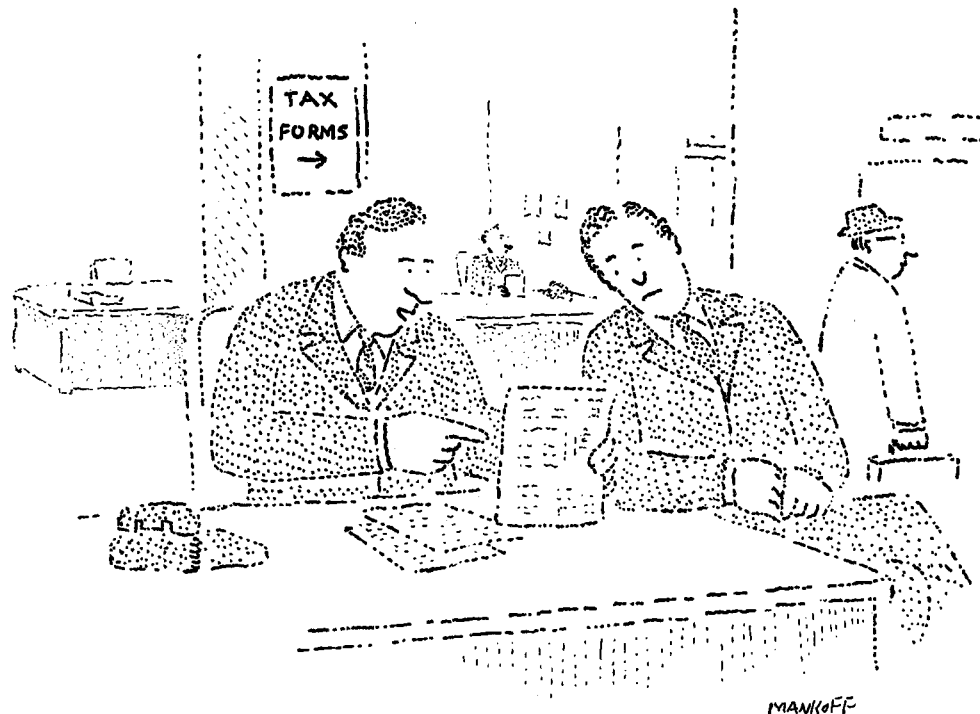
against the back of the card after my room became completely dark. Everything in the picture would be invisible except for the variously colored lights and a single figure—that of the streetcar's motorman, outlined against the windshield, peering into a street so black that his headlight illuminated nothing whatever. The windows of the Mint blazed but were empty of life and the brightly lit streetcar carried no passengers. With a second flashlight, of the pencil type, I could focus the beam on the streetcar alone, thus endowing it with imaginary movement through the dark. I pictured the motorman pulling the throttle to allow the rails to carry him around bends and over the clack-clack of crossings to a deserted terminus that glowed—larger flashlight again—just like the Mint it actually was. The terminus, each window a golden bar was a treasure so vast that I knew the motorman must be both lonely and full of that kind of happiness indistinguishable from wonder. Though I experienced his happiness as if it were my own, I was not the motorman. I don't think children ever put themselves into the little worlds that fascinate them. To do so is to turn gold into dross; to enter a world is to lose it.

I HAVE been out in the world quite some time: it is January of the year that will bring my sixtieth birthday. Earlier in the month, my wife and I, both longtime employees of Cornell, attended a three-hour seminar, sponsored by the personnel office of the university called "Planning for Retirement." The audience was composed of silver-haired men and women, some of them friends of ours, most of the rest acquaintances, or at least people whose faces were familiar—vice-presidents and other administrative officers; librarians who over the years have located elusive books for me and fined me for not returning them on time; mathematicians, physicists, biologists, engineers, and fellow-humanists, many of whom have made distinguished contributions to their fields. We were the students; our teachers, who were more fashionably dressed than any of us, were, it seemed to me, a group of earnest and well-meaning kids just out of business school. Though the cause—how to survive inflation after our pay-

checks cease—was wholly in our practical self-interest, I felt the seminar to be an initiatory rite into the secrets of old age, a rite as disquieting to me as the first orientation lecture I had attended as a private in an Army reception center during the Second World War. A sense of an unavoidable future isolation of my freedom and dignity linked the present orientation to the earlier one. Sitting beside my wife of thirty-six years, aware—even as I was watching slides and listening to statistics of one financial strategy or another—that in some corner of her mind she, like me, was conscious of our life together and of the comfortable old farmhouse in which we raised our three sons, I was also feeling the heaviness in my arm from a typhoid injection and hearing a lieutenant read in a monotone the grave penalties for desertion in wartime and wondering about what lay ahead for me, a recruit soon to become a rifleman in an infantry platoon.

THE following weekend, both my wife, Jean, and I were still depressed—a condition unrelieved by the common sense telling us that we have many useful years ahead; it was simply that kind of weekend in which the winter seems unendurably long, one's own life doesn't add up to much, and nobody wants to think of tomorrow. Two of our three sons—Jim, a junior at Cornell, and Cris, his older brother, who works in Ithaca—continue to live with us, as does my ninety-eight-year-old mother, and normally we are gratified that they do. But the washing machine broke, and then the oil furnace. We have a wood furnace as a backup, and though we have enough logs to last through the winter, many of them had not been split and piled in the basement. I resented my sons for not having accomplished that chore in October, even as Jean resented the disorder of their rooms. One of them, irritable all morning because of our gloom and because of some undisclosed personal problem or loss, spilled a glass of chocolate milk at lunch and aid, with tears in his eyes, "Life is just too much"—an overreaction that nevertheless stirred in us feelings of love and guilt.

After lunch, we decided to varnish the worn floorboards in the dining room, and Jean immediately began to lean out the buffet so that we could move it easily. (Discontent of one sort or another underlies nearly all of the home repairs and improvements



"Now, this over here, this is why you're going to have to go to jail."

that she and I make.) As the most convenient receptacle in the house, its drawer was jammed with inoperative watches, eyeglasses that corrected a younger vision, instructions and guarantees for already discarded household appliances and garden tools, road maps, subway tokens, French centimes, old passports, color slides from the various trips we took when our children were small, and an accumulation of all their school report cards. Jean had been at work half an hour before she came into my study, wiping her eyes. "I feel so unhappy, I've got to do something else," she said, embracing me tightly; and later, in looking at the still open drawer, I saw that she had worked her way down to some small photographs in flimsy gilt frames. With the weight of everything she already had sorted through, she must have found the picture on top—one of Larry, our oldest child, taken in his sixth year at his first piano recital—too much to bear.

We were living then in a small town in the hills of eastern Kentucky. I was a young professor at the college; Jean, though her graduate degree was in biochemistry and her previous job that of a research chemist, taught the journalism course and handled the college publicity. Larry was still too young for school and Cris was an infant, and Jean often wrote her news

releases at a typewriter on the dining-room table, in view of the playpen. To occupy Larry's attention, she bought him an old typewriter and installed it on the opposite side of the table. Not all the keys worked, but he would type out lines of "z"s and "x"s and ampersands. My department chairman and his wife, a fine pianist who gave lessons to adults and older children, lived nearby, and one morning when she stopped by for coffee with Jean, Larry's typing caught her attention. In a low voice, she said to Jean, "It's amazing how strong his fingers have become. I believe he's ready for the piano. Maybe I can see how it goes, early some morning before my first student comes." The following dawn, Larry, wearing a suit we had recently bought him, came into our bedroom carrying my graduate-school briefcase. "Tie my shoes," he said to Jean. "I'm going for my piano lesson." We managed to hold him off until after breakfast and a warning call to the teacher; but in a month we bought a piano that cost almost a third of our combined annual salaries and that we paid for, with difficulty, over a three-year span. Now Larry is thirty-one, a busy cinematographer in Philadelphia, who enjoys playing Mozart and Beethoven on his own piano in his spare moments. In the picture, he sits upright and self-possessed on a dark stage—a tiny

figure between a Steinway concert grand and a spray of flowers, his fingers properly arched at the keyboard. He is dressed in the suit, its coat sleeves already too short; at his neck, a bow tie is askew. His head is turned toward the camera; the eyes of his too white face (the colors of the photograph have faded) reflect the glow of the flashbulb and the triumph he has just experienced.

In looking at the photograph, I felt such love for my wife that I had to search her out, to return her embrace; and then I went for a walk, alone, in the snow, asking myself why it should be that a happy memory often cannot dissipate or even alleviate a present disquietude but instead turns it into grief, and, furthermore, why it should be that the bond—the understanding and sympathy—between a long-married husband and wife depends so greatly on the shared knowledge of that miserable truth.

IT is now a Thursday morning, late in the long Cornell intersession; the spring term starts on Monday, and I should be preparing my first lectures for the students who will be returning with the sun of Jamaica or Florida on their refreshed young faces. Jean, who is not a teacher, left for work two hours ago. As is my custom, I stood by the window watching her car slowly go down the snow-covered country road, saying to myself, as it disappeared over the crest half a mile away, "I love you; be careful"—words whose magical protective power is doubtless a vestige of the beliefs of our most distant ancestors.

I have been sitting at my desk, looking at the postcard of the Philadelphia Mint, caught by some elusive connection between my childhood response to it and a kind of happiness that endures without contamination through our adult years, that never reverses into grief or pain. In particular, I have been remembering the July day four years ago that Cris and I drove to Montour Falls, a village about fifteen miles from our house. We had gone there to order roof trusses for a small barn Cris was building for his newly purchased herd of goats. Jean's birthday was only a few days distant, and after we had purchased the trusses we stopped at a drugstore, where I bought her a Timex watch—a slightly better model than her present one, which no

RULES OF SLEEP

In the sludge drawer of animals in arms,
Where legs entwine to keep the body warm
Against the winter night, some cold seeps through—
It is the future: say, a square of stars
In the windowpane, suggesting the abstract
And large, or a sudden shift in position
That lets one body know the other's free to move
An inch away, and then a thousand miles,
And, after that, even intimacy
Is only another form of separation.

—HOWARD MOSS

longer was reliable; at a hardware store, where Cris bought her a dozen Corning tumblers to replace the set that had shattered, glass by glass, over the past few years; and then at a grocery store, where we bought birthday candles and a box of Betty Crocker chocolate-cake mix.

There is, certainly, a simple pleasure in making such purchases with one's son, and in contemplating both the coming birthday of a wife and the completion of a structure felt by the son to be part of the fulfillment of a dream. But my happiness that day was so extraordinary that for months afterward I thought of it as a gift that transcended physicality. I had been in Montour Falls once before, to haggle with an automobile dealer over a car beyond my means, and I have been there since. It is an attractive little place, situated in a valley, and its main street ends in a tiny park where water tumbles down rocks—the falls from which the village gets part of its name. A manufacturing plant, where Shepard Niles hoists and cranes are made, stands at the edge of the village. The central blocks show the ravages both of age and of the enclosed shopping malls in the nearby cities. But on the day I visited there with Cris, the village was charming and inviolate, a tidy collection of tree-shaded houses and old-fashioned stores in which the floorboards creaked as they ought to—a suddenly stumbled upon Eden of the

American imagination, one that still had its *grande dame* in the great house which, with the falls, overlooked the village, but also one in which the mayor, the farm worker, and the lather operator joined in an easy, genial relationship, solving their problems in the downtown café over cups of Maxwell House. Without exception, the shopkeepers were friendly and honest folk patient with us as we examined every possible gift on their shelves, glad to bring from the storeroom some dusty item that might be just what we were after; and as I pulled out of the municipal parking lot the policeman smiled and waved me on, as if we had been friends forever. It seemed to me that in a sense we had, and that I obscurely knew his village—not so much through the illusions of a *déjà vu* as through the truth of a *déjà connu* (if there is such a phrase). For I believed I had been returned to an authentic state of being, one experienced I didn't know when, an island of feeling toward which I had ever since been swimming.

What was that earlier event? In looking at the postcard, it, too, had returned to me, as if both it and the visit to Montour Falls were prefigured in my childhood wonder at the picture. That earlier event—which also included a visit—is tangled up with a period of my life that I normally choose to forget. In my fifteenth year having said goodbye in Flint, Michigan, to the mother who could no longer support me any more than I could support her, I moved to Chicago, to live for some months with my father and a stepmother I wouldn't accept and who, naturally enough, returned my coldness. I worried about my sexuality, partly because one day I was accosted by a middle-aged man as I walked through Jackson Park on my way to school, partly because my fa-





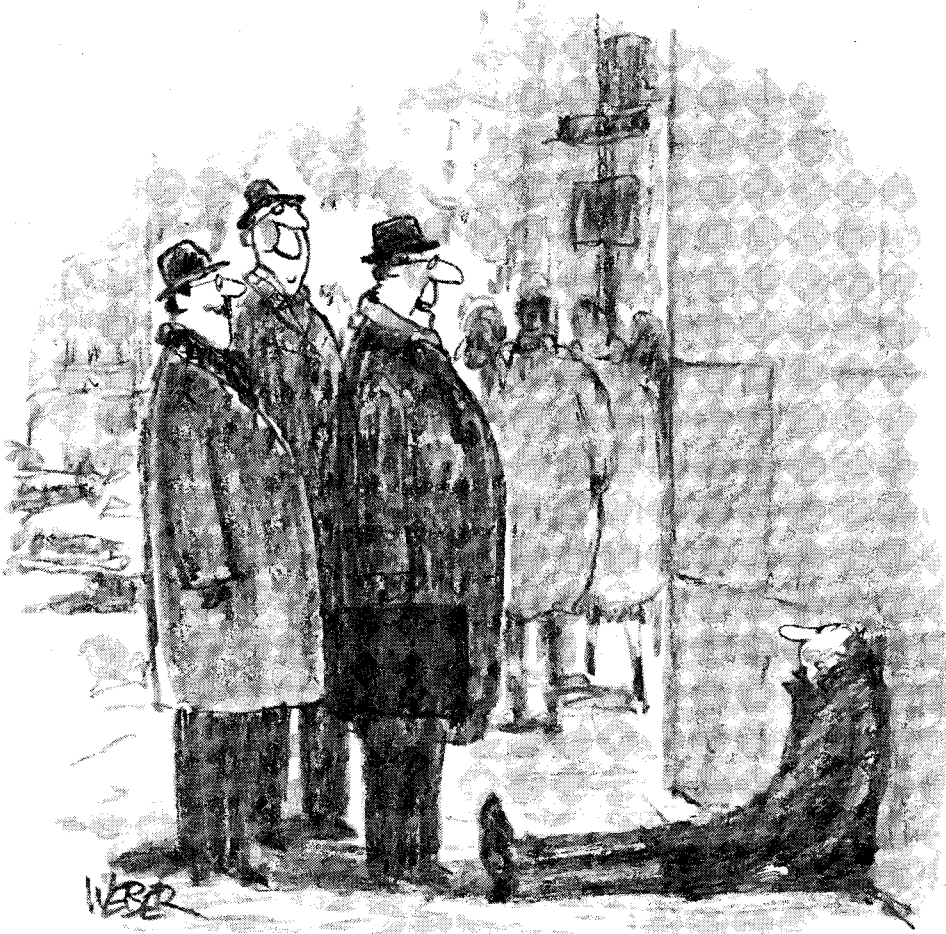
"What was it we were supposed to soak up here?"

her or stepmother, or both, left a pulp-paper pamphlet titled "Masturbation: A Youthful Folly" on the kitchen table for me to peruse while they were away on one of his business trips. My naïveté was monumental, even for that era, and my sexuality had no clear expression. In my loneliness I had developed the habit, mainly on weekends, of sitting on my bed and looking out my first-floor window at the streetcars and pedestrians. Each streetcar carried a number on its side. I began to jot down the numbers, and to keep a record of the length of time it took each trolley to reach the end of the line and return. One of them came back much earlier than my schedule called for; it was empty, and though would-be passengers stepped into the street to board it, the motorman dis-

claimed them, clanging his bell as he travelled past the intersection at a reckless speed. (The link between that streetcar and my childhood contemplation of the postcard never occurred to me.) Such a variation in the schedule simply gave me an odd, quasi-sexual excitement, and in the following days I sat before the card table my stepmother had put in my room for me to do my homework on and wrote several little stories to explain the mystery. As voyeuristic in those months as the boy in Joyce's "Araby," I was perhaps sublimating sexual desires into a conscious dreaming, for I constructed a number of further little tales from what I saw in the sad face of a passerby, in the sweep of a cloak.

One time, my stepmother read a story of mine while I was in school

and showed it to my father. They held a conference with me after dinner: Did I, they wanted to know, plan on sending my writings out for publication? The *Daily News*, I said, prints vignettes like mine. They both said that real authors never use family names, only pen names, and that I should choose one; and they suggested that then, and there the three of us might find one, as if it were a warm family game from my early childhood, like "I Spy" or "Ghost." I had mentioned the *Daily News* because my father knew some of the executives there, but it was obvious to me that both he and my stepmother wanted to divorce themselves from my efforts. In such a rejection I felt my very imagination to be diseased. "I don't want to embarrass anybody," I said, and fled to



"Good day, sir. These gentlemen and I are representative of an entirely new breed of Republican, and we want to give you a lot of money, just for the hell of it."

my room. As the school term drew toward its end, I could concentrate on neither my stories nor my homework; though previously I had enjoyed mathematics, now I couldn't solve the simplest of problems in geometry.

Such an experience is an old story, and not only for me; variations of it lurk within fables, and echoes of it can be found in the bedtime tales I once read to my own children. In any event, it was followed by a storybook inversion. One summer day, my father asked me to go with him on a selling trip to a town called Oregon, Illinois, both because he would like my company and because my constant presence, now that school was out, had a disturbing effect on my stepmother, who was having (he said) woman troubles; perhaps I had noticed that he as well as I was having difficulties with her.

And so I went. I remember it as a lovely afternoon in late June or early

July, and I remember that my father almost at once became as carefree and affectionate as I had known him to be before he left my mother. Driving along, he talked about the meaning of life and the importance of the college education he'd never had and all of the professional fields I someday would need to choose among. The possibilities that lay before me gladdened him, as if they widened or extended his own future. Meadowlarks sang from every hedgerow.

I don't think Oregon, Illinois, has much in common with Montour Falls, New York, though I saw it only for an hour or so, walking its streets as I waited for my father. It is, I believe, much larger than Montour Falls. It doesn't have an agreeable natural spectacle at the end of its main street, but, in my memory, it does have a factory, by a stream, in which pleasant objects—pianos or some other musical instruments—are built. I had a Coke in a

drugstore, and the waitress smiled at me. This was the extent of my contact with its inhabitants; and yet I was fonder of Oregon than of any place I ever had lived in or visited before, believing that eventually I would return, marry somebody like the waitress, and have children who loved me as I would love them. I would run the hardware store or build pianos or become editor of the newspaper. My happiness in Oregon was a miraculous glow in the dark as my father and I travelled homeward in his secondhand Packard; though it was behind me, it was ahead, as mysterious and incorporeal as the nature of God.

TODAY is one of thin gray clouds, with sudden cascades of snow giving way to bursts of light. Whenever the sun shines, the windows of the Mint respond as if an electrician in its basement had flicked on the master switch. My childhood wonder at those golden bars is one with my adolescent happiness in Oregon, one with my middle-aged happiness in Montour Falls, and is a quality or state that never can change into a baser form through any reverse alchemy of the human spirit. For I have memories of two sorts of happiness only one of which is the food of present discontent; the other is its antidote. The first is based on events leading up to actual moments of fulfillment—Larry at the piano—whose remembrance tells me of times and conditions lost; the other, like my response to the Mint, is separate from reality. Based on imagination and desire, immune to time and vicissitude, it is the happiness we sometimes hear in music and find in certain books and paintings, even though we can discover no particular melody or words or images that convey it. At the very least, the recognition of this kind of happiness within his own life reconciles a man in his sixtieth year to the child within him, enabling him to join his wife in sifting through memorabilia in order to move a buffet and varnish a worn floor.

—JAMES MCCONKEY

Nancy Kissinger rushed after a woman to tell her she'd left some shoe straps in a shoe repair shop, not knowing the woman was a fellow River Houser, Natali Sparber.—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*

Why do the Kissingers seem to have all the fun?

STRAIGHT AHEAD

AFTER they had tied me up with telephone wire, I calmed down. My head lay under a steam radiator, and my feet, in badly made cheap leather army boots, were under the chandelier in the middle of the Lenin Room, where the New Year's tree had stood a week earlier.

As the first order of business, I decided to declare a hunger strike and began waiting for supper in order to refuse it. But no one came.

I could hear the soldiers of the escort platoon being issued their weapons and Lieutenant Khuriev giving them instructions. I knew they'd be going out into the freezing cold, walking along the black gangways by the compound, past the straining dogs, each soldier shining his flashlight on his face so the guard in the watchtower could recognize him. I heard the off-duty shift coming down the corridor, dumping their two-magazine cartridge pouches and their sub-machine guns, which would be white with hoarfrost, onto the supply-room counter. Then I heard the sentries moving aluminum stools in the mess hall, where the Latvian cook, Balodis, would have saved them a few onions, a loaf of bread, and a piece of lard.

As I grew sober from the cold and pain, I began to recall everything as it had happened.

AT first we had been drinking with the trustees. They all tried to rug me and kept saying, "Bob, you're the only human being in the Ust-Vym camp." Then we made our way across the whole settlement to the commissary and met Shtern, the lumber-mill doctor, and Fidel pulled off Shtern's leather hat, scooped up some snow in it, and put it back on his head. We walked away as the dirty snow rickled down the doctor's face. Then we went inside the commissary and asked Tonechka for some vodka. She said there wasn't any, and we shouted back that it didn't matter, since we were out of money anyway. She said, "Wash the floors in the storeroom and I'll give you each a little bottle of eau de cologne." Tonechka went out and came back in a few minutes with a bucket of steaming water. We took off our fatigue shirts and twisted them into plaits, dipped them in the bucket, and began to scrub the plank floor. Afterward we drank the eau de cologne, which ran very slowly from

the flacons into our mugs, and we snacked on hard candies with bits of the wrapping paper still stuck to them.

Tonechka said, "To your health!"

Balodis, the cook, pointed at her and asked Fidel, "Could you?"

"For a million," Fidel said, "and then only if I was drunk."

When we left, it was already dark. Lights were going on over the lumber mill and in the settlement. We walked past the stables, where the wagons were standing without horses, the wagon tongues resting on the ground. Fidel started playing "We're on Our Way Through Uruguay" on his guitar, but Balodis grabbed it from him, smashed it against a tree, and threw the pieces into an ice hole.

I looked up at the stars and my head began to spin.

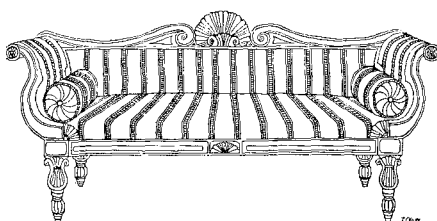
Just then Fidel climbed a telegraph pole with a knife in his teeth. He was a competent technician and hoped to do some damage. He climbed higher and higher, and when his shadow on the snow had grown enormous, he suddenly gave a terrible shriek and fell from a height of ten metres. We rushed to him, but he stood up and said, "Getting down is the easy part."

We looked for the knife but couldn't find it. "Obviously you swallowed it," Balodis said.

Then we set off for the barracks, and when the bakery van came toward us around the turn, we kept walking ahead until the driver had to back up and run through a fence into somebody's garden.

At the barracks, the service detail was cleaning weapons. We went to the mess hall and ate some cold pickled-cucumber soup. Fidel wanted to relieve himself in the water can that stood on a stool in the corner, but Balodis talked him out of it.

Then we went into the Lenin Room and sat around a table covered with a red calico tablecloth. The walls were hung with bulletin boards, posters, and printed slogans, the chandelier glittered, and a New Year's edition of *Lightning*, the bulletin-board



newspaper, lay rolled in a tube in the corner.

"Will Communism be here soon?" Fidel asked. "Because my needs are piling up."

"How about your abilities?" I asked.

"No problem," Fidel said. "I have plenty of abilities."

"For cursing," Balodis said.

Fidel started setting up chess pieces. I rested my head on the tablecloth. Balodis stood looking at the photographs of the members of the Central Committee.

"That's some name," he said. "Comrade Dentures."

Just then Sergeant Evchenko looked into the Lenin Room. "You'd better go to bed, boys," he said.

Fidel yelled, "Why is there injustice all around us, Sergeant? Explain why! A thief does time for what he did, but what are we rotting here for?"

"Who's to blame for that?" the sergeant said.

"If someone could show me the man who's to blame for all my misfortunes," I said, "I would strangle him on the spot."

"Better go to sleep," Evchenko said.

At this point we stood up and filed past the sergeant, brushing his shoulder. We sat on the logs in the courtyard and had a smoke, then set off toward the compound.

"Bob, go into the compound and get some fuel," Fidel said.

"Aha," said Balodis, catching on, "there's no vodka in the commissary, but there's always plenty in the compound. The crooks'll give us some and even say thank you. They know we'll pay them back." He tugged at Fidel's sleeve. "Give me a cigarette."

"Smoking is unhealthy," Fidel said. "Nicotine has an adverse effect on the heart."

"No, it's healthy," Balodis said. "Smoking is very healthy. What's unhealthy is standing around in a watchtower."

I wasn't allowed into the compound. The I.D. controller on watch asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the compound."

"On private business?"

"No," I said, "public."

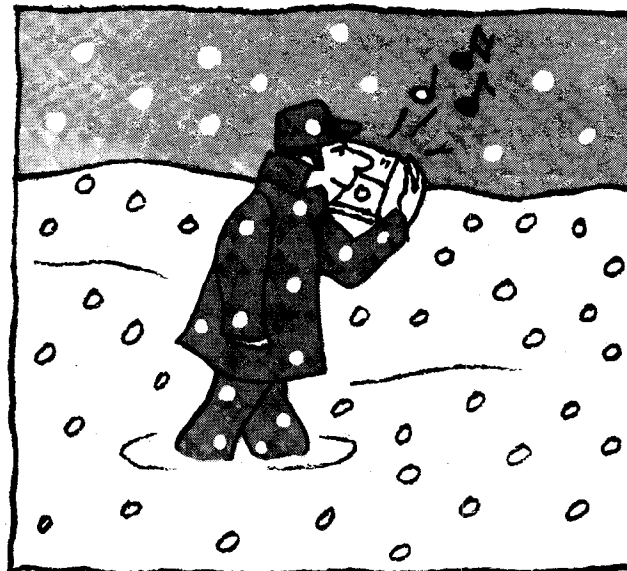
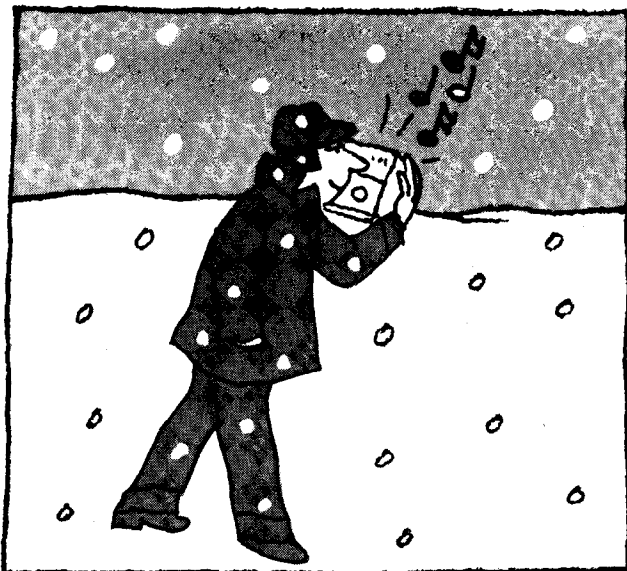
"After vodka, is that it?"

"Well, so what?"

"Turn back."

"Aha," I said, "so this is socialist justice! You think it's all right for recidivists to drink it all?"

"You go after vodka, you get



friendly with the contingent, then he uses you for criminal purposes."

"Who's that—'he'?"

"The contingent, that's who. You're supposed to feel antagonism toward the convicts. You're supposed to hate them. Can you say that you hate them?"

"I don't hate anyone. Not even you, baby."

I stumbled back to the barracks, crossing the snow-covered parade ground in the dark, and I wound up in the drying room, where the stove was going; felt boots and sheepskin jackets were hanging from hooks. Fidel rushed toward me, overturning his chair, but I told him there was no vodka and he started to cry.

"But where's Balodis?" I asked.

"Everyone's asleep," Fidel said. "We're the only ones left."

Then I almost started crying myself. I imagined that we were alone in the white world, that no one loved us and there was no one to look after us.

Fidel picked up a harmonica and made a shrill, piercing sound on it. "Aha! I pick up the instrument for the first time and the result is not bad. What shall I play for you—Bach, or Mozart?"

We were silent for a while.

"Dzavashvili has some home-brewed *chacha*," said Fidel, "only he won't give us any. Should we try?"

"I don't feel like messing with him."

"Maybe you're scared of him?"

"What is there to be scared of? I don't give a damn about him."

"No, you're scared. I noticed a long time ago."

"Maybe I'm scared of you, too?"

Maybe I'm even scared of Kogan?"

"You're not scared of Kogan, and you're not scared of me, but you are scared of Dzavashvili. All Georgians go around with hunting knives. They'll pull a knife on you over nothing. You should see the size of Dzavashvili's *saksan*! It wouldn't fit in the top of his boot."

"Let's go," I said.

Andzor Dzavashvili was sleeping right by the door. Even in sleep his face was handsome and a little anxious. Fidel woke him up and said, "Listen, you non-Russian, give us some *chacha*."

"This is no time for *chacha*, dear fellow—it's time for sleep."

"Give, I say. Bob and I have hang-overs to get rid of."

"How are you going to work tomorrow?" Andzor said.

"Mind your own damned business," Fidel said.

Andzor turned over, his back to us.

At this point Fidel shouted, "So, you son of a bitch, you won't give a Russian any *chacha*?"

"Who's a Russian?" Andzor said. "You? You're not a Russian, you're an Alcoholic!"

And it went on like that.

Andzor yelled out, "Gigo! Vakhtang! *Vai mye! Arunda!*"

Georgians came running in their underwear—deeply tanned even here in the north—and they started to gesticulate in such a way that Fidel immediately began to bleed from the nose. Then a fracas began that would long be remembered in the barracks. I went down five times and got up three. In the end, they tied me up with telephone wire and carried me into the

Lenin Room, but even there, lying on the rough planks, I was still going after someone. It was probably the man who was to blame for all the reverses of my fate.

WHEN you sleep on the floor with your arms and legs tied up with telephone wire, by morning your mood goes bad.

I heard the cook dropping firewood with a crash onto the metal shingles by the stove, and buckets clattering, and an orderly walking down the corridor. Then doors started slamming, and everything filled with the special barracks noise of men and heavy boots.

After a few minutes Evchenko dropped by the Lenin Room. Bending over me, he cut the telephone wire with a bayonet and said that Captain Prishchepa wanted to see me.

I went into the office, rubbing my wrists. Prishchepa rose from behind his desk. By the window sat Bogoslovski, the military clerk, the most pampered and solitary man in the barracks.

"This time I don't intend to forgive," the captain said. "You drank with the trusties?"

"Who, me?"

"You."

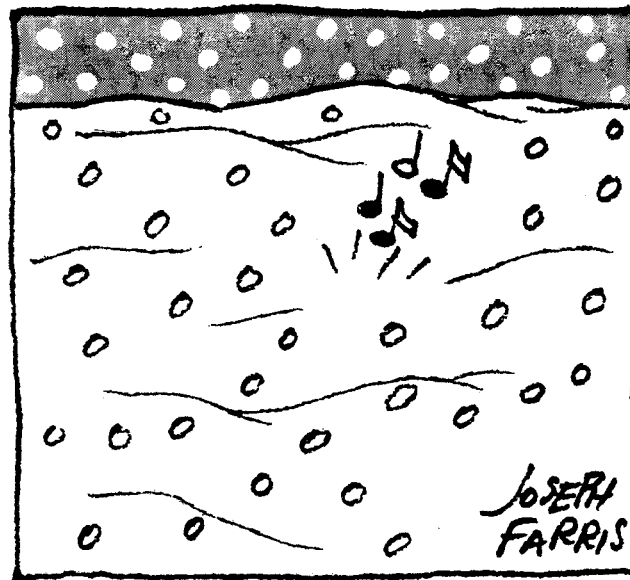
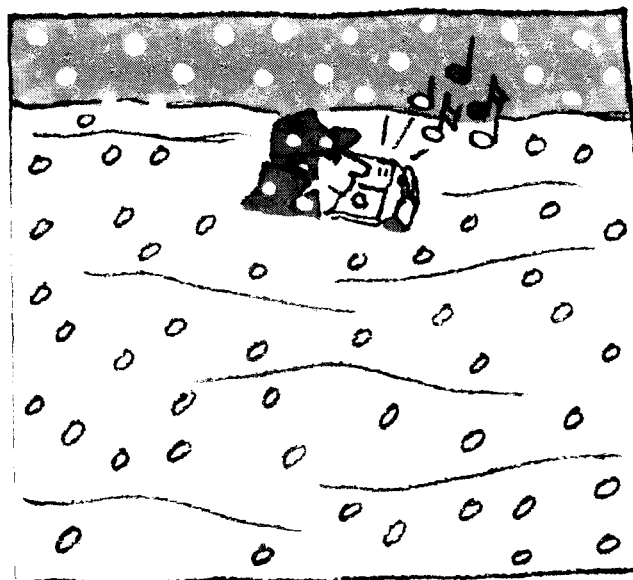
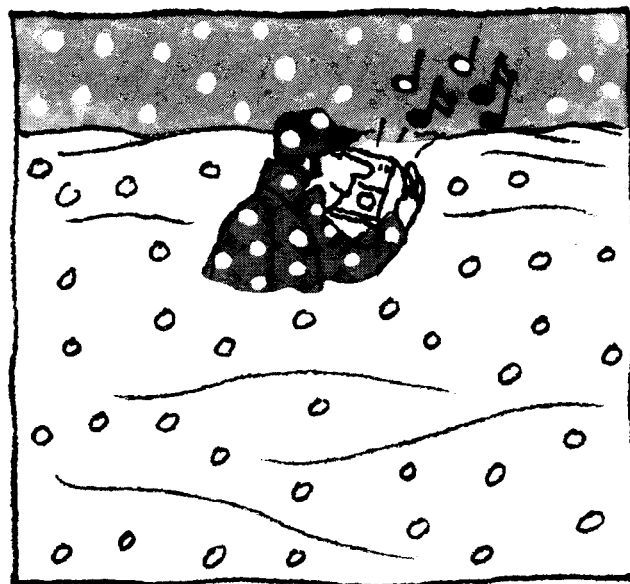
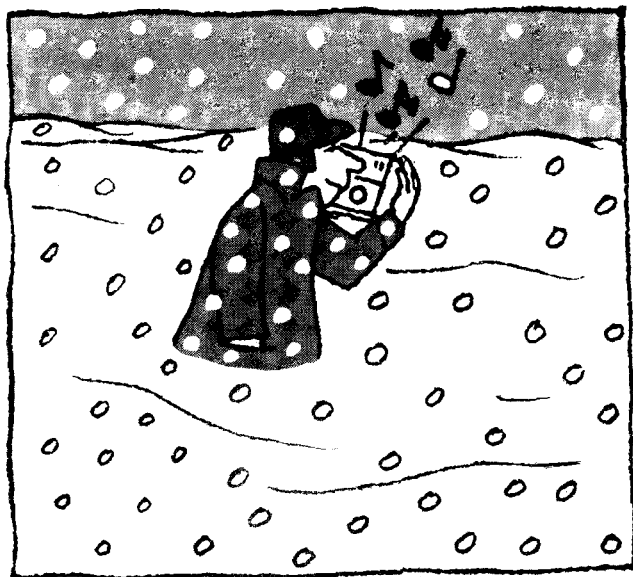
"Well, yes—so I had a drink. But drinking..."

"How much?"

"I don't remember," I said. "I remember I drank from a tin can."

"Comrade Captain," Bogoslovski said, "he won't do it again."

"I know. I've heard that before. This time let the military court decide. The days of the old camp garrison are over. We belong to the Regula



Army. And don't you forget it." He turned to me. "You have caused several disturbances in the detachment. You disrupt political lessons, you're always putting demagogical questions to Lieutenant Khuriev. Yesterday you instigated a fight that had a bad chauvinist smell to it. That's enough. Let headquarters decide."

The captain glanced suspiciously at the door, then flung it open. Fidel was tanding there, eavesdropping.

"Hello there, Comrade Captain," he said.

"Well, just in time," said the captain. "Petrov here can serve as your escort to the stockade."

"I can't serve as his escort," said Fidel. "He's my friend. I can't escort a friend. I feel no antagonism toward him."

"But you can drink together?"

"Drinking is another matter," Fidel said thoughtfully.

"Enough!" The captain slammed his palm on the table. "Take off your belt!"

I took it off.

"Put it on the table."

I threw the belt on the table. The brass buckle struck the glass.

"Pick up the belt!" the captain shouted.

I picked it up.

"Put it on the table!"

I set it on the table.

"Private Petrov, take a weapon with you, pick up your documents from the first sergeant, and move out."

"What's the submachine gun for?"

"Follow orders."

"I should have something to eat," I said. "No one has the right to starve you to death."

When we went out into the corridor, I said to Fidel, "Fine. If it wasn't you, it would be somebody else."

After all that, we ate some cooked millet for lunch, and stuffed sugar and white bread into our pockets. Then we put on warmer clothes and walked out onto the wide, clean-swept porch. Fidel took a magazine from his cartridge pouch, and right there on the steps he loaded his submachine gun; and without looking back we walked to the crossing, where we could hitch a ride with a passing car or a log transport.

We marched along the mud path—behind us the dark walls of the barracks, the transparent trees above the fence, and the dull white sun.

The railroad barrier was down, and we stood there for several minutes, watching the train speed by with a

roar. I could make out blue curtains, a thermos flask in one of the windows, and in another a man with a cigarette.

A log transport braked nearby. Fidel waved at the driver, and we climbed into the cab, which was crowded and smelled of gasoline.

Fidel put the submachine gun between his knees, and we lit up.

The driver turned to me and asked, "What'd they get you for, fella?"

"I criticized the authorities."

When we passed by the old brick pump house, where the road turned into the settlement, I took a watch without a band out of my pocket and showed it to the driver.

"Buy it," I said.

"Does it work?"

"Two hours more accurate than the Kremlin clock."

"How much?"

"Five sticks."

"Five?"

"All right, seven."

The driver stopped the truck, took out his money, and gave me five rubles. Then he examined the watch for a long time and put it to his ear. "For

my father-in-law," he said. "I'll present it to him on his name day, the old goat."

We got out of the truck and made our way along a darkening path through the snowdrifts to the settlement, which greeted us with the knocking sound of a generator, the squeak of a sleigh's runners, and the wind blowing off deserted streets where there were more dogs than people. Farther downhill the gray fences of the main post began, circling the two-story brick staff building. Our route to it lay across the settlement, past the dilapidated stone gates of the shipping section, the huts buried in the snow, the mess hall with white steam pouring from its open doors, the garage where automobiles all faced one way like cows in a meadow, the clubhouse with a silvery loudspeaker under the attic window, then along the interminable fence with its barbed-wire cornice, to the gate with the five-pointed tin star, and up the path to the staff building, crammed with foppish officers, clattering typewriters, and countless military trophies. There,

behind an iron door, would be a well-equipped stockade with a cement floor.

"We'll bail you out," Fidel said. "I'll have a talk with the boys."

"Yeah, have a talk with them."

We crossed a ditch on an ice-covered log. Then I said, "Do your orders say anything about time of arrival?"

"No," said Fidel. "Why?"

"So then what are we in a hurry for? Let's go to the *torfushki*." That was the name for the seasonal women workers from the peat-packing works, who lived in barracks on the edge of the settlement.

"Well . . ." Fidel said.

"Well, what? We'll get a bottle. I've got money."

At this point I noticed that Fidel didn't like the idea and was looking at me sadly. "What'll we do with the submachine gun?" he said.

"Put it under the bed. Let's go—at least we can sit for a while where it's warm."

Fidel walked along without saying anything.

"Let's go," I said. "We'll sit, we'll smoke. I don't like whorehouses myself. We'll just sit there calmly for a while where it's warm, with no noise. At least there they call you Vanechka or Boria, and that's pleasant."

Fidel said, "Listen, there's Headquarters over there. If we walk straight ahead across the bog, we'll be there in five minutes and you'll be warm."

"In the stockade, you mean?"

"So?"

"With a cement floor?"

"What difference does the floor make? There's a bunk there. And stove. And according to regulation the temperature can't be under six degrees."

"Vanka," I said, "you're not getting my point. That's all in the future—the stockade, the bunk, the six degrees, Prosecutor Voishko. Right now, let's go to the *torfushki*."

"In search of adventure?" Fidel said with annoyance.

"Ah, so that's how you talk! So that's what happens to a man when they give him an official document and a weapon! Go on—give the orders Comrade Commander!"

Fidel yelled, "What are you getting riled up about, huh? What are you getting all riled up about? O.K., we'll go wherever you want! We'll go to the



"I most heartily agree with you, Matilda. If everybody in the world were like me, it would be a dreadful world."

torfushki! Wherever you want, we'll go there!"

We made a turn back to the commissary, climbed some steps to the porch, shook off the snow, and went inside, where it smelled of kerosene and fish. A stack of barrels shadowed one corner, and the shelves were stocked with cigarettes, soap, biscuits in old-fashioned packages, a block of halva with melted edges, and gingerbread the color of marble.

I paid, and Tonechka handed over two bottles of wine, which Fidel dropped into the big side pockets of his fatigues. Then we bought some halva and two jars of salt pork.

"Buy some herring," Fidel said.

"The herring smells," Tonechka said.

"What—bad?"

"Yes," said Tonechka, "not too good."

We left the commissary and walked uphill until we came to a barracks with a dim light bulb above the entrance. Sinking in the snowdrifts, we went up to the window and knocked. A flat face immediately looked out, and a girl with her hair undone nodded several times, pointing to the door.

A bucket covered with a piece of plywood stood inside the door. Quilted jackets hung in one corner, and there were ropes, spades, and hooks lying under them.

It was warm in the barracks. The pipe of a cast-iron stove, filled with rosy warmth, stretched diagonally from corner to corner. Overcoats and quilted jackets had been thrown onto the bunks. Fragments of a mirror and color photographs from magazines were tacked to the rotten beams. Unwashed dishes were piled up on the night tables.

We took off our sheepskin jackets and sat down at the plank table. A few feet away somebody was sleeping with his coat over his head. A woman in a light-blue railroad work shirt was sitting by the window, her back to us, reading a book.

"Make yourselves at home, since you're here," said the girl with her hair down. She was wearing loose raspberry-colored trousers and cheap leather boots. A friend of hers, who had a pale and spiteful face, was wearing a raspberry-colored ski jacket, a tight cloth skirt, and house slippers.

We took out the bottles and the salt pork.

The girls brought out some bread



"At midnight the coach turns back into a pumpkin. I have no idea what, if anything, happens to this pumpkin pie."

and enamelled mugs. They kept nudging each other and laughing.

On the windowsill was a transistor tape recorder, looking out of place amid the rubbish.

The girl in the red trousers was called Zina, and her girlfriend in the skirt introduced herself in a bass voice, "Amosova, Nadezhda."

"Boys," asked Zina, "are you from the camp guards?"

"No," Fidel said, "we're artists. Laureates. And here's my sax." He waved the submachine gun above his head.

"Boys," asked Nadia, "are you a little cracked or something?"

"Yeah," I said, "we're mental cases. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Fidel poured the wine, clinking the bottle against the enamelled mugs.

"To our health!" he said.

"To our health!" I said.

"You'll be healthy, don't worry," Zina said. "We get checkups."

Someone walked the length of the barracks behind us, somebody cursed, somebody slammed a book shut when we turned on the tape recorder, somebody drank water by the door. After that some men from the lumber mill showed up. They saw our sheepskin jackets on the bench and wouldn't sit down; instead they milled around by the window for a long time, plotting something.

BUT I paid no attention to any of that, because I had suddenly thought back to the time when I arrived in Vozhayel with the first snowfall for the orientation sessions of the supervisory staff. They quartered us in a forty-man tent with two tiers of bunks. The stove made the lower tier hot, but the wind whipped under the

sides of the sagging tarpaulin. Each morning we went in a disorderly group to the training-ground mess hall. Then we did exercises in the gym, or leafed through our instructions, so that we'd be free to disperse at six o'clock, after supper—some of us to visit people we knew, some to dances at the local club, where an orchestra rumbled, and excited girls searched for officers in the crowd, and soldiers in stuffy dress coats and boots shining like fake jewelry huddled against the wall, smelling of after-shave and the stables. Once the jazz stopped, they would leave the club and walk home on foot in the dark or ride in the back of a battalion truck. Then for a long time under the vaults of the forty-man tent gross and filthy swearing would be heard, directed without exception at all the women in the world.

One night I turned off the road, which was already rock-hard from the first freeze, and walked down a path hugged by snowdrifts to the library. I climbed up the steep wooden steps to the third floor, opened the door, and stood on the threshold. The reading room was quiet and empty. Bookcases shimmered against the walls. Several old-fashioned pictures gave the room a solemn air. I walked up to the wooden counter. A woman of about thirty-five, wearing glasses, with a thin face and pale lips, came toward me. She had delicate skin and a rather long nose. When she looked at me, taking off her glasses and touching the bridge of her nose, I felt her unexpectedly sure, impertinent, boyish stare. I found a book that I had loved when I was still in school, and after signing it out on a square, bluish form, I sat down by the window. I switched on a gooseneck lamp, put my elbows on the cold table, and got absorbed in reading. Several times the woman got up and walked out of the room, and sometimes she looked at me, and suddenly I realized that she wasn't afraid of anything but just liked being silent. Then she started to move chairs, and I stood up to help, and I noticed that she had on an old-fashioned dress of very stiff, dark, cool material, and fur-lined *chukchi* slippers. Then I accidentally touched her hand, and for an instant my heart stopped, and with fear I thought how unaccustomed I had grown to the things that made life worth living, how much I had lost, how much had been taken from me,

NIGHT WALK TO A COUNTRY THEATRE

Drop from the train's bottom step onto the grit,
turn out of the wind, ravel the hood of the parka tight.
It's gristly clear, the black night air fizzes with frost,
Venus and Jupiter sit near the moon like steps.
There's an old barge canal and water locks;
you cross on the steel plates, rubber soles clanging.
First a shallow skitter over frozen mud,
then a steady booming of timed trudge
over the long bridge across the Connecticut,
frozen about the abutment islands.
They extend white claws.
Smoke steams from a chimney like a solid cloud.
Nobody knows you in any of the passing cars,
no obligation keeps you from climbing the rail,
dropping in the cold swirls of the water below.
Your breath comes fast, your spirit jumps
high above the iron network of girders.
On the far side, a strip-bar, evilly lighted, waits,
and long sidewalks of the tight-closed houses of strangers,
growling dogs, a rustle of distant throughway,
long lurching alone.
Then, through the darkness, rises up at last—
like a reward, as though you knew
this was the way it should have been arranged—
warmth, singing, a cavern of people.
Your feet will have lost all feeling,
the joy will come flying.
It works every time.

—ANDREW GLAZE

how much happiness had swept by me on those nights full of hatred when the floorboards crack from the frost and dogs bay in the kennel and you sit in the isolator and listen to Anagi-Zadye clinking his manacles behind the wall and the miserable, frozen, unchanging days drag on outside the window, delaying the mail.

I went back to the table and slammed the book shut, and without looking back I went down the stairs, struggled to light a cigarette in the wind, and walked to the military settlement.

NOW I remembered all this, and I said to Fidel, "Let's get out of here."

The girls asked, "What's wrong with you guys? Brides waiting for you or something?"

We walked under the stars in silence and made our way along the

fence to the hollow that ended in the dark, bulky silhouette of Headquarters. Suddenly shadows fell on the path and men from the lumber mill appeared in front of us, but Fidel immediately swung the submachine gun to his chest like an S.S. man and said simply, "In the forest I shoot without warning!"

They cursed, and disappeared among the trees in the darkness.

I walked ahead, orienting myself by the silhouette of the exercise frame with its hanging ropes, which was set up in front of Headquarters. Dark against the background of the sky, it looked like a gallows. Fidel walked behind me.

The path was narrow, no wider than a ski track, and I kept stumbling.

When we rounded the last house of the settlement, I saw a light in the window of the library. I stopped and thought of the woman who sat at the lighted table behind bastions of bookcases in a quiet, warm space with an unseen stove, and then it seemed as if I were walking up the wooden stairs and along the corridor, leaving wet footprints behind me: I throw open the door, the woman stands up, her old-





fashioned earrings swing gently and the silence is so intense that I can hear their melodic sound. The woman takes off her glasses and touches the bridge of her nose with an expression of barely noticeable annoyance, and I feel her bold, unwomanly gaze on me.

"Let's go," Fidel said. "My feet are freezing."

I said to him, "I've got to stop in at the library."

"Come on—what next?"

"I want to talk to a woman there."

"Stop it," Fidel said. "We've taken the whole day to get to Headquarters already."

I stood still. There was no one around. Off to one side shone the yellowish lights of the settlement, and the dark wall of the forest rose up on our right.

I said, "Fidel, have a heart—let me do it. There's a woman I know—I've got to . . ."

He looked away and said distinctly, "I can't."

"Well, it's clear that this is what happens to a man when you give him

a submachine gun and written orders to lead another man under escort!"

"Come on—walk, and stop haggling," Fidel said.

"It's *very* clear," I said. "Give the orders, Commander!"

But I didn't move. Fidel stood behind me.

"I have to go to the library," I said.

"Start walking!"

"I have to—"

"Now!"

I looked up at the square window, which glowed like a quivering beacon, and I started toward it through the deep snow, leaving behind me, dark on the horizon, the fence of the military camp and the black figure of my escort.

Then Fidel shouted, "Halt!"

I turned and said, "Do you want to kill me?"

He said, barely audibly, "Back."

Then I cursed him with the filthiest words I had heard by the bonfire at the lumber mill and in the isolator and at the gambling table before a fight and in transit camps during a search.

"Back!" Fidel said.

I walked on without turning around, I became huge, I overshadowed the horizon, I heard the bolt click in the empty and frozen silence, the spring of the firing pin yield, creaking, the bullet slide into its chamber with a tap.

And suddenly I felt such rage—as if it were me, actually me, taking aim at a man wandering through the snow, and this man without a belt was the one to blame for all my misfortunes, only I couldn't make out his face.

I stopped, looked at Fidel, winced at the sight of his face (he held one of his fur mittens in his teeth), shouted something, and headed back toward him.

Fidel threw down the submachine gun and started to cry, and for some reason pulled off his sheepskin jacket and tore open his work shirt, all the buttons flying off.

I walked up and stood beside him. "All right," I said, "let's go."

—SERGEI DOVLATOV

(Translated, from the Russian, by Jack Dennison and Anne Frydman.)

* * P R O F I L E S * *

LIGHT EVERYWHERE

RICHARD SUDHALTER, the cornettist, jazz reviewer, and biographer of Bix Beiderbecke, recently mused over the seventy-six-year-old trumpeter Adolphus (Doc) Cheatham: "The trumpet is an almost athletic instrument, and most trumpet players, through sheer fatigue, start to go off the rail in their sixties. So to hear a trumpeter that old play well is rare, but to hear one like Doc Cheatham play without any quaver or cutting back of tone or loss of clarity is truly exceptional. Of course, he rations himself. He takes short solos, and he never overblows, so when he has to he delivers. I used to see him at Mahogany Hall, in Boston, when I was a kid, and I remember the way he stood, just so: the arms out, the horn up, everything strong and right on the button—and, my Lord, that was thirty years ago. I think Joe Smith was the great light in his life as a trumpeter, and that's heartening—to see a man go not the way of Louis Armstrong but another way and succeed so beautifully for so long." Sudhalter was lucky to catch sight of Cheatham at all. Cheatham had begun the twenty or so years he spent as a lead trumpeter with Latin-American bands, and his occasional jazz appearances were generally limited to gigs with Wilbur De Paris's band, in which he played second trumpet to Sidney De Paris. In 1957, when he was chosen to appear on the CBS "Sound of Jazz" program with such trumpeters as Red Allen, Rex Stewart, Joe Wilder, Emmett Berry, Roy Eldridge, and Joe Newman, he refused to take any solos, agreeing only to play obbligatos behind Billie Holiday on her blues "Fine and Mellow." (That segment has become a classic, and so have Cheatham's exquisite background turnings.) Before the fifties, Cheatham had been a lead trumpeter with Sam Wooding and with Cab Calloway. He had also been part of Eddie Heywood's



Doc Cheatham

band, a small ensemble group built around its leader's Earl Hines piano. He was more audible in the sixties. He made a beautiful recording on the Prestige label with Shorty Baker, and he played no fewer than four solos on a Victor recording built around the rackets New Orleans alto saxophonist Cap'n John Handy. He also worked with Benny Goodman. In the last five years, he has become almost commonplace. At long last, he has made a couple of recordings of his own, and he has had extended engagements at Crawdaddy. He also turns up at Eddie Condon's and Sweet Basil and the West End Café and at festivals here and abroad. All this exposure has strengthened him. Cheatham plays with more confidence and beauty now than he did when Sudhalter first heard him.

He belongs with those choice lyrical trumpeters who first came forward in the thirties and forties—Bill Coleman, Frankie Newton, Benny Carter, Joe Thomas, Buck Clayton, Shorty Baker, Emmett Berry, Harry Edison, Bobby Hackett, Charlie Shavers, Joe Wilder. Their idols were Louis Armstrong and Joe Smith and Roy Eldridge, and they have been distinguished by their originality and melodic grace, by their humor and poetic intensity. They like the middle register, their tones are handsome and range from Berry's rough querulousness to Hackett's and Wilder's luminosity, and they are almost all legato players. With the exception of Shavers and Coleman, who

are baroque players of the first order, these trumpeters favor sparseness. Some are epigrammatic. Having grown up in the big bands (Lucky Milinder, Count Basie, Andy Kirk, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Benny Carter, Duke Ellington), most of them prefer the roominess and acoustic ease of small groups. Their ranks have thinned. Newton, Baker, Hackett, Coleman, and Shavers are gone. Wilder works in

Broadway pit bands, and Carter rarely plays trumpet anymore. Berry is retired, and Clayton and Thomas are semiretired. Only Edison and Cheatham—one in the West and the other in the East—keep the lamp of lyricism burning.

Cheatham lives in a four-room apartment in a small housing development on upper Lexington Avenue. The parlor is banked by a couple of blue settees and a small sideboard. It opens into a polished white kitchen, which contains a round table, with four chairs, and a big electric wall clock. The kitchen has a northeast window that slams like a cannon when the wind blows. A short hall leads to Cheatham's bedroom, where the pictures on the walls and the orderly clutter betoken the room of a kid who has just gone off to school, or of a bachelor, which Cheatham is most of the time. He is thin and dapper and patrician. He wears a trenchcoat and a cap, and sometimes he affects aviator glasses. His face is smooth and aquiline, and he has a tall, clear forehead. His frequent laugh is jumpy, and he speaks quickly, often repeating the final sentence of each paragraph. Recently, he sat in his kitchen and talked about his life:

"My wife, Amanda, works for a family that lived on Park Avenue and moved to East Hampton. They wouldn't let her leave them, so she moved out there, and she comes in weekends. She's an Argentine, and I

met her in the fifties when I was on tour with Perez Prado. I didn't think I'd get married again, but we have two children—a daughter and a son. I've always been a loner, and never much of a ladies' man. I married first in the thirties, when I got back from playing in Europe with Sam Wooding. It didn't last long. My second wife was a dancer at the Cotton Club. We were married seven years. I was with Cab Calloway then, and when I got sick and wasn't strong enough to play she'd harp on me: 'Why don't you get a job? Why don't you get a job?' I can't stand that. I'd rather be alone. She finally went home to Texas and married somebody else. I like being alone. I shop, I cook, I iron, I clean the house. I was taught how to do those things as a kid. That was in Nashville. It was a pleasant place to grow up. My mother was named Alice Anthony, and she was from Atlanta. She taught school there and in Nashville, and later on she was a laboratory assistant. She was the kind of mother who's always in your corner. My older brother, Marshall, became a dentist. He was named after my father, who was from Cheatham County, Tennessee. I never knew much about his family. I do know that he was partly descended from the Choc-taws and Cherokees who settled Cheatham County, and that he had a lot of brothers and sisters, one of them a teacher at Tuskegee Institute. His mother might have been white, perhaps English. My father was a barber, and he had travelled a lot, particularly on the Mississippi river-boats. He was a proud man who stood straight as an arrow. He had his own barbershop, right in the heart of the business district. In fact, he owned the whole building. That came about this way: he had helped a Mr. Mooney, an immigrant, start a candy concern, and Mooney had made a lot of money, so he bought a building for my father. The building had three stories. The barbershop, which had four chairs, was on the ground

floor, and there was a tailor on the top floor, and baths on the second floor, so that when a gentleman came in he could have a shave and shine and cut, take a bath while his suit was pressed, and come out looking and feeling like a million dollars. My father worked seven days a week—on Sundays he shaved the sick, who couldn't get out. We had our own house, in a good neighborhood. It cost seven thousand dollars, and my father bought it through his friends. He also had a car, and sometimes I'd drive him to work, but he would never let me leave him off in front of the shop, because he thought it would look like he was putting on airs. He loved to walk, and we walked forever. And he loved to go to ballgames. Our team, in the old Negro leagues, was the Nashville Elite Giants.

"I started playing music when I was about fifteen. There was a little beat-up church in our neighborhood called the Phillip's Chapel, and the deacon was an intelligent, stubby man named Meredith. He organized a band for

kids, the Bright Future Stars. I started on drums, and he switched me to cornet. I practically taught myself. The only lessons I had were from two brothers, Professor N. C. Davis and Professor C. M. Davis. They came once a week and gave lessons for a quarter each. They'd been circus trumpeters, and they drank a lot. When one was too drunk, the other one came. You'd smell the whiskey on their breath. I don't remember hearing much of anything musically in Nashville in 1920. Radio was just coming in, and there wasn't much yet in the way of jazz recordings. But Paul Whiteman and Ted Lewis came through, and so did the blues singers. By 1923 or 1924, I was working in the pit band at the Bijou Theatre. A New Orleans trumpet player, George Jefferson, was in the band, and he was a lot of help. The rough element went to the Bijou, but I'd see the principal of the high school there, his face covered with a newspaper. I worked behind all the great blues singers—Mamie Smith and Bessie Smith and Clara



BOOTH

"I'm going to go have my hair done! I wouldn't go across the Sahara on a camel looking like this!"



"Harold is famous for his cast-iron façade."

Smith. Clara Smith was twice as powerful as Bessie. She shook the rafters. And she was rough. You better not make one mistake when she came off the train tired and mean and evil. Ethel Waters also came through. She brought Fletcher Henderson on piano and Joe Smith on cornet. Joe Smith wore white bell-bottoms, and when he played he'd stand with one foot on a hassock. He looked beautiful, and he sounded beautiful.

"I left Nashville the first time in 1925, and by 1926 I was in Chicago. I left with Marion Hardy's band, and when I got to Chicago I was with John Williams' Synco Jazzers. He married Mary Lou Williams around that time. My parents didn't care for my becoming a musician at all. I think they hoped I'd somehow study to be a doctor, because I used to play in a little band over at the Meharry Medical College—which is how I got my nickname. My father had seen enough drunken circus musicians, and he didn't want me to end up that way. So it hurt him very bad when I left home

and went on the road. I spent a year in Chicago. I didn't have much luck, and I lost a lot of weight. The New Orleans musicians had everything wrapped up. But landladies were very sympathetic in those days, and six of us got a room together, and we managed to make it, with God's help. There was a little restaurant nearby called Poor Me, and I'd go get the food and we'd divide it up. I met Lil Armstrong, and I had some gigs with her, and Albert Wynn, the trombonist, put me in his band as a saxophonist. I'd taken up the saxophone about the same time as the cornet, and I played it just about as well. Once, Louis Armstrong asked Albert Wynn could I sit in for him with Erskine Tate at the Vendome Theatre. Louis had a feature number, 'Poor Little Rich Girl,' which I had played with Wynn. Louis was a sensation, and the Vendome was packed every night. I'll never forget how that audience screamed when I came onstage and how, when the spotlight caught me and the audience realized I wasn't Louis, they got quieter

and quieter. I had memorized Louis's solo, and I played it note for note. I got nice applause, but the musicians in the band, they wouldn't talk to me—not one word. Later, Louis and I became very good friends.

"I heard a lot of music in Chicago. King Oliver had a soft band. The New Orleans style was very different. It was a sweet type of jazz—a melodic type of jazz. Oliver himself was very different from Joe Smith and Johnny Dunn, who were the best horn players I'd heard. He had a nice, quiet tone, and he knew what he was doing every minute. He used a lot of mutes—I picked up my mute technique from him—and he'd growl a little. Freddie Keppard reminded me of a military trumpeter playing jazz. He was very loud, and he didn't have any of Oliver's finesse. One night, he blew a mute right out of his horn and across

the dance floor, and it became the talk of Chicago. After that, everybody piled in night after night to see him do it again, but he never did. It was true about his fear of other musicians' stealing his stuff. I saw him put a handkerchief over his valves when he was playing, so that nobody could follow his fingering."

LISTENING to Doc Cheatham play is like looking at a Winslow Homer: there is light everywhere. Some of the light is reflected. Here is a Louis Armstrong connective phrase, a Buck Clayton vibrato, a Joe Smith sustained note, a Joe Thomas epigram. But Cheatham is a courteous, generous man, and perhaps these reflections are more in the nature of salutes—of nods thrown in the direction of people he admires. The elegance and lyricism and grace of his playing are his own, as is his sense of structure. His solos are flawlessly designed. Each phrase follows the last freshly and without hesitation. There is none of the disconnected brittleness

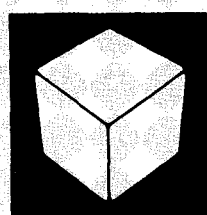
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or brassy striving that afflicts many jazz trumpeters. Presented to the listener in their glistening perfection, Cheatham's solos give the impression that they have been written, edited, and tested—when, of course, they have been instantly spun out of his head. The light in his improvisations brings up pure, soft colors, and the planes his solos are built of—planes that turn ceaselessly this way and that—are alizarin and taupe and ultramarine and viridian. There is no silver or gold, no black or white. Cheatham's tone is complete and jubilant. At first, his rhythmic sense seems old-fashioned. He has a staccato, elbowing attack. Each note clears away the silence before it. Each note is an announcement. But he is also a legato player, whose rests allow beats to slip by, and though he is invariably on time at the end of each solo, he is cool about how he has done it. He likes big intervals and sudden off-course phrases. He is a consummate muted player, and when he uses a plunger mute he can growl and muse and flutter and whisper with all the sly bravado of Cootie Williams. One of Cheatham's aunts told him when he was starting out, "Stand up straight when you play, throw out your chest, hold your arms horizontal, and keep your head back." And there he is: his arms winglike, his back concave, his trumpet pointed at the sky. It is a heraldic stance.

"I GAVE up on Chicago in 1927," Cheatham said, "and joined Bobby Lee's band at the Silver Slipper in Philadelphia. We played the Sea Girt Inn, in New Jersey, that summer, and in the fall I went back to Philly with Wilbur De Paris. He was a tight man. I lived at his house, and he charged me for rent and food—he kept a file on all the extra biscuits I ate. The later part of 1928, I went to New York, where I heard Jabbo Smith, who was faster than Louis and seemed even greater to me. I was with Chick Webb for a bit, and Sam Wooding grabbed me

and I travelled around Europe three years in his band. I could read like a top by then, and I played lead trumpet while Tommy Ladnier handled the jazz solos. Ladnier was a moody man, a moody player, but he could go when he wanted to. We played nothing but first-class places, and it was very exciting to me. I rejoined Marion Hardy when I got back, then went to McKinney's Cotton Pickers. Joe Smith and Rex Stewart were in the band, and it was like a college of jazz. But one of the teachers wasn't in the band, and that was Bix Beiderbecke. All trumpet players had been playing alike when Bix came along a year or two before and opened the gate. He was doing things we had never heard. He was a lyrical player, but he was also staccato and bright. He had a speaking, *trumpet* way of playing. Anyway, the Cotton Pickers ran out of money, so somebody stole the band book and wouldn't give it back until everything was settled up. The Depression was beginning to hit the regional bands hard, and they were falling by the road. It wasn't until Benny Goodman made it in 1935 that people started going out again to hear the bands, and Benny did it in a *national* way for the first time. I had an offer to go with Cab Calloway at the Cotton Club in 1931, and I took it. I was with Cab eight years, and he was the greatest leader I ever worked for. He ran

around with us, and he could be playful, and even rowdy, but you had to be at work on the dot and you had to play right. Cab had learned to read and he had a good ear. That band made tables of money. They made so much some nights they'd pack it in the drum case. I got a hundred dollars a week every Friday like clockwork, and once I got paid twice and was told to keep it.

"I've never been strong, and in 1939 I fell sick. I was run-down and anemic, and they hospitalized me for nine weeks. I guess it was being on the road so much and not eating and resting properly. It certainly wasn't drink, because I have never been a drinker. I discovered a long time ago that you can't drink and play jazz well. You have to stay sober to think fluently. Drunks tend to be cliché players. Of course, you're not too popular when you don't drink. You're considered a sissy. They never did figure out what was wrong with me, and I didn't regain my full strength, so that I could play the way I really wanted to, until the sixties. It took that long, and at one point a doctor told me, 'Doc, I don't know. Maybe you better just lay down the rest of your life.' When I got out of the hospital, I went to Europe for a few months to rest. Then I joined Teddy Wilson's big band and after that Benny Carter's, but I wasn't up to par. I quit playing and took a job



WHY, LAST YEAR, 15,000 PEOPLE BUCKED THE CONVENTIONAL WISDOM, THE LURE OF STATUS, AND THE DICTATES OF THE CROWD TO BUY A SAAB.

The conventional wisdom: Performance cars are impractical; practical cars can't perform. (Every Saab is proof that this isn't true.)

Status and the crowd: When the number of BMW and Mercedes dealerships in Beverly Hills, Westport, Marin County and Palm Beach rivals the number of fast-food joints on Route 66, status would appear to be the most effective automotive marketing strategy.

Bucking that, in truth, was not too hard. Nevertheless, there is no middle ground where Saabs are concerned. No wishy-washy equivocation.

Even the most insignificant feature (where the ignition is) inspires heated disagreement.

"Putting the ignition on the floor next to the hand brake is the most convenient place for it," say the Saab aficionados.

"Why can't they put it where I'm used to it?" says the conventional wisdom.

The front-wheel drive controversy.

Saab had front-wheel drive as early as 1949. The automotive crowd saw it as an oddity.

In truth, it was odd to see Saabs speed up hills in a snowstorm. Hold the road unerringly in the rain. And take corners like zippy sports cars.

As time went on, a whole group of Saab fans developed among the legions of backseat drivers who didn't have to battle with bulky drive shafts for legroom.

The controversy, for what it was, expired in the late '70s.

The end of the decade saw automaker after automaker falling over themselves to get on the front-wheel drive bandwagon that Saab had pioneered all the way back in the big band era.

But those 15,000 people didn't seize upon Saab because of technological breakthroughs.

Any car today can trot out a laundry list of impressive features.

Many of them similar to what Saab offers.

Overhead cam engine, rack-and-pinion steering, disc brakes. You've

heard them reeled off as many times as we have.

But somehow, some way, something happens differently when they're put together the way Saab puts them together.

The something that happens is called the "driving experience."

The Saab 900 series, for example, pose as family cars.

But with all the space and economy that allow owners to rationalize their purchases, come the handling and suspension of a sports car. And with it, the knowledge that the car that ambles so responsibly to the shopping center can, at a moment's notice, zip over to an "Autocross" and do the owner proud. ("Autocrosses" are speed events in which cars race one at a time against the clock. They're usually held in otherwise sedate suburban parking lots.)

The performance of turbocharging. Who could question that?

The faint of heart, of course. But they're beyond redemption.

The serious criticism comes from the utilitarians. Who needs all that power? That acceleration? That g-force sensation?

Saab owners, on the other hand, see the utility in performance. Indeed, the safety in performance.

They see it every time they pass a trailer on a two-lane highway or enter a highway from a merge lane.

They see the virtue of turbocharging because all that power comes with roughly the gas mileage of a 1971 Volkswagen Beetle.*

One disinterested observer who became interested in Saab.

Road & Track magazine recently named the Saab Turbo as the Best Sports Sedan for the Eighties.

The editors were unanimous. (Maybe the first time there has been unanimous affection displayed for the controversial Saab.)

What makes the choice particularly interesting is that the category, Sports Sedans, seems to be the very one where most discriminating car buyers are headed. Out of frustration.

The Sports Sedan sacrifices

nothing. Not performance (it handles like a sports car). Not comfort (two adults, three kids, and a dog don't lead to claustrophobia). Not luxury. Not even economy when you consider again how the Turbo preserves gas mileage.

The nits.

Saabs are for people who love the feel of the road. Its suspension is abhorred by the driver who wants to be insulated from the world.

Saabs are for people who like tight, responsive steering. They are denigrated by people who like to make U-turns with their pinkie.

Saab Turbos are cheap to some. Fair-priced to others. Outrageously expensive to the rest. \$15,600** to all.

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	Automatic	11,050
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	Automatic	12,450
900S 4-Door	5-Speed	\$12,700
	Automatic	13,050
900 Turbo 3-Door	5-Speed	\$15,600
	Automatic	15,950
900 Turbo 4-Door	5-Speed	\$16,260
	Automatic	16,610

Turbo models include a Sony XR70, 4-Speaker Stereo Sound System as standard equipment.

Saabs are for people who enjoy driving. Even a trip to the station. Saabs are not for people who see driving as just another chore in this vale of tears.

Will you love it or will you follow the crowd?

You've got us.

But it's not going too far to say that you owe it to yourself to find out.

Whether you're moving up from a Camaro. Or moving up from a BMW, Audi, Peugeot, or whatever.

Test drive a Saab. In fact, test drive it a couple of times. Then compare it. Then come back and test drive it again.

But don't just drive it around the block a couple of times. Drive it the way you would if you owned it.

At least, in the end, you'll have a pleasure few car buyers ever have: You won't be undecided.

*Saab 900 5-speed Turbo. †EPA estimated mpg. 31 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **3 door Turbo. See chart for other models. ‡Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. But including every innovation from front wheel drive to turbocharging on the Turbo.



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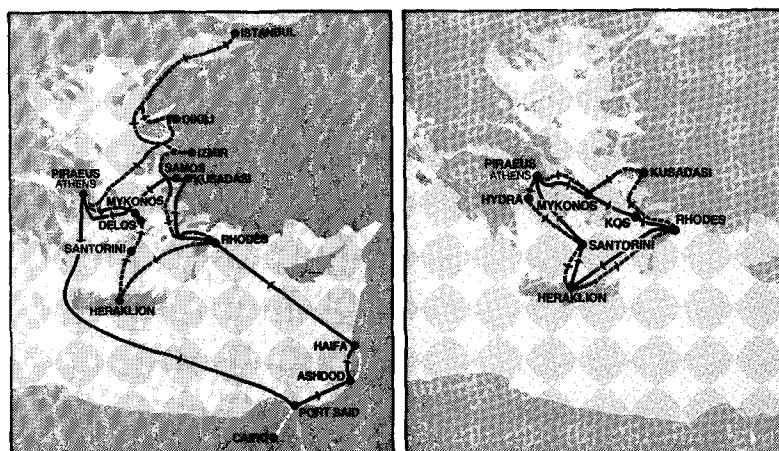
in the post office. In 1943, I tried it again, in Eddie Heywood's little group—which wasn't too hard, because Eddie wrote everything out and took long piano solos. It was around this time that I ran into my friend Juan Tizol, who was with Duke Ellington, and he said, 'You should be in the Ellington band. Come over to the theatre in Brooklyn where we're working and I'll introduce you to Duke.' Well, I have never asked anyone for a job. I couldn't do it—on pride, and because it puts you in their power. But I went. I went to Duke's dressing room and I sat there all day—like a fool. Duke would change and do a show and change again and do another show and change again, and the whole time he never said a thing to me beyond 'How you been?' and like that. And, of course, there were a lot of people around. Duke always had his entourage. So finally I said, 'Nice seeing you, Duke. So long.' And we shook hands. That was it until seven or eight years ago, when his sister called me and asked me to join the band. But I'd had an operation, and I couldn't make it.

'I live with my horn. I practice every day—sometimes until ten o'clock at night. I listen to records of all my favorite players—Charlie Shavers and Sidney De Paris and Shorty Baker and Joe Thomas and Louis. Taking a solo is like an electric shock. First, I have no idea what I will play, but then something in my brain leads me to build very rapidly, and I start thinking real fast from note to note. I don't worry about chords, because I can hear the harmonic structure in the back of my mind. I have been through all that so many years it is second nature to me. I also have what I think of as a photograph of the melody running in my head. I realize quickly that there is no one way to go in a solo. It's like travelling from here to the Bronx—there are several ways, and you must choose the right way immediately. So I do, and at the same time I never forget to tell a story in my solo. I have always listened for that in other horn players, and it's the only way I know how to play. I'm not a high-note player generally, but sometimes the things I'm playing run me up there, and it frightens me a little. But I get down all right. I keep in shape by walking. Like my father. I'll walk down to Forty-second Street, go over to the musicians' union, on West Fifty-second Street, and walk home. I don't like getting back from work at

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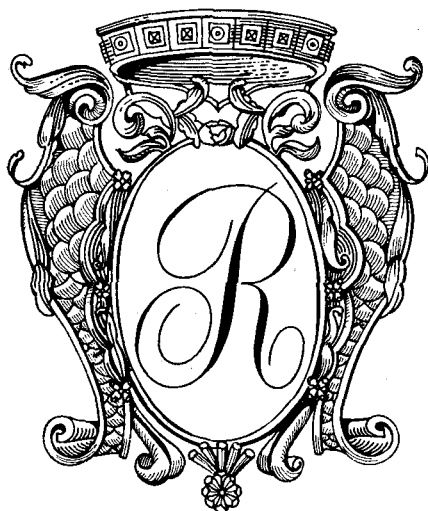
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three or four in the morning anymore. I like getting back early, so I can take my sitz bath and go to bed and be up at seven or eight. I love the morning, the morning air—the country air, which is what city air is like in the morning if you catch it quick enough. And I love a big breakfast, which doesn't taste the same later in the day. I'll make myself juice and oatmeal. Or I'll cook fried oysters that I get from a friend out in Jamaica. Or I'll have grits and some fish. Sometimes I'll have chicken or turkey, or sliced tomatoes and pancakes. I guess I'm kind of retired now. I get the Social Security, and I only work three or four nights a week—unless I get a month in Europe or a couple of weeks in Toronto. I got a standing ovation in Toronto a while ago, and that felt very good. It doesn't happen often in a lifetime, and it makes all the rough times worth it. I'm almost the last of the line. I've talked to kids who come to hear us who don't even know who Louis Armstrong is. But they listen. 'How do you do that?' they'll ask. 'That's beautiful,' they'll say. When I'm gone, it'll be just about over, my kind of playing. It will be as if it hadn't existed at all, as if all of us hadn't worked so long and hard."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

Coach Bear Bryant has suspended Thomas Boyd, an all-American linebacker, and Linnie Patrick, a halfback, from the Alabama football squad and said the pair would not participate in the Crimson Tide's Cotton Bowl game against Texas Jan. 1. Bryant said he did not care to make any further comment. Boyd was arrested on a felony warrant, then released on \$500 bond, one day after police said they found a small amount of marijuana in his car. Patrick was in the car at the time but was not charged. Both players had been suspended earlier in the season for violation of team training rules. In November, Alabama's starting fullback, Ken Simon, was arrested and charged with firing a 16-gauge shotgun, a felony, at two university law students after a traffic accident was narrowly averted. Simon was not dismissed or suspended from the team because, Bryant said, he had not broken training rules.—*The Times*.

Whew!

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

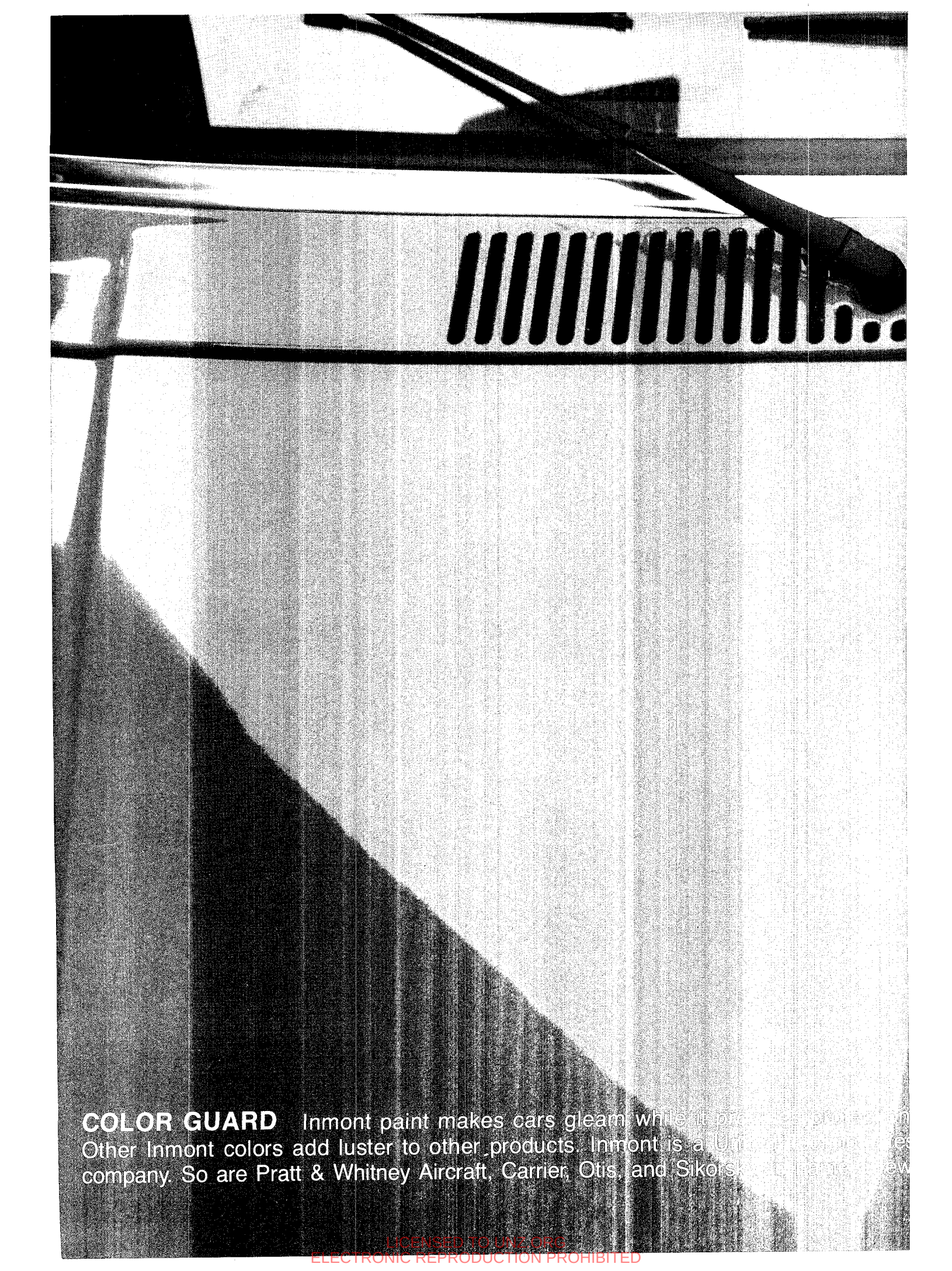
[From "A Flag for Sunrise,"
by Robert Stone]

He did not brake for animals. If a cow, transfixed in the headlights, was too slow in heaving its flyblown bulk from the roadway, the lieutenant would unhesitatingly ram it bellowing into a ditch, throw the jeep into reverse and charge forward.

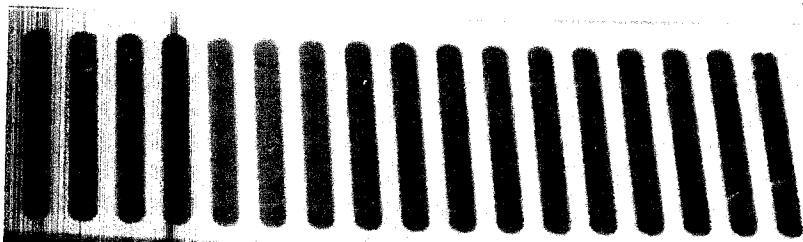
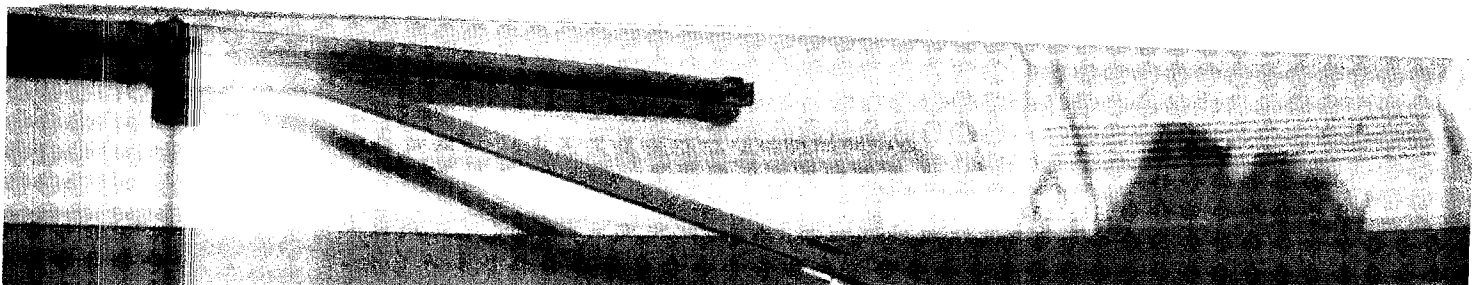


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Beyond headlines.



with correspondent
Charlayne Hunter-Gault

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE PROGNOSIS FOR THIS PATIENT IS HORRIBLE

At around two o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 12, 1978, an eleven-month-old boy named Chad Shelton, the only child of Bruce Shelton, a television repairman, and his wife, Sallie Betten Shelton, was admitted to Immanuel Medical Center, in Omaha, Nebraska, for evaluation of persistent vomiting. Chad, his parents told the admitting physician, had been vomiting off and on for two days—since early Sunday evening. They added that they, too, had become sick Sunday evening, with severe abdominal cramps, diarrhea, and vomiting, but had now pretty well recovered.

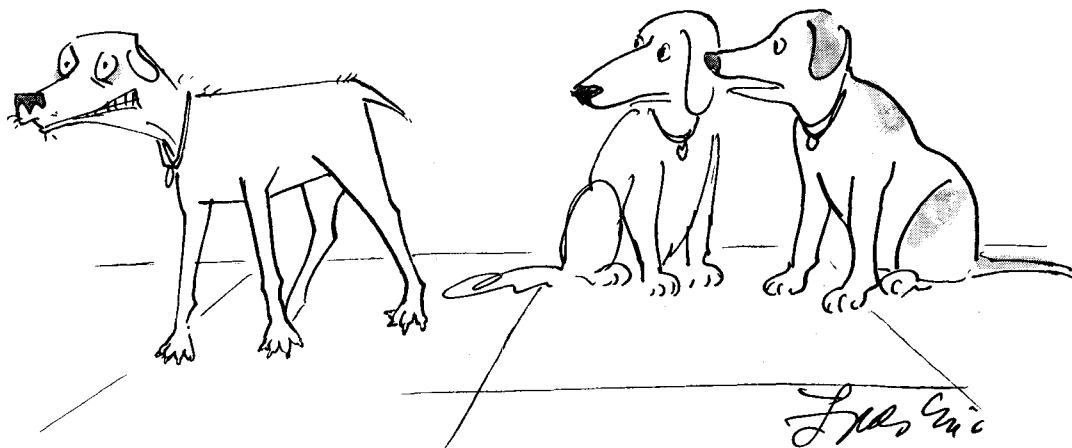
The determination of the cause of an ailing infant's illness can be a serious diagnostic challenge. The diagnostician, being unable to elicit any account of how the patient feels or where he hurts, can make a judgment only on the observable and measurable signs of abnormality. The admitting physician at Immanuel Medical Center noted and recorded that Chad was "irritable," that his "right tympanic membrane was red," and that his tonsils were red and somewhat swollen. On the basis of these rudimentary findings, together with the information provided by the Sheltons, he recorded three tentative diagnoses: gastroenteritis, otitis media (inflammation of the middle ear), and tonsillitis. He also, as is usual in such ambiguous cases, sought the opinion of a consultant. The consulting physician's observations were entered on Chad Shelton's chart the following day. He observed that the patient was "somnolent through the evening, and this morning was noted to be poorly responsive." He noted what appeared to be multiple "bruises." Preliminary laboratory tests were generally normal, with two striking exceptions. One showed abnormal liver function. The other was the blood-platelet count. Platelets are protoplasms intricately involved in the salvational coagulation of blood that normally follows trauma. A normal platelet count ranges from a hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand and upward. Chad's platelet count was

nineteen thousand. That would seem to explain the "bruises." They were hemorrhages. The consultant noted his preliminary impression: "This may be a Reye's syndrome." Reye's syndrome, an entity of recent recognition, is a disease of still uncertain origin that largely afflicts young children and is characterized by vomiting, central-nervous-system damage, and liver damage. The production of platelets is a function of the bone marrow, and a low platelet count may reflect defective production or disordered distribution. The latter can be the result of a rush of platelets to a damaged organ—for example, the liver. The consultant recommended that more definitive tests be made and that the patient be transferred to the intensive-care unit of Children's Memorial Hospital.

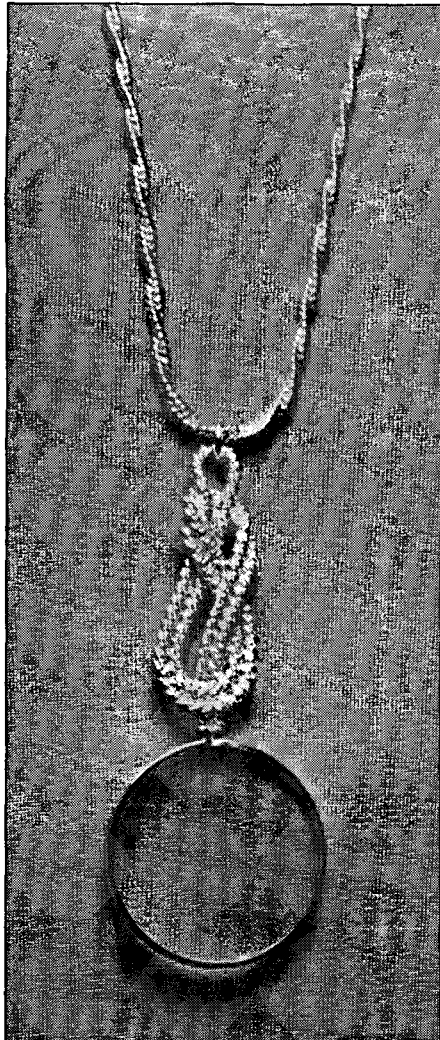
Chad was admitted to Children's Hospital late that afternoon. He arrived there in a coma. It was noted on his chart that "within an hour after admission, the child's respiratory status began to deteriorate and it was necessary to place him on a ventilator. . . . A repeat platelet count at 4:30 P.M. revealed a platelet count of 18,000 [and] support was begun with platelets and whole blood. . . . During the evening and early morning hours, bleeding problems became increasingly difficult to control. The child's condition continued to deteriorate, and he was pronounced dead at 4:30 A.M. the morning of September 14th." An autopsy was performed. It revealed an "essentially complete necrosis of the child's hepatic [liver] cells, with very little fatty infiltration." The opinion of the pathologist was that "this pattern is more consistent with a toxic in-

gestion of an unknown agent rather than Reye's syndrome or other infectious etiologies." The final diagnosis reflected his opinion. It read, "1. Severe acute hepatic necrosis secondary to a toxic ingestion of an unknown agent. 2. Disseminated intravascular coagulation. 3. Cerebral hemorrhage secondary to #2. 4. Cerebral edema secondary to #1 and #2. 5. Terminal renal failure."

THAT was the beginning, but only the beginning. Shortly before noon that day—Thursday, September 14th, the day of Chad Shelton's death—a man named Duane N. Johnson, aged twenty-four and a trucker by trade, was admitted to Immanuel Medical Center by way of the emergency room. He was brought to the hospital by ambulance from the office of his family physician. He had collapsed in the waiting room there, and when he reached the hospital he was comatose. His wife, Sandra Betten Johnson, accompanied him. She told the admitting physician that her husband had become ill on Sunday evening. He had had an attack of chills, then diarrhea, then vomiting. He vomited several times on Monday and again on Tuesday. Yesterday, Wednesday, he had a severe nosebleed. This morning, he felt even worse—he was still vomiting, his head ached, light hurt his eyes, he was exhausted—and he arranged to see their doctor. Mrs. Johnson was frightened and confused. Her husband had never been sick a day in his life. Now he was lying there unconscious. And not only that. Sherrie, their three-year-old daughter, was also sick. Not as sick as Duane, but



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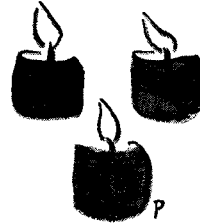
she had complained of stomach pains, and she had vomited several times. The last few days had been a nightmare. Mrs. Johnson didn't know what was happening. Her sister Sallie and her husband had also been sick this week—sick to their stomachs, like Sherrie. And only last night—early this morning—Chad, her sister's little baby, had died at Children's Hospital. They said he might have been poisoned. The admitting physician pricked up his ears. Chad? Was her nephew named Shelton? That's right—Chad Shelton. Did the doctor know about him? The doctor said he did. He said it was he who had admitted him to the hospital here on Tuesday. The doctor stopped and reflected. He reminded himself that Chad had suffered multiple hemorrhages. And Johnson had had a nosebleed. He asked himself if there might be some connection here. And Mrs. Johnson had said that their daughter was sick. He asked Mrs. Johnson to bring her daughter around to the hospital. He thought he ought to take a careful look at her.

Johnson remained comatose. The results of the admitting physician's preliminary examination were both unrevealing and alarming. The pupil of Johnson's right eye was "dilated and fixed," he wrote in his report. "Left pupil was pinpoint. Evidence of some conjunctival hemorrhage bilaterally. There was some blood in the pharynx." The physician again felt that a second opinion would be helpful. The consultant's findings, refined by a series of laboratory tests, fully justified the admitting physician's alarm. He noted on Johnson's chart, "There is no motor movement. There is no response to painful stimuli. . . . He is on a respirator. He has had an intracranial hemorrhage. . . . A CAT scan shows an intracerebral hematoma." Johnson's platelet count was a mere six thousand. An S.G.O.T. test was performed. This is a test that determines the concentration in the blood of an enzyme whose excessive presence is indicative of liver damage. A normal S.G.O.T. count is from five to eighteen units. Johnson's count was nine hundred and ten. The consultant concluded his report, "The patient, I think, has essentially gone into . . . a neurological situation from which he cannot be retrieved." Nevertheless, in the hope of retrieval, Johnson was transferred late that day to another

hospital, Bishop Clarkson Memorial Hospital, where a technical procedure not available at Immanuel Medical Center could be performed. He was examined at Clarkson by a second consultant. It is usual for a physician confronted by a hopeless or near-hopeless case to note on the patient's chart some easy euphemism like "The prognosis is guarded." Johnson's condition jolted the consultant at Clarkson into the open. He concluded his report, "The prognosis for this patient is horrible."

Meanwhile, as requested by the physician who had admitted her husband that morning, Sandra Johnson returned to Immanuel Medical Center with her daughter, Sherrie. Sherrie was still in pain, still vomiting. She was admitted there at around two o'clock in the afternoon. The preliminary physical examination revealed a scattering of small intradermal hemorrhages on her eyelids and on her lower legs. Her liver was found to be tender and somewhat enlarged. Her platelet count was thirteen thousand. Her S.G.O.T. was seven hundred and two. An exchange blood transfusion was ordered. Following that, in the late afternoon, Sherrie was moved to Children's Hospital and placed in the intensive-care unit there.

Mrs. Johnson saw Sherrie settled at Children's Hospital. There was nothing more that she could do. She then visited her comatose husband at Clarkson Memorial Hospital. There was nothing that she could do there, either. She went home. But at least she did not go home to an empty house. Her second sister, Susan Betten Conley, was then staying with the Johnsons. The two distraught young women talked—about Duane, about Sherrie, about Chad. It was hard for them to believe that this was happening. Nothing in this terrible day seemed quite real. They later drove over to the Sheltons' house. The Sheltons were not as well recovered from their gastrointestinal troubles as they had tried to persuade themselves. Chad's pathetic illness and then his shattering death had distracted them from their own illness. Now they realized that they were far from well. Sallie Shelton, especially, felt poorly. She had abdominal pain, diarrhea, and nausea. Shelton and the three sisters talked. It was suggested that maybe Sallie should be hospitalized. Susan and Sandra left. They felt even more bewildered after

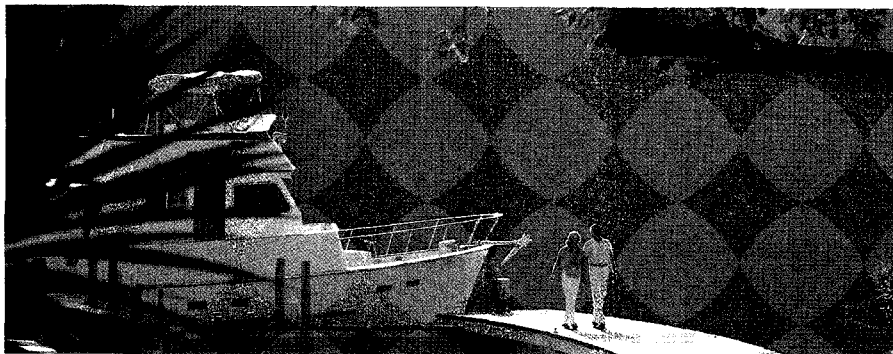


On September 15, 1978, Alan Kendal, Ph.D., Respiratory Virology Branch, Virology Division, Bureau of Laboratories, C.D.C., received a call from Paul A. Stoesz, M.D., State Epidemiologist, Nebraska, concerning two recent deaths in a group of families in Omaha, Nebraska. . . . Dr. Stoesz related that 2 people, an 11-

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month-old child and a 30-year-old [sic] man, had died within the past 2 days of an illness characterized by vomiting and diarrhea. Clinical information on the child indicated a death from hepatic failure. No information was available on the cause of death in the man, although an autopsy was being performed. . . . Both toxic and infectious etiologies are being considered as possible causes for these deaths.

Dr. Stoesz, on behalf of Henry D. Smith, M.D., Director of Health, Nebraska State Department of Health, and Warren Jacobson, M.D., Director, Douglas County Health Department, invited C.D.C. to assist in an investigation of the situation. . . . After further discussions about potential etiologies for the outbreak, Dr. Conrad then contacted . . . John P. M. Lofgren, M.D., E.I.S. [Epidemic Intelligence Service] Officer in Jefferson City, Missouri. . . . Dr. Lofgren departed for Omaha the evening of September 15.

“YES,” Dr. Lofgren says. “I got Dr. Conrad’s call at about three o’clock in the afternoon. Omaha and Jefferson City are not that close together, but apparently I was the nearest E.I.S. officer to the scene. Anyway, I got the call and went home and packed and took off. I drove the rest of the day and part of the night. I got to Omaha—to a motel room that the doctors there had reserved for me—at about 2 A.M. There was a message waiting for me. There was to be a big meeting the next morning in the conference room at Clarkson Memorial Hospital, and one of the local doctors would pick me up. Which he did. At the meeting, there were about thirty people—the attending physicians, house officers and medical students involved in the case, lab people and pathologists, hospital social workers, the staff of the county health department, and the state epidemiologist and his staff. We settled down to work in good order. We had the two autopsy reports and the charts on the three surviving patients. It was a strange case, and very wide open. But there were a few conclusions that we could be comfortable with. It seemed clear that we were dealing with a disease that was not epidemic, that was limited to just the Johnson and the Shelton families. Then we defined the disease. Our case definition required these symptoms: vomiting, an increased S.G.O.T., and a decrease in platelets.

“The state and county epidemiologists had made a good beginning. A setting had begun to take shape. The Johnson home seemed to be the site of the trouble. The outbreak had its origin there on the afternoon of Sunday, September 10th, sometime between three and four o’clock. The two fami-

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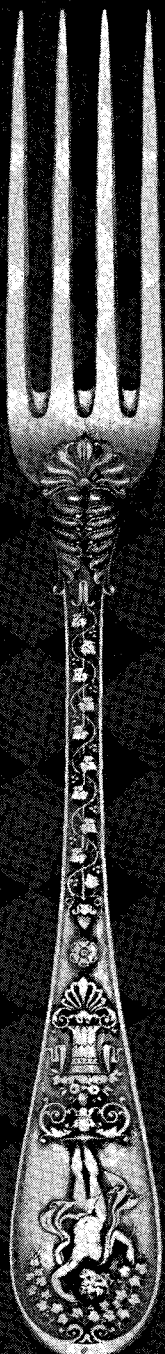
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lies had not been together in about a week until then. But that afternoon the three Sheltons—Bruce, Sallie, and the baby, Chad—dropped in on the Johnsons and Susan Conley. They visited about an hour. At about three-fifteen, Sandra Johnson went to the refrigerator and took out a white plastic pitcher of lemonade. She added ice and filled some glasses. Bruce Shelton took a couple of swallows from his glass and then poured about three-quarters of an inch in a glass for little Chad, and Sallie Shelton finished off the rest. Sandra didn't like lemonade, and she drank none. Neither did her sister Susan. Duane Johnson and the little girl, Sherrie, both drank some of the lemonade. It was suggested that Duane might have drunk two glasses. The Sheltons left to make another call and then started home. On the way home, Bruce and Sallie began to feel sick to the stomach. A few minutes after they got home—at about six o'clock—Sallie vomited. That made her feel a little better. Then, at about seven o'clock, Bruce vomited, and then little Chad. Then Sallie vomited again, and she and her husband vomited again and again during the next four hours. But Chad vomited only that once that night. The two Johnsons—Duane and his daughter, Sherrie—had much the same experience. The investigation had shown that Sandra Johnson had made the lemonade. She had made it a day or two before Sunday—maybe as early as the previous Thursday. But she had made it as she always did—a packaged mix with water and sugar. It was uncertain whether all the lemonade was drunk or whether some was left and thrown out. In any event, the pitcher was empty. The fatal lemonade was gone.

"I say 'fatal' because, as unlikely as lemonade sounds as a cause of poisoning, we were satisfied that the outbreak was an outbreak of poisoning, and that the lemonade was the vehicle. There had been some toxic material in it. The onset of illness was compatible with poisoning by some organic poison. The incubation period was all wrong for an infectious disease. Much too short. Later, after the meeting, I went out to the Johnson house and had a look around. It was a lower-middle-class house on low ground and in bad repair. The plumbing was poor. The house had already been carefully searched, and I was provided with samples of everything that could be even remotely connected with the trouble. One of these possibilities was

some firecrackers. Firecrackers contain yellow phosphorus, and its taste could have been masked by the lemonade. There was no indication of how the phosphorus might have got into the lemonade. So that's where we stood. We had a clear clinical syndrome and a likely vehicle. But we didn't have any idea of what the toxic agent might have been. The answer, if we were going to get one, would seem to be up to the laboratory people. John Wiley, the Douglas County epidemiologist, was very helpful. We arranged for samples of everything found in the Johnson house that could be analyzed and sent them off to C.D.C. We also sent off blood and urine samples taken from all the patients, and frozen liver, brain, lung, kidney, and spleen specimens from Duane Johnson. That was about the end of my role in the investigation. I went back to Jefferson City and wrote up my report."

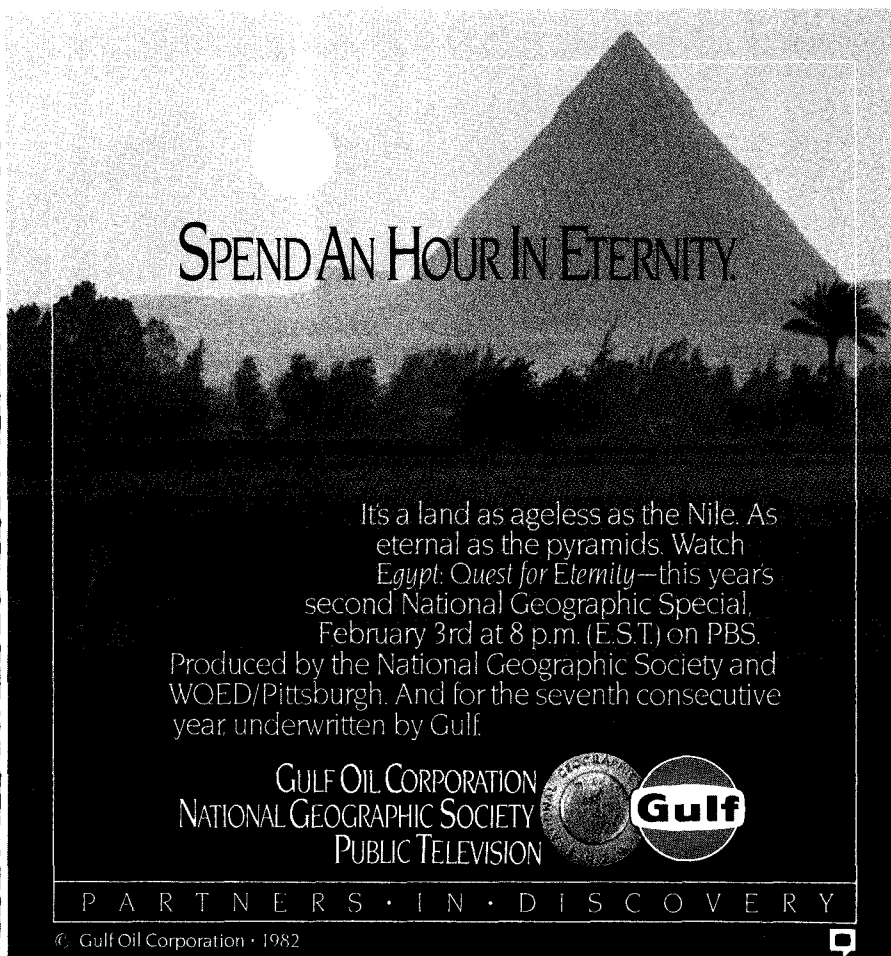
THE samples gathered for Dr. Lofgren by Mr. Wiley and his staff were received at C.D.C.—at the Toxicology Branch of the Bureau of Laboratories—in three installments, on September 20th, 21st, and 25th. It was a comprehensive and a very considerable collection. It numbered thirty-four items, including a packet of twenty firecrackers. Animal experiments were at once begun. A group of laboratory rats were fed (by gavage) various materials found in the Johnson kitchen—tap water, sugar, lemonade mix. Other rats were injected with material taken from the several patients. The plastic pitcher in which the lemonade had been made was treated with a citric-acid solution in the hope of extracting some minuscule remains of the lemonade, and the solution was fed to another group of rats. The firecrackers were anatomized. They were found to contain only an insignificant quantity of yellow phosphorus. The laboratory animals were sacrificed at intervals during the next week or so, and their kidneys, livers, and other organs and tissues were examined for eloquent pathological



changes. None were found. Liver tissue obtained from Johnson at autopsy was further analyzed for the presence of selenium, a substance that in large concentrations has a toxic affinity for the liver, and for arsenic. The results were essentially normal. Urine samples taken from Bruce and Sallie Shelton at the peak of their illness were analyzed for evidence of a dangerous herbicide called paraquat. The results again were negative.

THE toxicological examination of the various samples and specimens relating to the Omaha outbreak was monitored and its results were evaluated by a research medical officer in the Toxicology Branch of C.D.C. named Renate D. Kimbrough. Dr. Kimbrough, a native of Germany and a graduate in medicine of the University of Göttingen, is the wife of a research chemist and the mother of three children. She is also a pathologist and a toxicologist of national distinction. She found the laboratory results, for all their negativity, both useful and interesting.

"One thing was particularly noteworthy," Dr. Kimbrough says. "The liver was the only affected organ. That eliminated a good many possible poisons. Most toxic chemicals that cause severe liver damage also cause damage to other parts of the body. As a matter of fact, it is unusual to find only liver damage—to find the liver destroyed and none of the other organs affected. There were also other limiting factors to consider. One was that the poison had to be something that was easily soluble in water—in lemonade. Another was that it had to be more or less tasteless and odorless. There was no indication that the Johnson lemonade had either a funny taste or a funny smell. Well, those factors eliminated a number of other compounds. In fact, they narrowed the field to a group of readily modifiable hydrocarbons called alkylating agents. This was not an area in which I felt very much at home, but I knew someone who did. I knew an expert. I put in a call to Ronald C. Shank. Dr. Shank is associate professor of toxicology in the Department of Community and Environmental Medicine at the University of California at Irvine. I told him my story and what I needed. Could he give me a list of water-soluble alkylating agents? No problem. He gave me a list of eight—methyl methane sulfonate; dimethyl sulfate; dimethylnitrosamine; N-methyl-N'-



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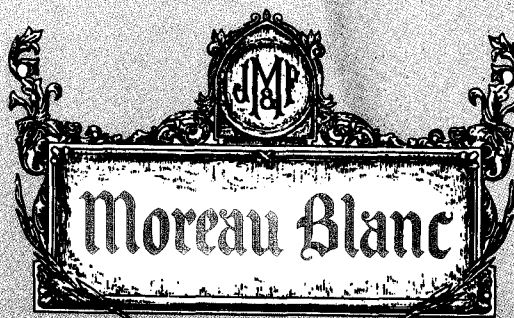
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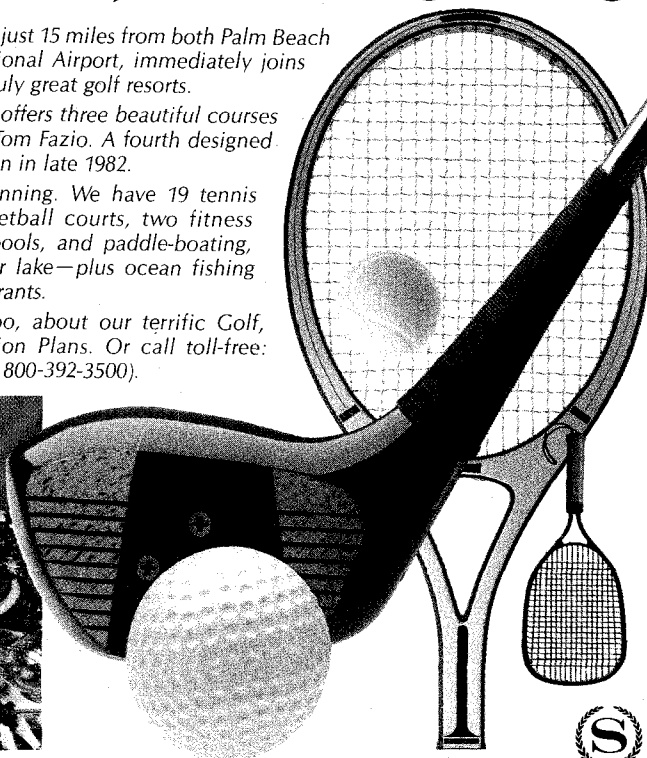
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nitro-N-nitrosoguanidine; 1, 2 dimethylhydrazine; methyl chloride; methyl bromide; and methyl iodide. Then I went to work. It was another process of evaluation and elimination. I ruled out methyl chloride, methyl bromide, and methyl iodide almost at once. They are all weak alkylating agents, and they are lethal only in very large amounts—amounts too large to go undetected in a glass of lemonade. Moreover, the initial impact of those agents is on the brain, so the initial effect is mental confusion. That had not been noted in any of the Omaha cases. I could also rule out 1, 2 dimethylhydrazine. It causes severe damage to the red blood cells, and no such damage was noted in any of the Omaha reports. Then I eliminated methyl methane sulfonate. The kind of liver damage it produces is quite different from that observed in Duane Johnson and Chad Shelton. The same was true of dimethyl sulfate and N-methyl-N'-nitro-N-nitrosoguanidine. And the latter, again, is lethal only in very large amounts. That left dimethylnitrosamine.

"I think I knew almost at once that dimethylnitrosamine was the answer. It perfectly met all the required criteria. It is a liquid, and it is well miscible with water. It is largely odorless and tasteless. It is extremely toxic in very small amounts. The lethal dose for a medium-sized adult is less than two grams, and for a small child about one-third of a gram. A third of a gram is about seven drops, or less than half a teaspoonful. And dimethylnitrosamine is peculiarly liver-specific. It attacks the liver and only the liver, and the lesions it causes are quite distinctive. I studied the textbook lesions caused by dimethylnitrosamine. Then I examined under the microscope the liver specimens taken at autopsy from Duane Johnson and Chad Shelton. The Johnson and Shelton lesions were identical with the textbook examples. Now, let me move ahead for a moment. I was satisfied that the poison involved was dimethylnitrosamine, but I wanted to be more than that. I wanted to be absolutely sure. This was not an accidental poisoning. Everyone involved in the matter was certain that the poison had been deliberately added to the lemonade. It was a case of murder. Well, I called Dr. Shank again. Dimethylnitrosamine is very rapidly metabolized and excreted—within a couple of days of ingestion. So there was no possibility of turning up any trace of it in the liver samples. Its pres-

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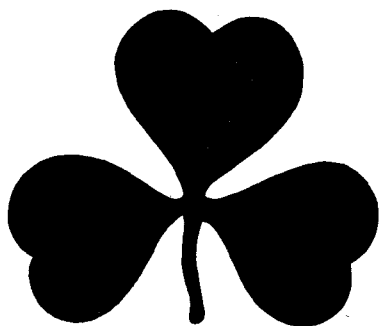
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ence in the liver, however, causes certain chemical changes that can be measured by a high-pressure liquid-chromatography procedure that was recently developed by Dr. Shank. I asked him if he would perform his test on a group of liver tissues. This was to be, of course, a blind test. I supplied Dr. Shank with eight coded vials of material. They consisted of liver tissue taken from Duane Johnson, kidney tissue taken from him, and six liver and kidney specimens taken from cases in our storage file—three of them from alleged cases of methyl-bromide poisoning and three from cases of Reye's syndrome. Dr. Shank reported that one specimen of the eight was positive for dimethylnitrosamine. That was the coded sample of liver tissue taken from Duane Johnson. And that was definitive.

"But all this, as I say, came later. Much later—in August of 1979. So now let's go back to where we were—to October of 1978. I was reasonably satisfied that dimethylnitrosamine was the poison involved, and I acted on that assumption. The next question was: How did it get in the lemonade? And where did it come from? It certainly didn't come from the corner drugstore. Dimethylnitrosamine is not an everyday compound, and its uses are rather limited. It was originally developed in England, as a solvent for use in the automobile industry, and it may have some other highly specialized industrial uses, but it is also known to be a powerful carcinogen. That quality has given it a certain vogue in cancer research. It is widely used to induce cancer in laboratory animals. I thought about that, and I thought about Omaha. Omaha is not a great industrial center; it is a great insurance center. And it is something of a medical center. It has Creighton University School of Medicine and the University of Nebraska Medical School, and it has the Eppley Institute—the Eppley Institute for cancer research.

"I had talked with John Wiley, the Douglas County epidemiologist, a time or two in the course of the investigation. So now I called him again. I told him what I had in mind. I don't believe I actually singled out dimethylnitrosamine. I think I simply said that I was convinced that the poison involved was an alkylating agent, and that it might very well be one used in cancer research. I suggested that it might be a good idea to check and see if anybody connected

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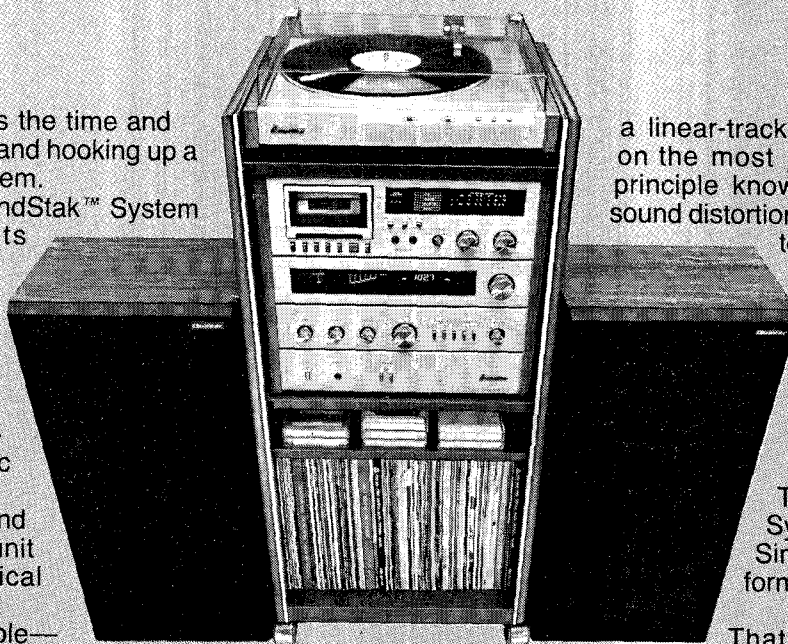
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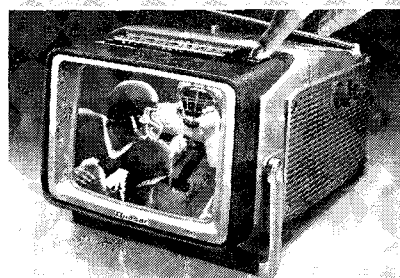
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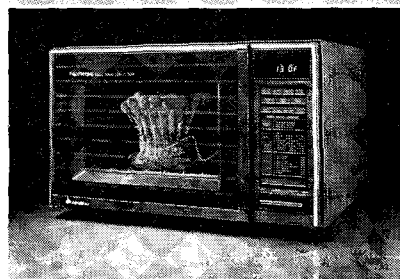
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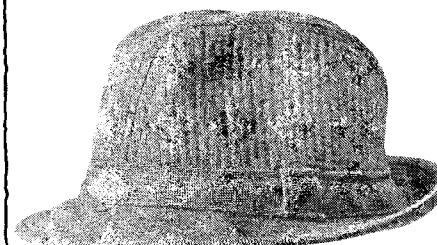
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with the Johnson or Shelton families had any connection with the Eppley Institute. He said he would. And he did. And there was a connection—a very direct, a very real connection."

THE criminal investigation of the deaths of Chad Shelton and Duane Johnson was directed by Samuel W. Cooper, the Deputy Douglas County Attorney, together with Lieutenant Foster Burchard, of the Homicide Division of the Omaha Police Department. Much of the field work, and most of the most productive work, was done by a detective in Lieutenant Burchard's command named Kenneth G. Miller.

"It was a strange case," Cooper says. "Our investigation was the third phase of three quite distinct phases. There was first the medical investigation, then Renate Kimbrough's toxicological investigation, and then our homicide investigation. And even our phase was unusual. It was never, from our point of view, a simple case of whodunit. By the time we came into the picture, it had been established that the murder weapon was a toxic substance. So it was more a case of how-he-dunit. It took us a good long time to build up a provable case, but we had both the who and the how, and even the why, in only a matter of days. That was where Ken Miller came in. Miller had been working closely with John Wiley at the Health Department, and Wiley told him about his conversation with Dr. Kimbrough and her suggestion about a possible link between the families involved and the Eppley Institute. Miller was smart enough to take her suggestion seriously. He went back to his office and ran the Johnsons and the Sheltons through the computer file we have on victims of some sort of criminal act. And almost at once he found a lead. It involved the Johnsons—Duane and Sandra—and Sandra's mother and brother. One night in June of 1975, Duane and Sandra—they weren't the Johnsons yet, they were only going together—and her mother and brother went to the movies. Afterward, they were standing together out in front of the Betten house, talking, when a car drove up and a man jumped out and opened fire with a shotgun. One of the pellets hit Sandra's mother, and Sandra's brother was nicked a couple of times, but neither was really hurt. The man drove off, but there was no big mystery about the attack. The man had been a high-school sweetheart of

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Sandra's. He was jealous and crazed, furious that she had dropped him for another man, and his intended victim may have been Duane Johnson. His name was Steven Roy Harper, and he was a rather familiar type. Good student, quiet, never drank, smoked, or used drugs. The records showed that Harper was arrested, pleaded no contest to a charge of shooting with intent to kill, and was sentenced to one to five years in prison. That was on December 6, 1976. He was paroled on November 16, 1977. Ken Miller absorbed all that and then moved on to the Eppley Institute. It was almost too much. Harper had worked at the Eppley Institute. He had found a job there a few months after his release, and his job was one that put him in the vicinity of various chemical compounds, including alkylating agents, including dimethylnitrosamine. He had held the job for about five months, until August 18, 1978, when he resigned to take a better-paying job as a construction worker. That was the bare bones of our investigation. There was, of course, a great deal more—a lot of legwork, a lot of interviewing of Sandra Johnson and others, a lot of detail. Harper had been in Omaha at the time of the lemonade party, but now he was on a construction job in Beaumont, Texas. Miller and a couple of other detectives and I flew down to Beaumont with a warrant. We arranged for the F.B.I. to pick Harper up, and we took him into custody."

THAT was on Friday, October 13th, less than a month after the deaths of Chad Shelton and Duane Johnson. After his arrest, Harper made an informal declaration to a homicide detective in Cooper's entourage named Greg Thompson. Thompson's transcript of it reads, in its essentials:

Harper states that he is still in love with Sandra Johnson, that his life has been miserable for the past four years, and everything built up in him until it came to this point. While working in the Gene Eppley Cancer Care Center [sic], he took a chemical which he called DMNA [dimethylnitrosamine], a carcinogen. . . .

Harper stated that he remembers driving up by the Johnson house, looking and seeing that no one was there, drove past it and parked down the street, around the corner. Harper then got out and walked back up the street, around the corner to the Johnson house, walked all the way around the Johnson house, looking for a way to get in. Harper states that he thought he went in the side door, but he may have went in the window, he can't really remember. Or maybe he just left by

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the side door. He remembers going into the house, opening up the refrigerator, taking the small vial, which he described to be between two (2) and three (3) inches long and maybe a half-inch ($\frac{1}{2}$) diameter, pouring it into the lemonade in the refrigerator. . . . Harper then left the residence.

Harper denied in his statement to Thompson that he had poisoned the lemonade with murderous intent. He told Thompson that "he didn't believe that it [the dimethylnitrosamine] was toxic, that it would only cause cancer." If such was his intention, he may have been not entirely unsuccessful. Of the three surviving victims of his poisoned lemonade, Bruce and Sallie Shelton were discharged from the hospital as fully recovered—he after four days of treatment, she after a stay of sixteen days. Sandra Johnson's daughter, Sherrie, was less fortunate. She was hospitalized for three weeks and then was followed for several months as an outpatient. The most recent record of her condition noted "continuous hepatosplenomegaly [enlargement of the liver and spleen] and elevated liver enzymes, and a liver biopsy obtained three months after exposure showed chronic active hepatitis." A liver so damaged is often eventually hospitable to the development of cancer.

HARPER was returned to Omaha. His case was presented at a preliminary judicial hearing, after which the presiding judge charged him with two counts of murder in the first degree and three counts of poisoning. On October 5, 1979, after a three-week trial in which Cooper served as prosecuting attorney and Dr. Kimbrough appeared as a key witness for the state, Harper was found guilty on all five counts and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

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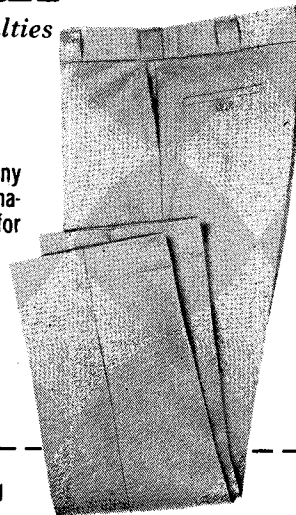
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THE ART WORLD

Artists' Books, Art Books, and Books on Art

THE closest thing to an avant-garde activity in the visual arts these days is book-making. Books by artists have been cropping up throughout this country and Europe for several years now, in every shape and form, and their distribution has taken place for the most part outside the gallery-and-museum circuit. Signs abound that this situation is about to change, but for the moment, at least, the artist's-book movement is still largely underground, and untainted by big money or market pressures.

There is no telling how many artists are involved in making books or booklike objects. Franklin Furnace, a nonprofit archive and exhibition space in downtown Manhattan which was founded five years ago to keep track of and preserve artists' books, currently lists more than eleven hundred book artists in its files, and Martha Wilson, the Furnace's director, says there are a lot more than that at large. The Furnace itself has acquired close to nine thousand printed works, ranging in date from 1960 to the present. Printed Matter, a storefront on Lispenard Street which is the New York outlet for this sort of material, lists more than two thousand items in its current

catalogue. They range from a tiny, under-a-dollar "flip book," whose hand-drawn images appear to move when you thumb the pages, to fairly elegant verbal-and-visual productions, priced at twenty-five dollars and up. These books bear little or no relation to *editions de luxe*—the expensive editions that European artists used to do in collaboration with writers or poets (and that the American artists Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg have done more recently, in collaboration with Samuel Beckett and Alain Robbe-Grillet, respectively). The *edition de luxe* is really an illustrated text, published by a printer in either bound or boxed form. Current artists' books are much rougher and readier. They are usually the work of a single artist. They can be autobiographical, political, pornographic, philosophical, or narrative—many are in comic-strip form—and they vary from mostly text to mostly images. The average artist's book costs less than a hardcover novel, and a sizable proportion of the books are casually printed, on very humble grades of paper. A great many are simply Xeroxed and stapled together.

There is also a more expensive

sort of artist's book being made now—the one-of-a-kind book object that is really a form of portable sculpture. The Kathryn Markel Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, recently gave a group show of these, and a highly diverting show it was. On view were some of the most intricate pop-up books anybody has ever seen, by Debra Weier; three hand-painted versions of three unsuspecting magazines (*Town & Country*, *Psychology Today*, and *National Geographic*), by Frances Hamilton; books with pages of silk and other fabrics, by Sas Colby; a Japanese-type scroll painting, in an abstract collage technique, by Ben Jasper; and an absolutely exquisite illuminated manuscript, by Bernard Maisner, of six well-known sayings of the seventies, including "You Gotta Believe" (Tug McGraw) and "Let Him Twist Slowly, Slowly in the Wind" (John Ehrlichman). The show also included a copy of a boxed (unbound) "book" called "Artifacts at the End of a Decade," to which forty-four artists, designers, photographers, graffiti writers, and others had contributed a "page" each in whatever material seemed appropriate—steel, glass, stucco, plastic, felt, or even paper. More than thirty artists—besides the forty-four in "Artifacts"—were represented in the show, and Kathryn

Markel told me that many more could have been included. In her opinion, the movement reflects the huge increase in the number of art-school graduates and the enormous difficulty of getting one's work shown in a gallery.

The current artist's-book movement can be seen as an early aspect of the "alternative space" trend—a means of showing work outside the gallery nexus. Artists have been involved with the written word for a long time, of course, and never more so than in the modern period. The Italian Futurists exploited the printing press as early as 1909, when they got their first manifesto published in the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro*; subsequently they promoted



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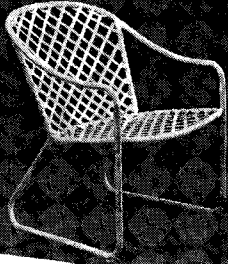
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themselves, their ideas, and their art through a journal called *Lacerba*, whose typography was at times highly experimental. Taking their cue from the Futurists, artists in Russia, England, Germany, the United States, and other countries were soon putting out their own periodicals, in which words and images had equal or nearly equal importance. But there had never been anything quite like the artists' books that began appearing in the nineteen-sixties, when radical improvements in the technology of photo-offset printing made it possible to put out books and pamphlets on a shoestring. At first, this sort of thing was deliberately ephemeral; the publications were given away to friends or mailed to people who might conceivably help one's career. By the early seventies, though, a few one-shot artist publications had become widely known—Yoko Ono's "Grapefruit" book, for example, and "An Anthology," edited by La Monte Young—and because they were hard to find they acquired value.

A few of these early artists' books reached a wider audience. In 1962, the California artist Edward Ruscha brought out four hundred copies of a photo booklet called "Twentysix Gasoline Stations," which was just what the title said—photographs of twenty-six filling stations, shot as though from a car window. The little booklet went through three editions and is now out of print. Printed Matter carries a number of later Ruscha items, such as "Thirtyfour Parking Lots," "A Few Palm Trees," and "Various Small Fires and Milk." Ruscha is a droll fellow, as are quite a few practitioners of the artist's-book trade. The same cannot be said of the Conceptual artists, an unflinchingly earnest crew, who took to artists' books like ducks to water. For a Conceptual artist, the work of art is an idea. Ideas must be propagated in some manner, though, and, besides, once you have given your idea to the world it is nice to have a tangible object around to remember it by, and perhaps also to sell, and so in the seventies we had a flood of books and pamphlets by Lawrence Weiner, Joseph Kosuth, Douglas Huebler, and other ideologues. One of the leading contributors to this genre is Sol LeWitt, who, though often identified as a Conceptual artist, has never struck me as being one. LeWitt's sculptures and wall drawings may proceed from a fixed idea—a system worked out in advance in his mind (e.g., "Ten thou-

sand lines, one inch long, evenly spaced on six walls each of differing area")—but the result is a visual image of great complexity and considerable sensuous appeal. Most of his books—the Printed Matter catalogue lists twenty-four of them—are counterparts of his projects. Although relatively inexpensive, they are well printed on good paper, and each one is a pleasure to look at.

The one-of-a-kind, handmade books by artists are a more recent development than the printed ones. Many of the book objects in the Markel show were distinguished by infinitely painstaking craftsmanship, which is not a fashionable attribute of contemporary art. Several were correspondingly expensive—up to three thousand dollars. As far as I know, this was the first exhibition of such works in a commercial New York gallery. The lack of outlets does not appear to deter the book artists, however; according to Kathryn Markel, more than half the book artists she knows about are doing books exclusively, and not as a sideline to other work.

So far, very few collectors seem to have taken a plunge on artists' books. Maybe they are waiting for the prices to go up, as they surely will in the near future. Harry N. Abrams, Inc., the art-book publisher, has inaugurated a series of books designed entirely by artists; the artist whose work is the subject of each book does the layout and selects the material to be included. (The first five were by Arakawa, Christo, Sol LeWitt, Edward Ruscha, and Audrey Flack.) The Museum of Modern Art recently invited eleven artists to submit projects for books, which the museum will publish, beginning next spring; and the museum's library has established a special collection devoted to artists' books.

THE annual tide of commercially published art books and books on art, meanwhile, is making it arduous



for this writer to get in and out of his office. I cannot say that I have read more than three of these, but I have done a good deal of leafing through and some judicious paragraph sampling.

The year 1981 was a fine one for histories of modern art. "The Meanings of Modern Art," by the *Times*' critic John Russell (Museum of Modern Art/Harper & Row; \$35 hardcover; \$16.95 paper), is to my mind the most satisfying of the new histories. It is written with clarity and energy (which Mies van der Rohe called the essential elements of a work of art), buttressed by an unfailingly apt knowledge of art history, and by the author's salutary belief that "in art, as in the sciences, ours is one of the big centuries." Although *Time*'s Robert Hughes covers basically the same ground in his "The Shock of the New" (Knopf; \$29.95), the ground looks surprisingly different. More cogently than in his television series of the same title, Hughes here argues his case for and against modern art and architecture, which he sees as things of the past—and mixed blessings, at that. Hughes is a terrific arguer and polemicist, and reading his book makes for a highly stimulating battle of wits. Peter Selz's "Art in Our Times" (Abrams; \$45) is, by contrast, wholly noncontroversial. Subtitled "A Pictorial History, 1890-1980," it is laid out so that the photographs and reproductions do a large part of the work, with text blocks keyed to the visual material on each page. Useful chronological tables show what was happening year by year in politics, science, literature, and other fields.

Two reference works will make life not only easier but more delightful for many of us. The Larousse Dictionary of Painters (Larousse; \$50), originally published in France in 1976 as *Le Larousse des Grands Peintres*, is the best book of its kind anywhere. Crisp biographies of major Western painters, from Giotto to Frank Stella, are accompanied in each case by scrupulous reproductions of one or more representative paintings, most of them in color. The four-volume "Random House Library of Painting and Sculpture" (Random House; \$100), a monumental collaborative project by an international colloquy of scholars, manages to compress the entire history of art, from 30,000 B.C. to the day before yesterday, into two of its elegantly slender volumes, leaving the other two for discussions of technique,

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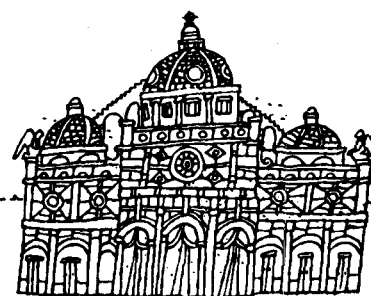
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theory, form, color, subject matter, etc. (Volume I), and for a first-rate Dictionary of Artists and Art Terms (Volume IV), which pays close attention to the modern period. I expect to use both the Larousse and the Random House at least three times a week from now on, and I expect to be a better person for it.

Monographs on individual artists are the mainstay of most art-book publishers. The 1981 monographs on contemporary artists which I hope to spend time with, when or if time presents itself, are "Ad Reinhardt," by Lucy R. Lippard (Abrams; \$65), in which a first-generation Abstract Expressionist whose reputation continues to rise is discussed by one of the best contemporary art historians; "Tom Wesselmann," by Slim Stealingworth (Abbeville; \$75), a study of a Pop artist who has remained a Pop artist, by a writer who turns out to be the artist himself, under a Pop nom de plume; "Jim Dine," by David Shapiro (Abrams; \$65), an essay on a Pop artist who has been through many changes, by a young critic and poet; "Alexander Liberman," by Barbara Rose (Abbeville; \$85), which presents the many-talented sculptor and *Vogue* editor as seen by a discerning critic (and contributor to *Vogue*); and "Robert Smithson: Sculpture," by Robert Hobbs (Cornell; \$29.50), with contributions by Lawrence Alloway, John Coplans, and Lucy R. Lippard, an important book on one of the most influential artists of the sixties (Smithson died in a plane crash in 1973, at the peak of his career).

As for artists of earlier periods, "Bronzino," by Charles McCorquodale (Harper & Row; \$35), is the first monograph in English since 1928 on this enigmatic Renaissance master. There are also "Dürer: His Art and Life," by Fedja Anzelewsky, translated from the French by Heide Grieve (Alpine Fine Arts Collection; \$75); "Jan Vermeer," by Arthur K. Wheelock, Jr. (Abrams; \$40); and "Piero della Francesca," by Kenneth Clark (Cornell/Phaidon; \$75). The last is a reissue of a brilliant study that was first published in 1951.

Some of the best art books each year originate as exhibition catalogues, and 1981 was no exception. Among those that will retain their shelf space for a while: "Russian Avant-Garde Art: The George Costakis Collection," edited by Angelica Zander Rudenstine, with a preface by George Costakis



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(Abrams; \$60), a huge book that is in some ways even more eye-opening than the recent exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum; "Manifestations of Shiva," by Stella Kramrisch (Philadelphia Museum of Art; \$16.95), a scholarly guide to the most beautiful exhibition of Indian sculpture and painting in many years; "Master Drawings by Picasso," by Gary Tinterow (Braziller/Fogg Art Museum; \$45), which casts new light on the only aspect of Picasso's oeuvre that still needs it; "Contemporary American Realism Since 1960," by Frank H. Goodyear, Jr. (New York Graphic Society/Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; \$32.50), a book that is both well written and well timed; "Rodin Rediscovered," edited by the redoubtable scholar Albert E. Elsen (National Gallery of Art/New York Graphic Society; \$42.50); and "Jacob Van Ruisdael," by H. R. Houtink, the director of the Mauritshuis, in The Hague, where the first-ever retrospective exhibition of the Dutch master was on view last year, and Seymour Slive, director of the Fogg Art Museum, in Cambridge, where the exhibition is now (Abbeville; \$39.95).

Two more and I'll be able to work my way out the door. "Romanticism," by Jean Clay (Vendome; \$60), is a new study of this always elusive sub-

ject, by a French structuralist critic, and is bounteously illustrated, as the subject requires. And, finally, we have "Audubon's Birds of America," by Roger Tory Peterson and Virginia Marie Peterson (Abbeville; \$150), which the title page describes as a Baby Elephant Folio edition of the original Double-Elephant Folio, published by Audubon in several parts during the years 1827-38. Every bird was depicted life-size in the Double Elephant. (Does the confusion of species here bother you? It makes me think of a kid's joke about elephants lying on their backs with their legs in the air to trip birds.) The Baby Elephant reproduces every one of the four hundred and thirty-five originals, in approximately three-quarter size. "The Random House Library of Painting and Sculpture," Volume IV, informs me that John James Audubon "briefly studied drawing in the studio of J.-L. David." From the Larousse Dictionary of Painters I learn that "the great French naturalist Cuvier praised Audubon's work as 'the most magnificent monument raised by art to science.'" The Petersons' text is wonderfully readable, the reproductions are superb, and the whole elephant weighs sixteen pounds. Once you put it down, as the saying goes, you just can't pick it up. —CALVIN TOMKINS

CALLING HOME

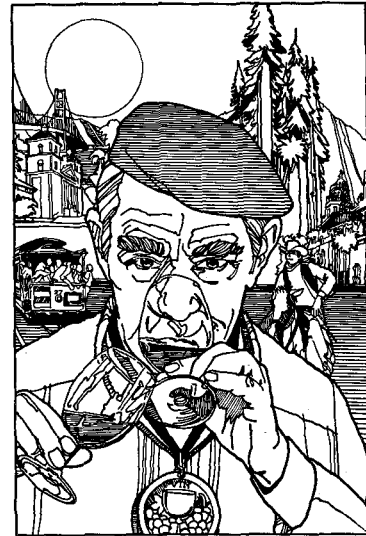
He dials his dead father's house,
Where timers go off at noon, at dusk,
At nine, allowing the gooseneck lamp
To come on in the den, the radio
To sift through the kitchen walls
And waken the neighbor's dog,
Who no longer waits at the side door
For scraps.

Six rings—Mother
Would have answered by now,
But she's kept in a vest that is tied
To a chair in the rest home he chose
From a list when he was in town.

Twenty rings, and counting:
The pilot light flickers in the stove,
A cobweb undulates
Imperceptibly above the sink, the crystal
Stemware chimes in its breakfront.

He closes his eyes and listens.
He would like to say something,
But there is nowhere
To begin.

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U.S. JOURNAL: BOULDER, COLO.

LET ME FIND A PLACE

AT the First United Methodist Church of Boulder, the Reverend Julian Rush was best known for his plays. Officially, he was minister of education—his duties included presiding over the church school and some adult classes—but he had never been the sort of model administrator who carefully allotted his time among his various responsibilities. “He has never been into the nitty-gritty,” one of his admirers said recently. “Julian is, well, an artist.” His admirers—and he had a lot of admirers in First Church—expressed their opinion of him in phrases that had nothing to do with church management: “The crucial thing is that Julian makes Christ real for those kids.” A lot of the young people in the church’s youth program found Julian Rush a magnetic figure—a gifted, handsome man who could discuss any subject calmly, in a soft Southern accent. After Rush arrived at First Church, in 1976, the annual play was

the high point of the youth program—with young people not only acting in a play, written by Julian Rush, but intensely discussing the moral and ethical and theological issues it raised. Last spring’s play, “The Man Who Can Save the Day,” toured Methodist churches in Colorado and Kansas and Oklahoma and Texas. It was the story of the effect a Christ figure had on a group of disciples who were presented as contemporary social outcasts—a cripple, for instance, and a militant Chicano activist, and a grossly overweight man, and a homosexual. The song a lot of people remember from the play was sung by the homosexual:

I never asked to be the way I am
at all, and I
Cannot recall a time when I was
not this way so why
Do people have to put me down
and say that I’m as bad
As murderers and rapists. I feel
so misjudged. It’s sad.
It’s sad, God.
I don’t like this rejection.

But if I’m like I’m to be,
Then please, God, let me find a place,
A place that’s just for me. . . .
A quiet place. A loving place.
My special place.

At the time, Julian Rush was going through a struggle similar to those presented in the play. He was forty-four years old. For all of his life, he had, as he later said, “lived out the white-picket-fence blueprint”—Boy Scouts, college fraternity, divinity school, a wife, a home, two children. “I was desperately trying to be what I wanted to be,” he has said. “But I couldn’t.” A couple of years before the production of “The Man Who Can Save the Day,” Julian Rush and his wife had separated. That separation, he later said, turned out to be the first step toward acknowledging to himself what he had tried to deny while he lived out the blueprint: “As early as I can remember, I was gay.”

In June, Julian Rush began doing some volunteer work at the Gay and Lesbian Community Center in Denver. The line between working as a volunteer at the center and being a participant in the center’s activities

began to blur, and he confided in some of the people he was closest to at First Church—people who worked with him in the youth program. “The six people I told didn’t even flinch,” he said later. He also informed the senior minister of First Church, Binford Gilbert. Rush didn’t expect Gilbert to flinch, either. “In retrospect, I suppose I was naïve,” Rush has said. “I was in ‘laid-back Boulder,’ and I figured I’d get a lot of laid-back reaction.” He thought that Gilbert might quietly inform a few key people in the church and leave it at that. Gilbert said that they were dealing with a serious matter, which would have to be brought before the Staff-Parish Relations Committee. Most of the committee members seemed to agree that it was a serious matter indeed. Before the committee actually voted on the question, a few days



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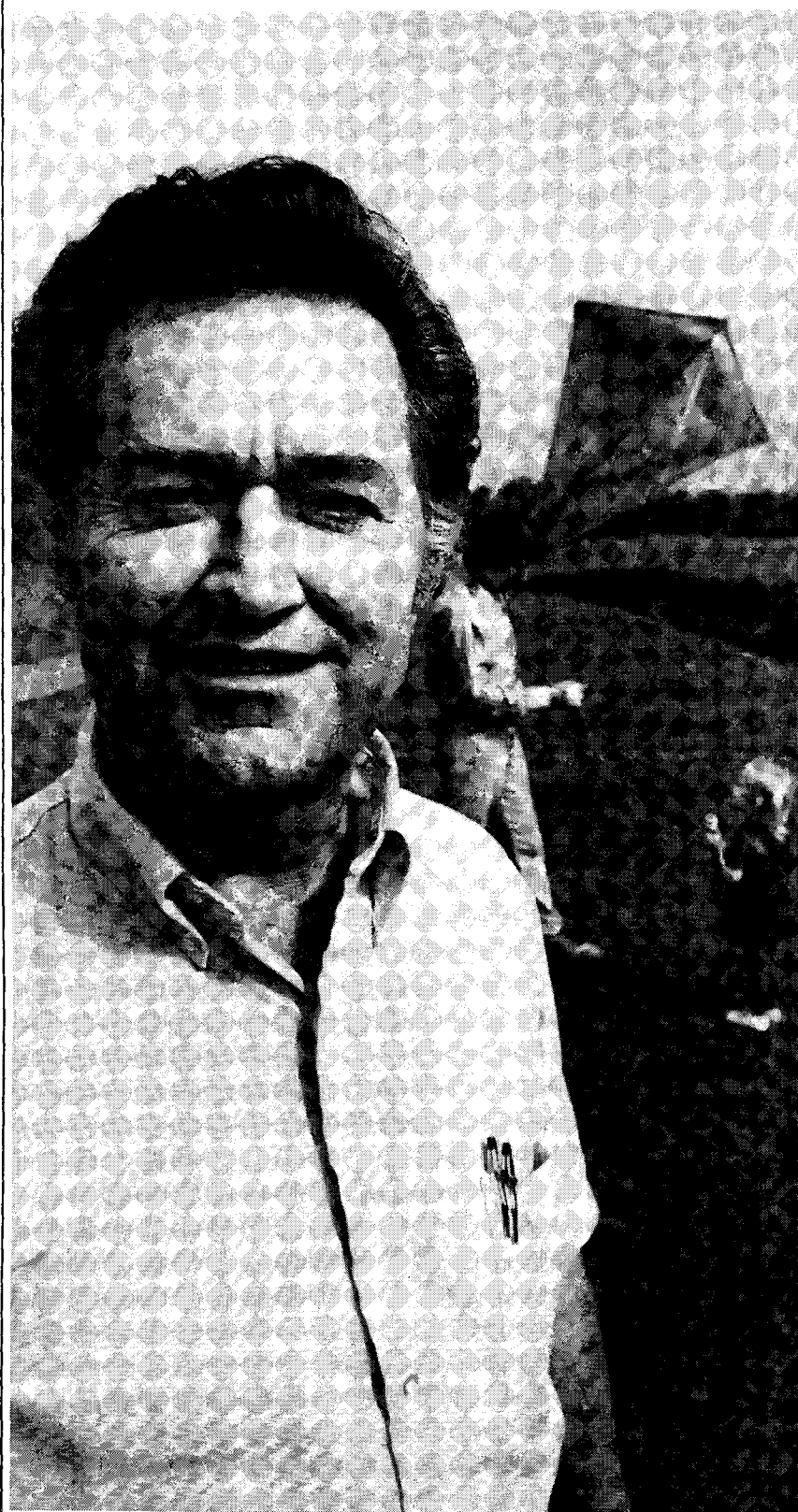
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later, Rush and Gilbert worked out the sort of arrangement that must have been worked out in dozens or hundreds of such situations over the years. If, as both ministers assumed, the committee voted against Rush's continuing at First Church, Gilbert would arrange three months' severance pay and would see what he could do about helping Rush find another job in another part of the country. For his part, Julian Rush agreed that he would, as he later described it, "fold my tent and quietly steal away."

THE Methodist position on the issue of homosexuality is, like the Methodist position on a lot of issues, a matter of interpretation and debate. Methodists like to talk things out. Their conclusions—incorporated in the church Discipline every four years at the General Conference—sometimes reflect the fact that the Methodist Church has always had room for people with widely varying or even opposing opinions. "Think and let think," John Wesley said. "If your heart is as my heart, give me your hand." In 1972, the General Conference adopted into the Discipline a passage that sounds somewhere between ambiguous and contradictory—two sentences about homosexuals' being of sacred worth and in need of the church and entitled to their human rights, followed by a passage that says, "We do not condone the practice of homosexuality and consider this practice incompatible with Christian teaching." The conservatives have never had the votes necessary to clear up the ambiguity with the sort of statements they would like to see in the Discipline—a flat condemnation of homosexuality, for instance, and a ban on homosexuals' serving as ministers in the church. In fact, if there is a precedent about openly homosexual ministers it is a sort of negative precedent that permits their presence. The one declared homosexual minister in the church—Paul Abels, of the Washington Square United Methodist Church, in New York—has always been accepted by his congregation, and attempts by others to have him removed have been defeated in any number of the conferences and councils that layer Methodism.

The effort from the other side—the effort to remove any implication in church doctrine which undercuts the statement that homosexuals "no less than heterosexual persons are individuals of sacred worth"—has sometimes

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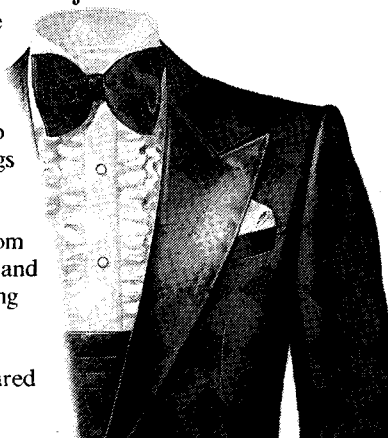
seemed like a one-man crusade. In the Council of Bishops and in the General Conference of the church, Bishop Melvin E. Wheatley, Jr., has often stood alone in insisting that the church should view homosexuals not as wretched sinners but as people who can be Christians without qualification. At the 1980 General Conference, he asked that his name be deleted from the signatures on the episcopal address—an address traditionally signed by all bishops—because it restated the position that homosexuality is incompatible with Christianity. Melvin Wheatley is bishop of the Rocky Mountain Conference of the United Methodist Church, with headquarters in Denver. He is, in other words, Julian Rush's bishop.

Personal experience plays a big role in the Methodist tradition, and Melvin Wheatley believes that the dramatic difference of opinion between him and the other bishops on the issue of homosexuality is due partly to differing personal experiences. A minister's main contact with homosexuals, Bishop Wheatley has said, ordinarily comes about through counselling—so that the minister's impressions of homosexuality are dominated by the problems of people he comes to know during a period of such stress in their lives that they have felt the need to seek help. During eighteen years as pastor of a large Methodist church in West Los Angeles, near U.C.L.A., Wheatley's acquaintanceship with homosexuals was considerably broader than that. "We were finding our lives incredibly enriched by gays who were living fulfilled and fulfilling lives," he said recently. At an executive meeting of the Council of Bishops in 1978, Bishop Wheatley explained his opposition to the Discipline's negative pronouncement on homosexuality partly as a matter of personal experience—the fact that he and his wife knew and cherished several homosexuals whose lives appeared to be "as close to authentic Christian living as we perceive ourselves to be." He mentioned a Los Angeles doctor. He mentioned a musician who had worked in a nearby church. He mentioned a member of his own family. The Wheatleys have been quietly active in an organization called Parents and Friends of Gays, which concentrates on providing a sort of support system for parents whose response to learning of a son's or a daughter's homosexuality may be shock or bewilderment or an eagerness to be understanding and supportive or

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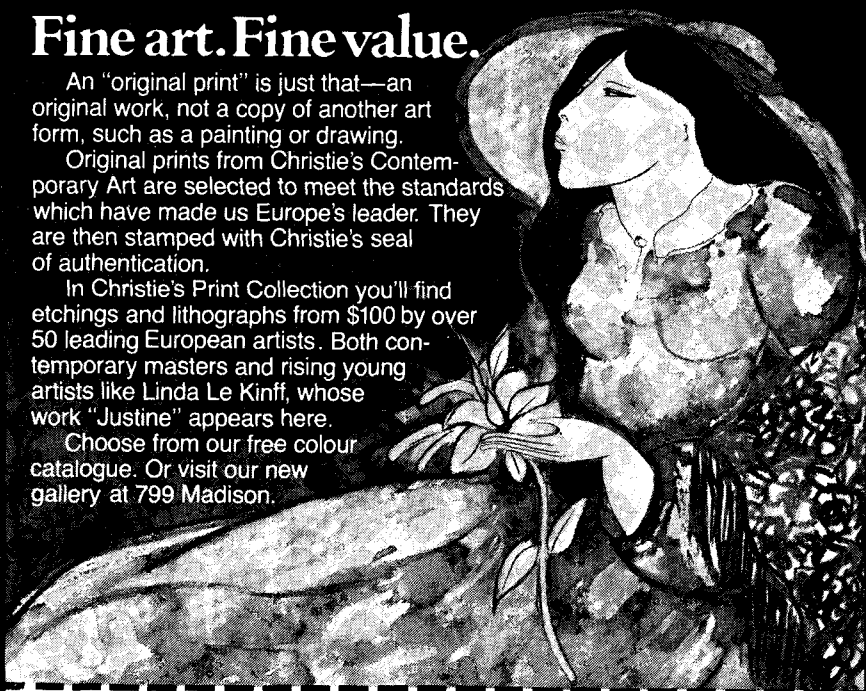
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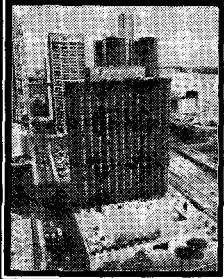
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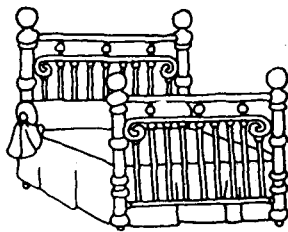
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simply a need to know more about the subject. When Julian Rush was wrestling with his decision early last summer, the person whose counsel he sought was Melvin Wheatley.

If Melvin Wheatley had not been the bishop of the Rocky Mountain Conference, Julian Rush would presumably have gone through with his plan to fold his tent and quietly steal away. "In the majority of conferences, if not all of them," Binford Gilbert has said, "it would have happened the next day." The bishop was out of town at the beginning of August, but a member of his cabinet, the district superintendent whose district includes Boulder, advised Rush to reconsider his decision. The district superintendent reminded both Rush and the First Church's Staff-Parish Relations Committee that the United Methodist Church structure does not provide for a minister's resignation from a single church: unless the minister has officially been declared "unappointable," he leaves one church of his conference with the assurance that the bishop will appoint him to another. It is assumed by everyone concerned, though, that Bishop Wheatley and his cabinet had an interest in Julian Rush's case that went beyond making certain that the correct bureaucratic procedures were observed. Melvin Wheatley's response to Rush's declaration was not simply that Rush could remain in the ministry but that he might be able to remain minister of education at the First United Methodist Church of Boulder. The Staff-Parish Relations Committee had asked that Rush be reassigned, but his supporters wanted to talk things out.

In the opinion of some First Church members who were bitterly opposed to Julian Rush's remaining in his job a moment after he acknowledged that he was a homosexual, Bishop Wheatley was trying to provoke a "test case" to further his own views. The bishop would contest that interpretation. He has pointed out that the congregation's own Administrative Board asked the Staff-Parish Relations Committee to reconsider its decision. He has pointed out that, in the absence of any charges having been brought, Julian Rush had the right to remain at First Church until a new appointment could be found for him. Still, there is no doubt that Bishop Wheatley and his cabinet saw Julian Rush's case partly as an opportunity for the First United Methodist Church of Boulder to explore the possibility of breaking the pattern by which dozens, perhaps hun-

dreds, of Methodist ministers over the years have quietly folded their tents and stolen away.

UNTIL the early fifties, what Julian Rush refers to as "laid-back Boulder" was a quiet college town. Boulder more than tripled in population in the twenty years between 1950 and 1970—partly because a turnpike made daily commuting to Denver practical, partly because of the expansion of the University of Colorado, partly because a National Bureau of Standards laboratory and later an I.B.M. plant started a chain reaction of high-tech industries and institutes, partly because a number of people who could carry on their businesses from anywhere found Boulder a pleasant place to live. In the past dozen years, Boulder has picked up a reputation as a comfortable roost for high-income hipsters—a sort of Marin County with snow, where everyone takes for granted easy access to hot tubs and gurus and jogging trails and macramé classes and even a friendly cocaine dealer.

To the relief of a lot of its church-going residents, Boulder doesn't really live up to its reputation. It is sometimes spoken of as a center of "hip capitalism"—the most publicized of its newer companies is Celestial Seasonings tea—but in fact its new industries have brought to town a lot more engineers and civil servants than hipsters. "Boulder is liberal, though not radical, on environmental issues, and conservative, though not reactionary, on social issues," a former City Councilman named Paul Danish said recently. On the question of homosexuality, it has been at least conservative. After the City Council passed a gay-rights ordinance, in 1973, the voters of Boulder not only voted down the ordinance in a special election but mounted a recall campaign that removed one of the ordinance's proponents from the Council.

First United Methodist Church may include a few people who have access to a hot tub and a rough working knowledge of words like "holistic," but most of its newer members are family-oriented Christians who came to Boulder because of engineering or technical or managerial jobs with companies like I.B.M. and Storage Technology. The largest and oldest Methodist congregation in town. First Church remains dominated by what is sometimes called Old Boulder—families that have run the downtown businesses and staffed the tradi-

tional departments at the university and belonged to the same church for several generations. A lot of the people at First Church who might be considered Old Boulder are literally old; some of them live in a Methodist retirement complex. Although there were exceptions on both sides, the dividing line on the question of what to do about Julian Rush was drawn roughly according to age. "It's a matter that the older people aren't willing to accept and some of the younger people are," an older member of First Church said recently. The way younger members tend to express the same thought is to say that some older members "couldn't handle it."

Aside from generational differences on acceptance of homosexuality, though, the strong supporters of Julian Rush tended to be in their thirties rather than their sixties partly because people of an age to have school-age children had worked in the church's youth program and therefore knew Rush well as a person before they had to consider him as a symbol or an issue. Like Bishop Wheatley, a lot of them couldn't believe that someone they loved and cherished was not an authentic Christian simply because he acknowledged being a homosexual. For a few people, that required some adjustment of their views on homosexuality. "Knowing him made me struggle with it," a young engineer who ended up as one of Rush's supporters said recently. "Knowing what a good person he is made me struggle." Although a lot of people in First Church believed that it was particularly inappropriate for a homosexual to be a youth minister, the youngest people involved in the discussion—the teenagers in the church's youth program—included some of Rush's strongest supporters. "Julian is Julian," the president of the junior-high group said at one of the forums the church held. "To those of you who really think we're getting a bad effect out of this: I think the only way we'll get a bad effect is if you leave us without him."

The people who thought Julian Rush should leave immediately did not spend much time quoting Biblical injunctions against homosexuality. They argued that, as a matter of practical reality, Julian Rush could not be an effective minister if some of the people he would be expected to preach to or marry or bury or visit in the hospital truly believed what their own church's Discipline said—that the practice of homosexuality is incompatible with

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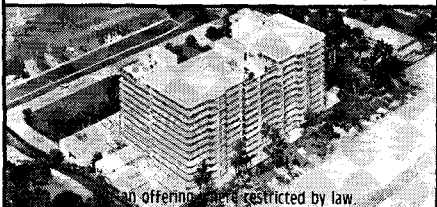
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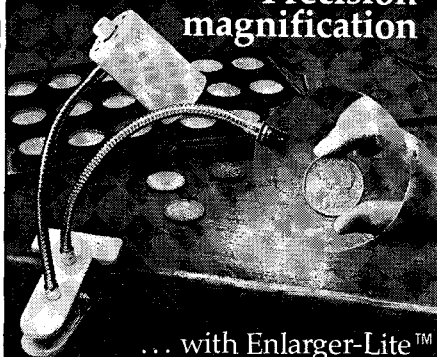
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Christianity. They argued that, as a matter of practical reality, the presence of an openly gay minister was harmful to First Church—that new families arriving in Boulder would not join, that people would be reluctant to have their children in the youth program, that longtime members of the congregation who were offended by Julian Rush's presence would withdraw their financial support. Looming in the background of discussions about Julian Rush's future was the starting date of the annual fund drive. "The decision will probably be made along the lines of the Golden Rule," one member of First Church said during a congregational meeting. "I'm sure you know how that goes: Those that have the gold make the rules."

As the controversy in the First United Methodist Church stretched out into the fall, the polarization of the congregation became an issue in itself. Some people had left First Church because they were offended by Julian Rush's presence, but other people had left simply because they wanted a peaceful place to worship. The people opposed to Rush's presence said the argument itself was destroying the church. Rush's supporters tended to talk about how the church was being enhanced by "working through an issue." At times, the two sides seemed to be in disagreement about what the church was—a peaceful haven for worship or a place for what Bishop Wheatley has called "creative conflict"—but some of those arguments had the sound of decorations that had been hung on what were basically gut reactions to Julian Rush's declaration. To some people, Julian was Julian. To others—people who believed that homosexuals "need ministering to"—it didn't make any difference who he was. In the view of one of those people, "Julian's charisma clouded the issue."

In October, ten weeks after Binford Gilbert brought Julian Rush's news to the Staff-Parish Relations Committee, Bishop Melvin Wheatley came to Boulder to meet with the congregation of First Church. A lot of people expressed a lot of affection for Julian Rush, but a lot of what they said was summed up by one speaker as "We love Julian, but..." It was obvious from the tenor of the meeting that a significant number of people in the congregation simply found Julian Rush's presence intolerable. Binford Gilbert, who until then had been more or less neutral in public, acknowledged that "Julian Rush and I disagree very

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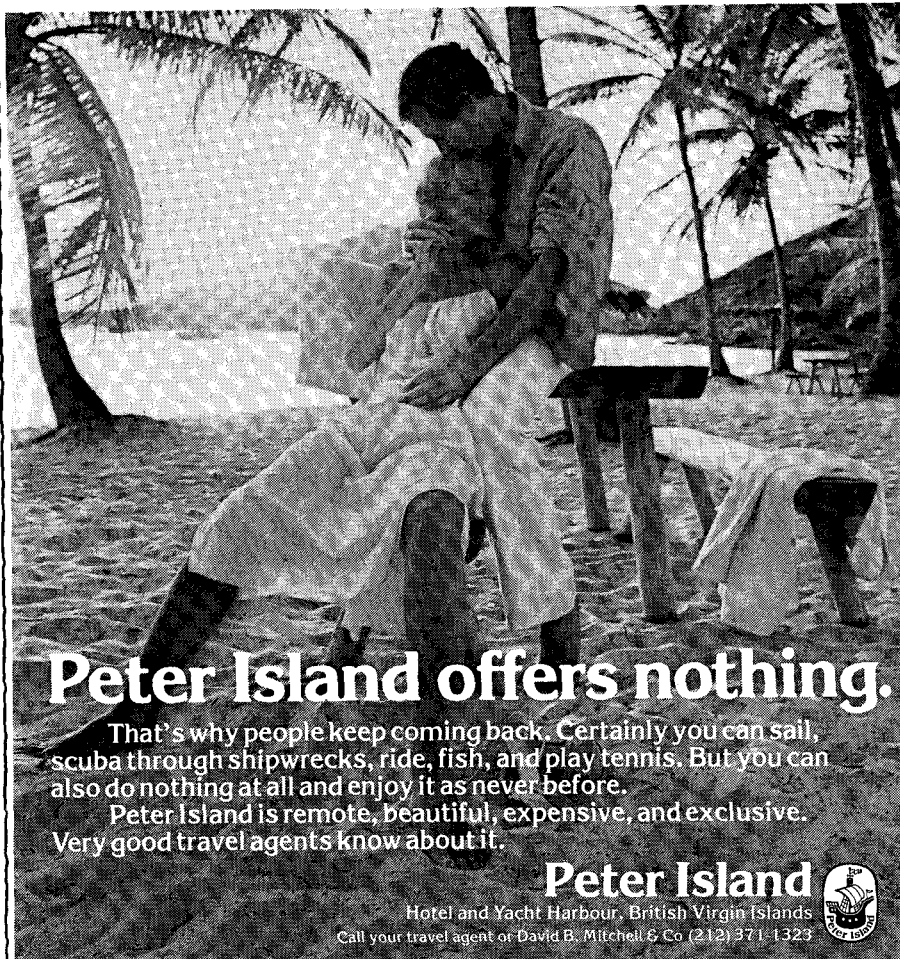
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strongly on whether or not a youth minister in the church can be a declared gay." In the days that followed, the bishop's representatives tried to work out some sort of compromise—an arrangement, for instance, by which Rush would remain assigned to First Church part time only to work on the annual play. The way Binford Gilbert and the majority of the Staff-Parish Relations Committee saw it, though, the matter could be settled only by the departure of Julian Rush.

Finding another appointment for Julian Rush was difficult. The churches that Bishop Wheatley sounded out were not interested. A bishop can make an appointment even without the concurrence of the church affected, but, as Bishop Wheatley sometimes says, "there's a difference between making an appointment and enabling a ministry." By chance, though, St. Paul's United Methodist Church, a small congregation with a membership mainly of older people left behind in a changing area near downtown Denver, had just decided that its survival depended on reaching out to the new people in the neighborhood—single people and homosexuals. Julian Rush was assigned as a part-time minister to St. Paul's, with the understanding that he would also continue his work at the Gay and Lesbian Community Center, which is only a few blocks away. His salary is paid by his supporters at First Church, who now meet on Sunday afternoons in what Methodists call a "house fellowship"—a fellowship that has as its pastor Julian Rush. Some members of the fellowship continue to go to First Church as well, but there is talk of the fellowship growing into a church of its own.

First Church, as it turns out, lost a number of its most active members because of the dispute—the opponents of Julian Rush's presence having left because of the delay in his departure, his supporters having left because of the decision that was finally made. The annual fund drive also suffered. Some people believe First Church was damaged simply because Julian Rush was self-indulgent enough to make a public issue out of his private sexual preferences ("You'd think he'd weigh his personal feelings over against the over-all results—the effect on the church, the effect on his children"). Some people lay the blame on the headquarters of the Rocky Mountain Conference; Binford Gilbert now says, "The cabinet delayed, postponed,



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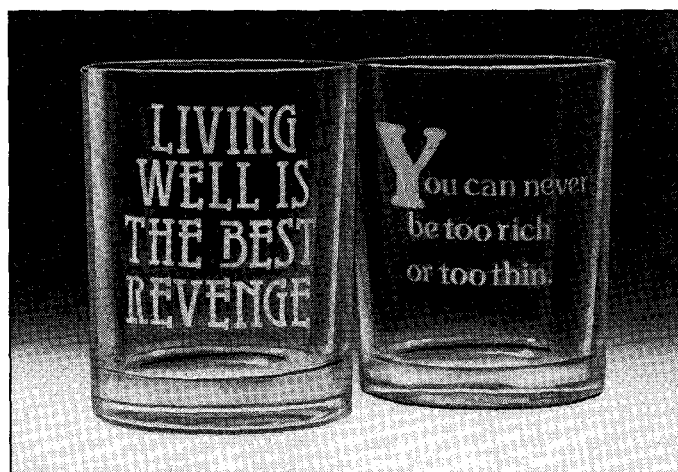
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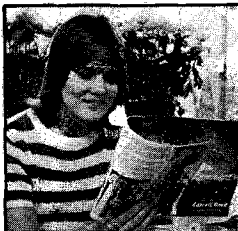
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procrastinated while this church was going through agony." Some of Julian Rush's supporters see the experience as a lost opportunity ("It's an issue the church is going to have to face, and we didn't face it"). Carol Lease, the director of the Gay and Lesbian Community Center in Denver, finds the results unsurprising. "They were asked to make a moral decision and they did," she said recently. "They said, 'We don't want you here.'"

Julian Rush is not certain that he has really found a place. He is not even certain his future is in the ministry. In the matter of acknowledging his homosexuality, he has some feeling of having stepped cautiously into the stream only to have been swept along in the current. "I'm still pretty much in process," he told a meeting of Parents and Friends of Gays not long ago. "I've just written to my mother." He did not mean that he had any remaining ambivalence about homosexuality or the church. "I believe it's truly O.K. to be a gay male," he said, "and I believe God blesses us as much as anyone." He was not apologetic about bringing about a split in the First United Methodist Church. "I felt positive enough about who I was that I couldn't hide it anymore," he said. One of the questioners from the audience said that, fourteen years before, she had been fired as choir director of a church because she was a lesbian. "Nobody supported me," she said. "If you can split a church in half, at least that's half. We've come a long way."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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The American Bar Association, with help of Martindale Hubbell, published an annual directory of all attorneys. All have the necessary education for a lawyer, and all have the appropriate diploma on the wall. However, the directory goes further and places an A after those individuals who have demonstrated unusual ability in their profession, and an AV after those who, in the eyes of their peers, demonstrate their ability with the utmost of ethics and voracity. It is the latter designation, voracity, that I would like to see included within our C.P.L. program at some point.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Responses

THE Paris Autumn Festival, which was held between September and December of last year, presented two series of retrospectives. In a theatre program, several of Samuel Beckett's plays were given; in a music program, most of Pierre Boulez's music was played. The Orchestre de Paris, under Daniel Barenboim, repeated its account of "Notations" and also gave "Rituel." The BBC Symphony Orchestra, under Boulez, played "Pli Selon Pli," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson as soprano soloist—a performance that was also given in London, and was recorded. Several of Boulez's smaller works were included in chamber concerts. At the end of the festival, in mid-December, Boulez's newest work, "Répons," was given three performances—or, rather, six, since each concert included two hearings of the work, separated by a commentary by the composer.

"Répons" was a commission from South West German Radio, and was first heard at the Donaueschingen Festival in October. At present, it is twenty minutes long, but Boulez has completed another twenty minutes in short score, which he hopes to orchestrate in time for a planned performance at the London Promenade Concerts this September. Any judgment on the music in its present form must, therefore, be provisional. The most striking thing about "Répons" is that for the first time since taking over the direction of IRCAM—the Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique/Musique, in Paris—Boulez has made use of the institute's sophisticated electronic resources. He

has employed electronic sound before; for example, "... explosante-fixe ..." makes use of a "halaphone" to mix and modify instrumental sound, and that is also part of the equipment used in "Répons." But in the new work the electronic modification of live instrumental sounds is fundamental to the concept of the piece.

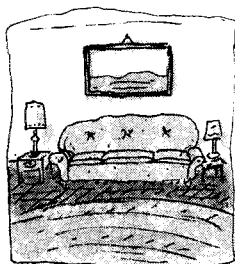
"Répons" needs a huge auditorium. IRCAM has nothing large enough, so the performances were mounted in the bare, gymlike hall of the Maison de la Culture, in Bobigny, a northern suburb of Paris. At the center, on a platform, twenty-four instrumentalists and the

conductor, Boulez himself, were gathered. The audience sat on three sides of the platform; on the fourth side, behind the conductor, was an array of equipment and technicians. Behind the audience, at the edges of the hall, six soloists were placed on high platforms. Loudspeakers hung on the walls both behind the soloists and between them. The sound of the instrumental ensemble was not modified by electronics. For some six and a half minutes, it wove flowing patterns of sounds, sustained and homogeneous. Then there was a sudden, brilliant irruption of noise from the soloists. They all played percussive instruments—two pianos, harp, vibraphone, xylophone, and cimbalom—and the sounds were modified, colored, extended, and diver-

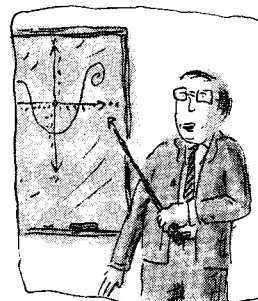
sified by the electronics. The instrumental ensemble took up this material, refashioning it to suit its sustained expressive language; the soloists interrupted, and a dialogue took place, which presumably represented the "response" of the work's title. The exchange developed, but there was little sense of culmination or conclusion at the end of the piece.

Boulez suggested that we change our seats for the second hearing, to acquire a different aural perspective. He then talked persuasively about the piece, and demonstrated the hardware. The most impressive machine was Giuseppe di Giugno's new 4X computer, which carries out the transformation of the soloists' material. It is able, for instance, to extend a single xylophone note to make a Morse-code pattern, or to create a continuing phased pattern out of two notes. Boulez emphasized that he aimed to preserve in all the transformations the human characteristics of the playing; the computer is sensitive to each note's at-

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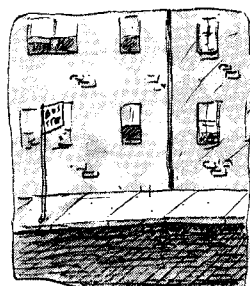
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tack and volume, so that gentle sounds are touched with a halo of resonance, while fierce sounds are sustained with crisp, hard noise. All this was very effective, and suggested a major expansion of the resources available to composers of electronic music. Yet the music itself, in its present form, made little impact. The cleverness of the means only served to emphasize the thinness of the result. Instead of overwhelming us with its originality and power, as Boulez's greatest pieces do, "Répons" remained a static, unmoving display of skillful technique.

TO celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, this season, the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, under Frederic Waldman, performed Haydn's oratorio "The Creation" in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. It was a small-scale account, with a chorus of thirty and a chamber orchestra that included only twenty strings. Double winds were used, with a contrabassoon that grunted effectively in Raphael's descriptive recitative. These forces are probably smaller than those of the first performance, in 1798; a Swedish eyewitness recorded that a performance under Haydn's direction a year later involved four hundred people, and a collection of original performing material discovered by H. C. Robbins Landon in 1950 includes third wind and brass parts. Nevertheless, Mr. Waldman projected the music effectively with his modest assembly. But he arranged his choir in a curious way, mixing sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses into little autonomous quartets, so that the impact of each part was diffused. And though he conducted an admirably paced, quietly restrained

reading, he paid too little attention to the tuning and matching of each orchestral section. As a result, the prelude that depicts Chaos had its dissonances accentuated by the different pitches of strings and winds; the glorious sunrise that introduces Uriel's recitative in Part I was less than perfectly harmonious. The work was sung in English—a decision that may seem justifiable because the German libretto, by Gottfried van Swieten, was based on an English text. But in the literal retranslation, by Henry

Drinker, that was used here many of the accentuations are unhappy. Simor Estes, a solid and authoritative bass sang Raphael's and then Adam's part with rich, smooth ardor, and sank effortlessly to a low D when telling of the sinuous worm. But in recitative he insisted on emphasizing "the world that He had made" and other non-senses. Leo Goeke's light, slightly nasal tenor had a pleasantly reedy timbre though he never showed much sense of drama. Marvis Martin's fragile soprano floated somewhere above the music rarely focussing on a note or phrase her Gabriel was attractive but insubstantial.

Still, the enthusiasm of the force and Mr. Waldman's unassuming musicianship combined to produce an account that was thought-provoking precisely because of its humane, unhectored style. "The Creation" exhibits an odd mixture of Baroque and classical styles; the influence of Handel on its choruses has been often noted but what struck me repeatedly in this account was the influence of Mozart—especially the Mozart of "Die Zauberflöte"—on its arias and ensembles. Two sections in particular—the terzetto that interrupts the final chorus of Part II and the duet for Adam and Eve in Part III—breathe the suitably simple spirit of that opera. They are both in the key of E-flat, the key that dominates "Zauberflöte,"

whose signature of three flats has often been linked to the Masonic symbolism of the opera. Haydn, too, was a Mason, though on all accounts one less actively involved than Mozart. Van Swieten may well have been a Mason, and his hand was active in shaping the whole work, not just the text: he provided fascinating instructions and suggestions to Haydn most of which the composer followed. Once established, the Masonic connections of "The Creation" seem very strong: the repeated "knocking" rhythms that commentators have noted in "Zauberflöte," the almost hymnal folkiness of some of the melodies (the praise of the newly created world in the work's second number, and Adam's song "Of stars the fairest" and the libretto's emphasis on fraternal coöperation. Robbins Landon has noted that van Swieten's rewriting

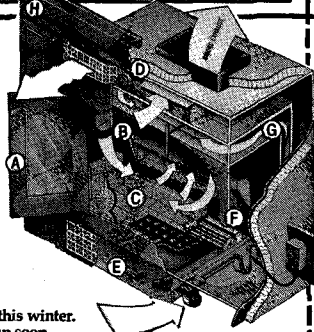


the English text emphasizes Masonic concepts of the "workman"—the "engineer" who created the world. "The Creation" is surely a transposition of the secular, humane world of "Zauberflöte" into the context of enlightened eighteenth-century religion. No wonder it seized the imagination of its audiences.

THE current revival of Verdi's "Luisa Miller" at the Metropolitan Opera provided a fairly dreadful illustration of one tradition of Italian-opera performance. The conductor, Nello Santi, did little but follow the singers; his flexibility was admirable, but it was devoted to running around after his soloists' whims like a poodle pulled on a leash. He gave the music no character, no distinctive sound; his main gesture toward the orchestra was a violent shaking of the hand in the direction of anything that sounded as if it were not a melody. José Carreras, who stepped in at the last moment for an indisposed Luciano Pavarotti (a circumstance that disturbed the Metropolitan audience scarcely at all, much to its credit), at least sang most of the notes fervently and accurately. But his Rodolfo was always one-dimensional, and the music was rarely phrased with any subtlety. Mr. Carreras was not above taking a few bars off to reorient himself in his Act I duet with FedERICA or eliding a few words in recitative. But such license seemed highly disciplined beside the wondrous outpourings of Katia Ricciarelli, as Luisa, whose lustrous tone and fine stage presence served to mask the gap between what she sang and what Verdi wrote. It was a performance well calculated to satisfy: the small passages that were skated over and the rhythms that were bent beyond recognition never occurred at crucially impressive moments. (The upward scales she sang against the chorus in the Act I finale did not penetrate, yet the high notes at their climax did.) But the awareness of pitch that infected much of her singing was cruelly exposed in "A brani, o perfido," where the stunning modulation from E-flat minor to D minor left her stranded somewhere between the two. Paul Plishka, as Count Walter, bumbled beefily around his part, occasionally striking a good stretch; John Cheek, as the dastardly Vurm, was somewhat stronger. Nathaniel Merrill's production forced all the characters to act like ciphers. Leo Lucci's Miller, pleading with his daughter not to end her life, shook



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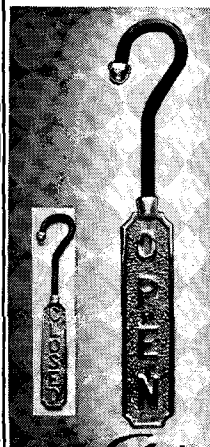
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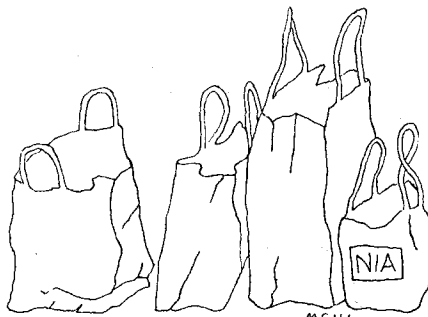
violently, as if he had caught the shivers. It was the sort of production in which the singers look blankly past each other into the auditorium. Perhaps they were averting their eyes from Attilio Colonnello's sets, in which the Miller's cottage hides under a monster-sized barn, the Count's castle is out of Piranesi, and its courtyard is situated under the West Side Highway. The choral singing was unusually weak; little of the freshness and surprise in the score came across.

THE New York Cornet and Sackbut Ensemble gave a cheery little concert at the Merkin Concert Hall earlier this month, devoted to brass music of the sixteenth century. In the course of that century, the brass repertoire developed from dances and from transcriptions for town bands (usually including a noisy shawm, as this ensemble did in a couple of items) into canzonas of great sophistication, written for professional ensembles connected with such great churches as St. Mark's, Venice. The Ensemble tooted its way in a relaxed manner through several decades of such pieces but found riches only in the splendidly inventive music of Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli: the resourceful development of Giovanni's "La Spiritata" and the low-pitched ingenuity of Andrea's four-part Ricercar contrasted strongly with the mere amiability of much that surrounded them. It might have been wise to invite an organist or a small vocal group to share the program; the Ensemble could not sustain the evening alone without a few fluffs, a false start, and some boredom. The crisply articulated style of the director, Ben Peck, on alto sackbut, was not matched by the smoother, more mellifluous sound of his colleagues. Together, the players cultivated a chubby, bouncy rhythmic style that was more reminiscent of Canadian Brass than of the incisive noises of the Renaissance and the Baroque; there was little of the vocal subtlety and brilliant color that the seventeenth-century French music theorist Marin Mersenne described in his accounts of these instruments.

THE pianist Diane Walsh gave an all-Mozart program in the same hall the previous evening. She had devised an attractive scheme that included three of the great improvisational pieces (the A-Minor Rondo, the B-Minor Adagio, and the D-Minor Fantasie) and two substantial sonatas—in A minor, K. 310, and in D ma-

jor, K. 284. Her confident, full-bodied playing was well suited to the D-Major Sonata, with its quasi-orchestral textures and long, divertissementlike structure (both of which Mozart surely derived from the keyboard style of J. C. Bach). She turned the melodies neatly, never phrasing in a lumpish manner, and always drove the music forward. Yet she did not seem to have solved the problems of transposing the more intimate pieces to the modern concert-grand piano: in the B-Minor Adagio, she observed the forte markings and struck bass notes heavily, so that a wash of resonance enveloped the keyboard—an effect that, happily, is unobtainable on the fortepiano. The sforzandos were often muted. Tempi were usually well judged, but in the D-Minor Fantasie a "sighing" figure of the adagio was suddenly speeded up, creating a hiccuppy sound. Miss Walsh's style of articulation was that of a musician, modern pianist, with softened phrase endings and long, legato lines. The sounds were beautiful, in a generalized sort of way, but they did less than full justice to Mozart's sharp contrasts and precise phrasings.

THE Dutch violinist Jaap Schröder is familiar in New York as a participant in concerts given by Astor Magna; his recordings as leader of the Academy of Ancient Music in Mozart symphonies and of the Esterhazy String Quartet have made his distinctive "original" style of playing well known. The series "Music Before 1800" presented him in recital at Corpus Christi Church earlier this month, assisted by the harpsichordist Louis Bagger and the cellist Myron Lutzke. He played seventeenth-century German and Italian music with consummate poise and skill. The sound of his Baroque violin is gentle, not acidic though his style suffers at times from slight rhythmic stiffness, it is deftly well controlled, and deeply expressive. His short, sharp bow strokes contrive to bring a sense of grandeur to the



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endless ostinato variations in Heinrich Biber's Sixth Sonata; his manipulation of the chromatic surprises both there and in a sonata by Biber's Austrian predecessor Johann Schmelzer was splendid. Nothing is overstated in Mr. Schröder's playing; the lines dance, and they breathe naturally. Only an imaginative use of metrical freedom was missing in these performances; that may have been in part because of Mr. Bagger's somewhat unrelenting accompaniments.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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stood up and stretched in the stunted fields of corn. South of this darkness

a woman holds the lost warmth on her skin, her steady breathing adding one more degree

to the quiet air around her as she sits with a book in her lap and stares out through the screen door

at some memory swimming in the trees, a porpoise appearing and disappearing in the Gulf.

And although the dishes need doing and there's work in the morning, she's composing an idea of beauty—

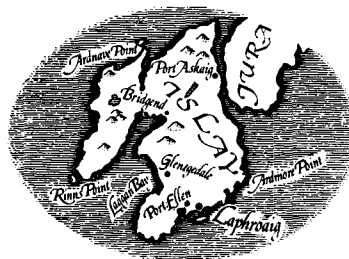
the skin of the porpoise shines with the light of two worlds, this one and this one.

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BOOKS

Strange Interlude

ADOLF HITLER paid a single visit to Paris. He arrived at dawn on June 23, 1940. His staff car and armed escort whipped through empty streets. He paused to contemplate the famous staircase and foyer of the Opéra. He stood briefly on the flowing steps of the Trocadéro and looked at the Eiffel Tower. The convoy was glimpsed by a few dazed, unbelieving Parisians. Then the Führer was gone.

Later, he confided to Arno Breker, his court sculptor, "I could have entered Paris at the head of my victorious army, but I didn't want to harm the soul of the population, to damage their national pride." In his table talk, in conversations with Speer, Hitler told of the singular radiance Paris shed over his imagination. As a young student of art and architecture, he had pondered reproductions of its great edifices and treasures. Its unique "aura" had long preoccupied his will and fantasies. Imperial Berlin must now be re-designed so as to rival Paris. And the mortal remains of Napoleon's son, unworthily sequestered in the Hapsburg mausoleum in Vienna, must be returned to Les Invalides, to lie beside his father. As Hitler stood before Napoleon's catafalque, his suite stepped back. It was a moment in immensity.

Had the Führer made a return visit to Paris, he would have found that his vision of its cultural vitality, his intent that it flourish aesthetically and creatively under the benevolent sovereignty of the Reich, was brilliantly fulfilled. The years 1940-44 proved to be among the most illustrious in the history of French thought and art in the twentieth century. They have, in fact, marked the whole of the intellectual-artistic landscape, far beyond the French sphere.

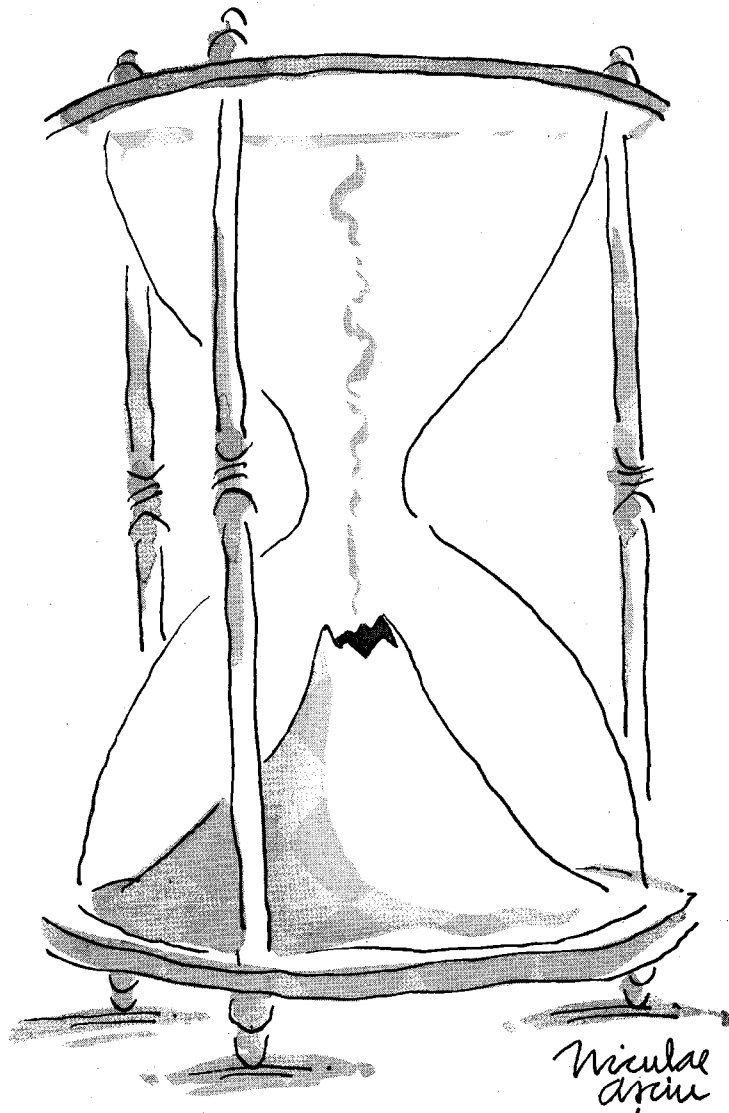
Picasso and Braque were at work in their studios. Giacometti was sculpting. Sartre produced his fundamental treatise on "Being and Nothingness," and his two best plays, "The Flies" and "No Exit." Paul Valéry wrote his autumnal "Mon Faust." This period saw the first staging of what is, arguably, the most Shakespearean, the most spaciouly imagined of all French dramas, Paul Claudel's "The Satin Slipper." Montherlant produced his masterpiece, "La Reine Morte," and German censorship sanctioned Anouilh's "Antigone." The cultural bureaucracy of the Occupation permitted Marcel Carné to film "Les Enfants du Paradis." During 1940-44, the French film industry turned out more than two hundred full-length features. Such stars as Jean Marais, Martine Carol, Danielle Darrieux, and Gérard Philipe first came into their own.

Jean-Louis Barrault found his genius as mime and actor. More new books were published in France than in Germany. Maurice Chevalier and Edith Piaf were, by all accounts, at the top of their form. Colette looked lovingly on "*Paris de ma fenêtre*," and Cocteau turned adroit cartwheels, acting as impresario, master of ceremonies, and ambassador between the genius of France and its imperious guests.

This uncanny flowering is faithfully set down in David Pryce-Jones' "Paris in the Third Reich" (Holt Rinehart & Winston; \$25). Perhaps because he has set himself the task of providing a dispassionate record, perhaps because this is, first and foremost wise, superbly documented and illustrated reportage, Mr. Pryce-Jones has not looked too deeply into underlying causes. Nevertheless, one asks oneself: Why this high life of the mind and of

the arts under condition of public humiliation and deepening material misery? What made the Occupation an interlude in darkness to which a Sartre, a Madame de Beauvoir, a Barrault have looked back with undisguised nostalgia?

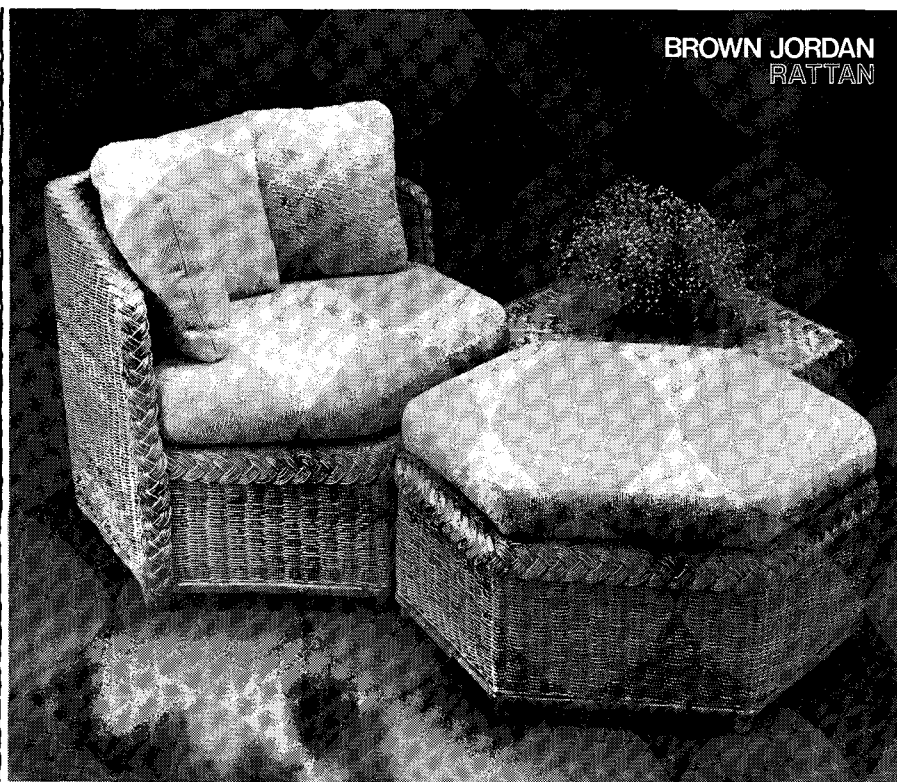
One answer may lie with the numbing ease and totality of German success. Many who witnessed the almost casual entry of German troops into Paris on June 14, 1940, were seized by a sense of unreality. There came immense relief. Whether by chance or somnambular instinct, France escaped a repetition of the hecatombs of the First World War. It was not bled to demographic death. Though temporarily in captivity, fathers, husbands, sons would soon be coming home. Outwardly, at least, little damage had been sustained. And the occupying forces were behaving with scrupulous, almost touching "correctness" (the crucial term). Nothing in these bronzed young soldiers and father-



ly officers, clicking their cameras in front of every cultural monument, helping ladies across the street, kissing hands at concerts and in parks, seemed to match the nightmare expectations of wartime and anti-Fascist propaganda. This combined sense of unreality and relief produced a strange euphoria. Powerless, abruptly dismissed from history and political choice, men and women in the Paris intelligentsia felt as if they were "on holiday." The long summer of 1940 drifted into golden fall. And still the school bell did not ring. Thus, imagination ran free.

A second reason for the city's flowering is more paradoxical. Much in French philosophy and literature had been looking to Germany with fascination during the nineteen-thirties. This perspective included not only the considerable number of intellectuals and artists (Montherlant, for example, or the scintillating critic and publicist Robert Brasillach) who more or less openly sympathized with the National Socialist regime and its pan-European ambitions. It included such figures as Sartre, who was establishing his own philosophic style and vision on the basis of Hegel, of Husserl, and, above all, of Heidegger. In his journals, for the period of the debacle and of the subsequent Occupation, André Gide comes back persistently to this theme of elective affinities between the French spirit and the German. Had this been, as Céline raucously asked, the wrong war altogether? Had the swift collapse of France and its entry into the Germanic sphere been, in some long-range spiritual and geopolitical sense, providential? Valéry's appropriation, "Mon Faust," is a subtle antastication on this motif of enforced, yet in certain respects logical, kinship between the lyric genius of France and the metaphysical-musical depths of Germany. Had Giraudoux not prophesied such fusion and, in his vein of ironic pathos, foreseen its advent?

There may well have been a third, less ambiguous motive for the vitality of French culture under Nazi rule. The nation lay supine and divided. At the outset, very few paid any heed to de Gaulle's lofty summons from London. But to those who did it was an aching reminder of lost honor. Literature, the arts, philosophy represented just about the only spheres in which French men and women, both in the Occupied Zone and in the Vichy fief, could assert their individual and na-



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tional identities. This assertion served as an apologia, often deeply felt, for such star performers as Sacha Guitry and the dancer Serge Lifar. Would France not be even more humbled, more in danger of losing all hope of national continuity, if they suppressed their talents or took them into exile? The same line of reasoning prevailed at humbler levels: among the academics, scientists, publishers, musicians, and designers whose testimony Mr. Pryce-Jones cites both in the body of his text and in a selection of fascinating interviews in an appendix. And, most strikingly, here was a motivation that united collaborators with the writers and artists of non-coöperation or active resistance. In continuing to publish their works, such "traitors" as Drieu la Rochelle or Brasillach and such allegorists of disgust as Vercors and the young Camus were making comparable statements of linguistic and communal survival. The image of ancient Athens shaming, subverting its brutish Roman conquerors by its sheer artistic, intellectual superiority became nearly a cliché.

During almost the whole of the first two years of Occupation, moreover, life in Paris was decidedly tolerable. As Sartre noted, with a complacency that still sets one's teeth on edge, the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union had solved just about all moral and theoretic dilemmas. One could now be simultaneously a staunch anti-German and an active sympathizer with one's Marxist and Communist colleagues—all this while being left in slumbrous calm to get on with one's metaphysics, fiction, and stage plays. Air raids (the earliest occurred in March, 1942) were sporadic and limited to the industrial suburbs. The German novelist and social thinker Ernst

Jünger, then stationed in Paris, recalls how he and his French hosts stood on their balconies watching the distant fireworks and recalling Proust's account of a similar diversion during the zeppelin raids of the First World War. In domestic existence, the keynote was Gallic ingenuity and improvisation—the untranslatable "*On se débrouille*." Buses could be run on natural-gas propulsion. In the absence of private cars, bicycles—two million by 1944—and various forms of rickshaw, and even dogcarts, would do. For those who lacked a country cousin

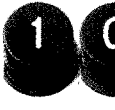
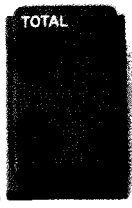
to supply them with *le bon beurre* (good butter became proverbial), Collette provided counsel on rutabaga tarts and turnip juice. On pretty feet, wooden-heeled shoes made a lively sound.

One category was, to be sure, exempt from these various mercies. From the summer of 1940 on, the German authorities and their French allies turned on the Jews. Anti-Semitic films, exhibitions, tracts proliferated. They fell on fertile ground. Suspicion, even loathing of the Jew had long been a French industry. What reasonable doubt could there be that the Nazis were right when they proclaimed that it was "international Jewry" and the occult manipulations of Jewish finance which had maneuvered Europe into two fratricidal wars? Was it not evident that French Jews, notorious for their emancipated, sometimes ostentatious life style, famous for their corrosive skepticism and cosmopolitan restlessness, had sapped the antique virtues of Christian Gaul and brought on the collapse of 1940? This analysis was allowed serious consideration in quarters far removed from French Fascism and the Jew-baiting tradition in the lower middle class; we find echoes of it even in Gide and Mauriac. Paul Claudel's liturgical apocalyptic suspicions of the tribe that had rejected the Saviour were notorious. This most prodigious of imaginers in French literature since Rabe-



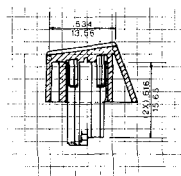
lais could, in the light of such troubled and troubling intuitions, compose a hymn to Pétain and acknowledge a certain sombre justice in the anti-Jewish legislation passed in Vichy. From late May 1942, on, all French Jews in the Occupied territories had to wear the yellow star sewn on their garments. On the night of July 16th began the hideous roundup. *La Grande Rafle du Vél d'Hiv* ("The Great Roundup of the Vél d'Hiv" (a sports arena), has left terrible memories. Herded into a garish, suffocating enclosure, huddled on six-day-bicycle-race tracks, deprived of food, water, and sanitation, Parisian Jews began their pilgrimage to the gas ovens. Naïvely or not, these very same human beings had, only a week earlier, regarded themselves as Parisians to the core, as long-established adornments of the world capital of enlightenment. Some eighty thousand French

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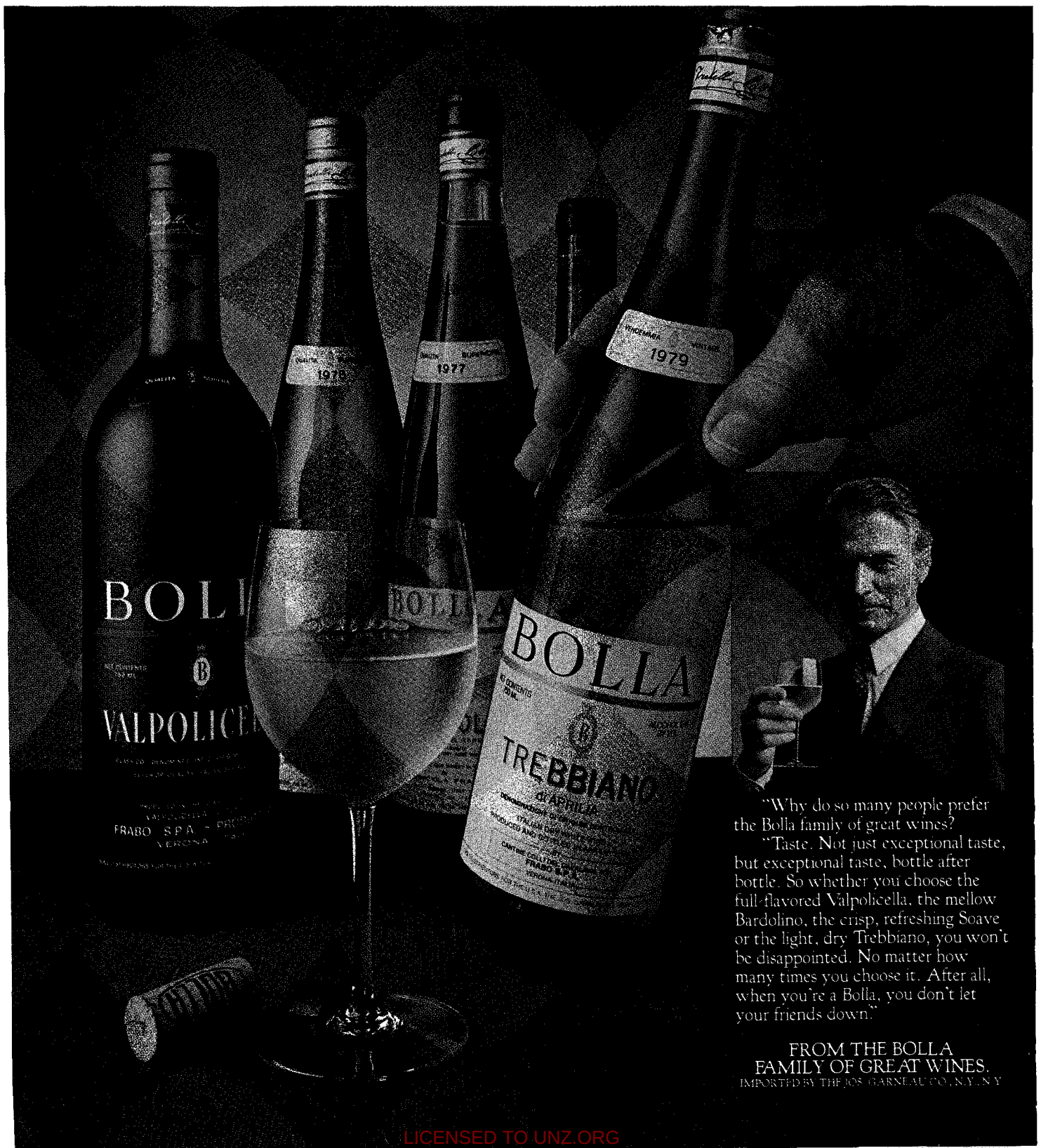
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Jews were shipped to concentration and death camps. Some three thousand would return. Meanwhile, M. Chevalier sang his beloved ditty "*Paris sera toujours Paris.*"

As David Pryce-Jones points out, resistance to the occupiers was slow to organize. The enclosedness of urban conditions, the character of an urban and civilian society, the difficulty of obtaining arms, the ease with which the enemy could visit reprisals upon guilty and innocent alike long inhibited all but private, desperate acts of violence. Anyone prepared to join in clandestine resistance, moreover, had not only the Nazi military and police cadres to contend with. Pro-Fascist, pro-National Socialist paramilitary formations, made up of Frenchmen, were active throughout the city. This sadistic fauna makes for almost the ugliest element in the history of 1940 through 1944. Rallies in honor of the Nazis, jamborees devoted to the annihilation of Jews, Freemasons, and Bolsheviks assembled thousands of uniformed hoodlums. Founded in the spring of 1941, the Service d'Ordre Légionnaire became, in January, 1943, the dreaded Milice. Even the Gestapo was faintly awed by the assiduous savagery with which French clients and auxiliaries hunted down, tortured, summarily executed fellow-Frenchmen and women, be they Jews, "Reds," or "liberal degenerates." To enter the Resistance was to engage in that most soul-destroying of combats, a civil war.

With the failure of the successive German offensives in Russia, with America's entry into the war, resistance began to take on the realism of hope. But within Paris itself, it remained the achievement of a heroic handful. By November, 1943, only some twenty-five of the hated Milice had been killed, and fewer than thirty wounded. During 1943, moreover, the Gestapo tightened its grip. The torture of suspects, the shooting of hostages—some fifteen to seventeen hundred were executed in Paris before the Liberation—became a feature of daily life. Nothing among the superbly chosen and reproduced photographs in this book plunges one deeper into the bestial night side of the Occupation than the pictures of the execution posts in the cellars of the Fort de Vincennes and the even worse picture of the claw marks dug into the wall by prisoners in agony during or after Gestapo interrogation.

And yet the carnival of insurrection in August, 1944, has an ambiguous

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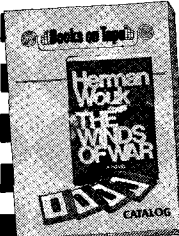
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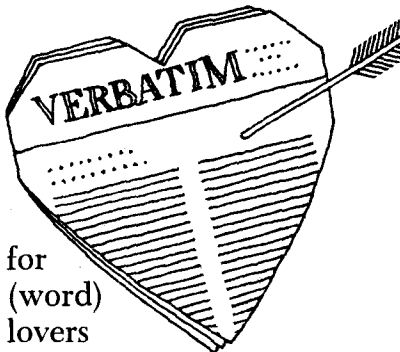
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character. Mr. Pryce-Jones suggests, most interestingly, that Hitler's choice of General Dietrich von Choltitz, a Prussian officer of the old school, as Kommandant of the city in the summer of 1944 meant that the Führer did not really wish Paris to be destroyed in case of evacuation. What is certain is that the fabric of Occupation and collaboration collapsed from within. On August 17th, most Wehrmacht and S.S. formations pulled out. They dragged the more compromised of their French acolytes after them. Serge Lifar was offered a flight to safety in Herbert von Karajan's private plane. Lifar chose to stay. Drieu la Rochelle committed suicide. Brasillach, by no means one of the most culpable, went into hiding, surrendered, and was executed. (Among the few leading writers who did not sign the appeal to de Gaulle for clemency were Sartre and de Beauvoir.) As to the uprising itself, Pryce-Jones is tersely eloquent. Perhaps a thousand civilians lost their lives in the increasingly theatrical street skirmishes. That very same month, Warsaw rebelled against its butchers. The Polish capital was about a third of the size of Paris: "yet 30,000 people died in the fighting within the Old City alone. . . . With air raids, shelling, disease, mass exterminations, and fighting, 166,000 Poles died before Warsaw was finally liberated." Mr. Pryce-Jones ought, however, to have added a cardinal difference: Stalin's armies stood outside Warsaw waiting for what was left of Polish independence to bleed to death, whereas the Free French and the Allies swept into Paris even before the last Germans had decamped. Once again, fortune had smiled on the Ville Lumière.

Mr. Pryce-Jones is, rightly, bitter in his assessment of the aftermath. Small fry were hounded and punished. Young girls had their heads shaved for having slept with German soldiers; great actresses and singers who had had colonels and senior Gestapo men for lovers went unscathed. If tens of thousands of summary executions took place throughout France between June, 1944, and February, 1945, a great many of these reflected partisan, regional, often private vendettas and the prolongation of that civil war which the German Occupation had triggered but whose roots lay deep in French political and religious history. Most actual war criminals escaped scot-free, and many luminaries of collaboration, after more or less discreet "holidays," returned to the fleshpots.

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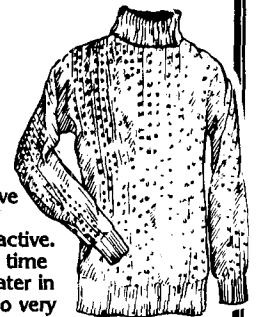
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How did Freiherr Friedrich von Teuchert, of the occupying general staff, leave Paris? He was departing from the Royal Monceau Hotel. "I went to the mess. White linen and silver were on the table. The French staff offered us a farewell meal. There were six or seven servants, and not one behaved as if we were anything except habitual guests. They said they hoped we'd be back." This hope has been fulfilled. The innumerable German tourists of a mature vintage are marvellously well informed—one might say they have a sense of déjà vu—on the sites of Paris. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOULS AND BODIES, by David Lodge (Morrow; \$12.50). This English novel follows the interlocking lives of ten Catholics from a morning Mass in a dingy London church on St. Valentine's Day in 1952 to Easter of 1975 on a university campus, at a Paschal Festival sponsored by Catholics for an Open Church, complete with dancing nuns, a Latin-American liberation theologian, pentecostal prayer sessions, guitars, and a television camera. In the intervening years, some of the ten characters pair off, while others look elsewhere for lovers and spouses; some of them pursue conventional careers, while others struggle with their ingrained, outsize guilt and head for nervous breakdowns; most eventually confess to themselves that the Catholic Church's intricate doctrine—a sort of cosmic snakes-and-ladders board game, in the words of both the author and one of his characters—has stunted, or at least distorted, their sex lives. Following the Pope's unequivocal letter on birth control in 1968, they help organize Catholics for an Open Church, challenging the Church's rule by "infallible" fiat. A shrewd, witty work; the central chapter, which begins "At some point in the nineteen-sixties, Hell disappeared," is, in every way, its crux.

GENERAL

ON LEARNING TO READ: THE CHILD'S FASCINATION WITH MEANING, by Bruno Bettelheim and Karen Zelan (Knopf; \$13.95). "Janet. Mark. Janet and Mark. Come, Mark, come Mark, come. Come here, Mark. Come here. Come



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here, Mark. Come and jump. Come and jump, jump, jump. Here I come, Janet. Here I come. Jump, jump, jump." Texts such as this one (from the updated version of the classic "Dick and Jane") are analyzed from every angle in this cogent condemnation of modern primary-school teaching techniques. Most primers are so boring that a bright pupil will often "misread" them in order (unconsciously) to improve their content; the teacher, also bored, notices only these deviations, and calls them mistakes, without considering their purpose; and the pupil, resenting both teacher and primer for making him feel stupid, resists all the more fiercely the whole business of learning to read, in order to salvage some self-esteem. Dr. Bettelheim, who retired some time ago as the director of the Orthogenic School of the University of Chicago, and Karen Zelan, who trained there as a psychologist, apply Freudian analysis to the classroom behavior of teachers and pupils in a number of primary schools in Massachusetts and California, and they present strong evidence that better primers—primers, say, that draw on traditional tales and myths—could break this vicious circle and stop teachers and pupils from "misreading" each other as "fiends," instead of "friends." (A nice touch on the part of the publisher: the book has been set in a typeface called Primer.)

AMERICAN NOTES: RUDYARD KIPPLING'S WEST, edited by Arrell Morgan Gibson (University of Oklahoma; \$9.95), and RUDYARD KIPPLING'S VERMONT FEUD, by Frederic F. Van de Water, with drawings by Bernadine Custer (Academy Books, Rutland, Vermont; \$5.95). These two volumes, together and separately, display the puzzle of Kipling's personality. The first is a collection of travel pieces he wrote in 1889 about crossing this country. What Kipling has, of course, is gusto, along with an undeniably vivid, readable style, and his descriptions of American scenery are knockouts. He is equally persuasive about American food and women (which and whom he found admirable), but his racism galls. Trite phrases tell us that Asians are inscrutable, blacks are savage, Amerindians are degenerate, and Irishmen are corrupt, violent, and alcoholic. He makes no effort to

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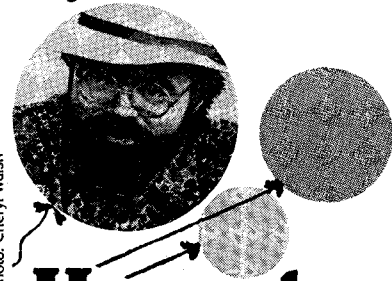


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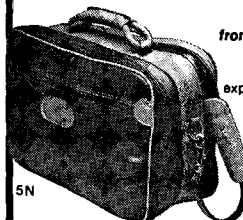
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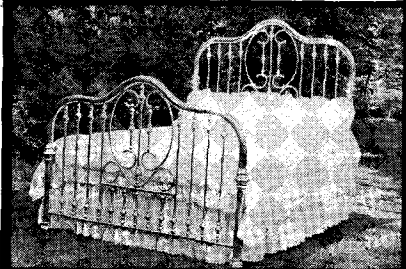
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see—or to make the reader see—these members of the American population in the same way that he conjures up (for example) Yellowstone Park. The second volume is a reissue of a work that first appeared in a limited edition in 1937. In 1892, Kipling married Caroline Balestier, an American, and fell for her home state, Vermont (another case of his appreciation of scenery), where he built a vast house, in which he wrote such international successes as "The Jungle Books" and "Captains Courageous." Caroline's brother, Beatty, the Balestier clan's reprobate, lived nearby, and the families quarrelled. Kipling appealed to the sheriff for protection from his brother-in-law, and in the hearings that ensued he appeared foolish and cowardly. He fled Vermont in 1896, never to return. Mr. Van de Water, a Vermonter, knew Beatty Balestier, who confided his side of the story in later years. The book's fascination would hold even if Kipling had not been Kipling: as an acute and well-written anatomy of a small town's involvement in a family feud, it has an independent value.

THE VIEW FROM PLANET EARTH, by Vincent Cronin (Morrow; \$15). Reading this unusual and engrossing book is a little like taking one of those brilliant, eclectic university survey courses. In this case, the subject, in the widest sense, is cosmology. Mr. Cronin, who is not a scientist, traces the development of modern ideas of how the universe is put together, beginning with the Greeks. Much of the book is concerned with how this science influenced the philosophy, the arts, and even the politics of various periods. For example, our Constitution, with its various checks and balances, was certainly influenced by the actions and reactions of Newtonian mechanics. Mr. Cronin refers the reader to scientifically more detailed sources, and the astronomer Nigel Henbest has provided an epilogue on the universe's "unreasonable" suitability for life.

BORIS PASTERNAK: HIS LIFE AND ART, by Guy de Mallac (University of Oklahoma; \$24.95). Pasternak's father was a painter, his mother was a musician, and as a child he knew Tolstoy and Rilke; as an adolescent he was an aspiring musician, and was befriended by Scriabin. While he was growing up, he deserted music for philosophy, and then deserted

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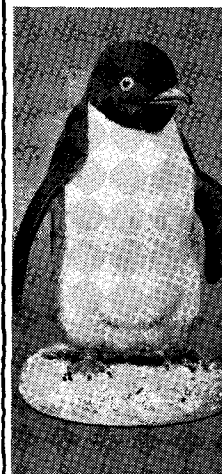


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philosophy for poetry. He remained all his life what he was as a young man: enthusiastic, dreamy, and impractical, but with sharp eyes and ears for whatever fed his art. He also had a lifelong tendency to fall head over heels in love. This ingenious man had the misfortune to live in an increasingly cruel and corrupt society; he survived by working as a translator and publishing little, and by the exercise of a courage so naïve as to be incomprehensible to Stalin's cowardly sycophants. De Mallac, a specialist in Russian literature who now teaches in California, explains the place of "Doctor Zhivago" in Pasternak's work, and in the last sections of his book discusses such matters as Pasternak's poetic style and how it changed. The book is thorough, thoughtful, and lucid, and its subject, though recognizably human and hence occasionally fallible, retains his epic glamour.

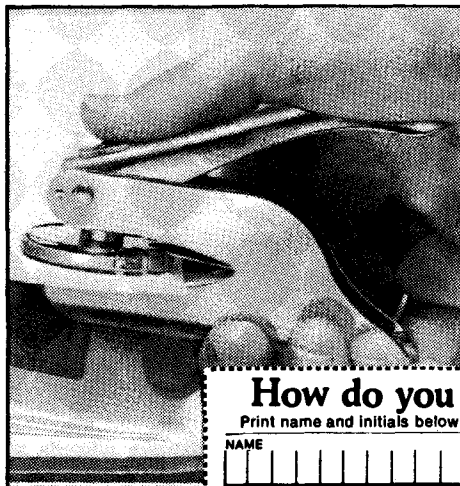
SCIENCE: GOOD, BAD, AND BOGUS, by Martin Gardner (Prometheus; \$18.95). For several decades, Martin Gardner has been carrying out a much-needed campaign against fraud, hoax, and self-delusion when practiced in the name of science. This book is a useful collection of his essays, book reviews, and the like. Mr. Gardner is a delight to read, especially when he goes after Uri Geller, for example, and some of the unfortunate scientists who took Geller at his word, often ruining their own reputations in the process. (It seems that there is no one more gullible than a gullible scientist.) He is not optimistic that any of this will convert the True Believers, but it may persuade some of the rest of us. The only complaint about this otherwise splendid collection is that it contains a certain amount of unnecessary repetition.

Gail Roy Frates, Hohman's attorney, put his hands over his eyes when the verdict was announced. He rested his other and on Hohman's shoulder.—*Juneau Alaska) Empire.*

As if Hohman didn't have enough to worry about.

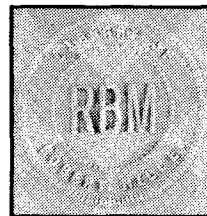
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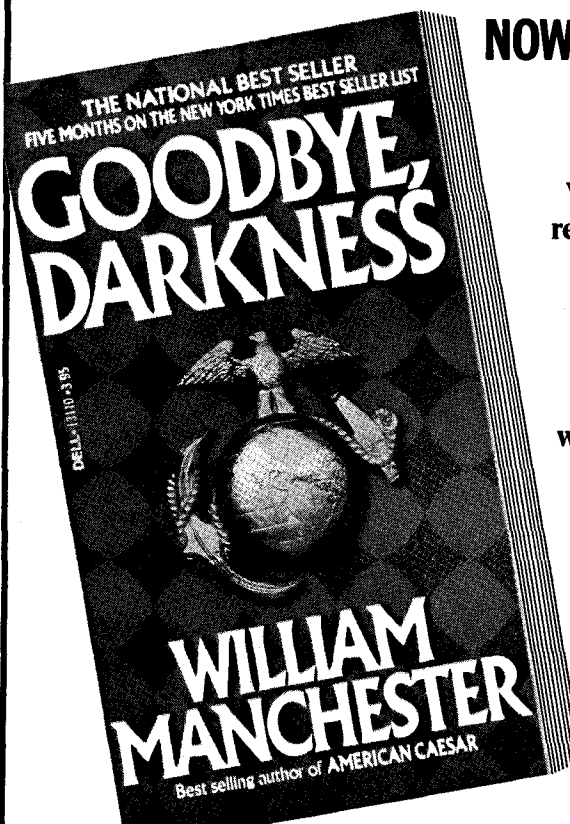
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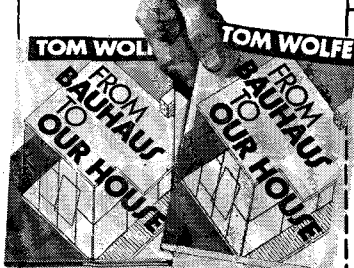
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